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The Southern Star.

"FIAT LUX."

Vol. 3.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MARCH, 1877.

No. 4.

I Have Pondered.

FRANK W. KNAPP.

I have pondered,
I have wondered,
As I've trod life's rugged way;
Why men squander,
As they wander,
All their precious time away;
Why they follow,
Joys so hollow,
Which will vanish in a day;
Gilded treasures,
Transient pleasures,
Doomed so soon to pass away;
Each nerve straining
To be gaining
What will fail them when they die;
Onward speeding,
Seldom heeding
That their end is drawing nigh;
Hopes they cherish,
All will perish,
Naught remaining but their blight;
Then they grasp them,
Ere they clasp them,
They'll have vanished out of sight.
—YOUTH'S PROGRESS.

Written expressly for the STAR.

Floraville's Flood.

BY "TROIJAN."

IN A certain part of New England, nestling beneath the shades of great mountains, lies the beautiful little village of Floraville, close beside a small, wild mountain stream which rushes along, turning the great mill-wheels, babbling rebelliously as if loath to become a servant to man, and offering a safe shelter to multitudes of trout.

This stream runs through a narrow valley, fed chiefly by the water from the melting of the snow which, during the winter, caps the mountain peak, and by the drainage of the mountain side. The valley is about ten miles in length, but very narrow; in fact, one of those valleys that are so frequently met with in the "Alps of America."

In a small cottage, close beside

the stream of which we have spoken, lives a family of four. The father and husband is a traveling agent for a large firm in an adjacent city; the mother and wife is occupied in the care and attention of her two sons. James, the elder, has just seen his sixteenth birthday, while Will, the joy of the household, is but fourteen. James is an assistant book-keeper in the mills of which we have spoken; while Will, much to his disgust, is still at school. Mr. Raymond had been taken suddenly ill, and was now lying almost at the point of death, in the neighboring city. Although averse to leaving her boys alone, Mrs. Raymond's duty was so clear that, after a little hesitation, she concluded to leave her children and hasten to her husband's sick-bed.

At length, after many instructions and warnings, she left the cottage. Her last injunction being, "Boys, be sure and take good care of the house while I'm gone," and kissing them, she entered the train.

The first week passed quickly by, without any accident, but to the dismay of the boys, a telegram was received, stating that, though Mr. Raymond was now out of danger, he was so feeble as to necessitate a delay of a fortnight before he would be able to leave for home.

Wednesday morning came and with it one of the severest storms Floraville had ever witnessed. The melting snow added to the tremendous rain, soon changed the shallow stream into a roaring torrent.

When James came home from work, the water had overflowed its banks, and filled the cottage cellar. Not anticipating any trouble, the boys proceeded with their supper, but imagine their surprise when they found that the water had risen so rapidly that already the floor was covered.

Even then they did not expect any more trouble; but, as a precautionary measure, they removed the furniture and valuables to the second floor.

The stream was rising with fearful rapidity, and the village had become a seething lake, the streets were impassable, and families were busily engaged in transporting their effects to places of safety.

The rain continues. The storm rises. Now the lightning flashes, and great peals of thunder reverberate through the heavens.

Still the water rises. Still the lightning flashes. And still the rain in torrents falls.

"By George! Will, we'll have to leave," said James, as the water, having reached the second story, rushed in. "But, Jim, we can't," replied Will, "the streets are now flooded, and to escape without a boat is impossible."

"But go we've got to, for we can't stay here," said James, "the water is up to my knees, and we will be drowned, if help doesn't come."

Will splashed through the water to the window, and scarcely had he thrown open the shutter, when a vivid flash of lightning illumined the scene, showing distinctly to Will's despairing gaze the utter hopelessness of their situation.

—The village was scatteringly built, and, indeed, the cottage was quite isolated from the other houses. By the time he had closed the blinds the water was nearly to his waist; and, as he turned, the immense force of the water crushed in a large window, and a great torrent of water rushed into the room.

Now, terribly alarmed, James exclaimed, "to the attic. It's our only chance," and sprang up the ladder, closely followed by Will, who had grasped a lighted candle. As Will closed the trap-door, a gust of wind blew out his light, and they were left in total darkness.

"Plaguey dark hole," said James, "but we'll not have to stay here long. The water will soon go down, and we'll be safe." But he had hardly uttered the words when

[Continued on Fourth Page.]

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The Southern Star.

"FIAT LUX."

Vol. 4.

WASHINGTON, D. C., NOVEMBER, 1877.

No. 1.

Written expressly for the STAR.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Who cannot tell the postman's pace
Among a thousand paces?
Who does not prize the postman's face
Most welcome of all faces?

Here comes the gray-clothed caller now,
His healthy cheeks a-glowing;
"A letter, Sir," and with a bow,
In lightning speed, he's going.

A letter! What a dainty one!
I wonder who's the sender?
How evenly the letters run,
So girlish, smooth, and slender.

Why should I so impassioned feel?
A note from Cupid's Blank is't?
But why suspense? I break the seal—
A blank! Blank! Blank! Blankest!

—J. O. KERR.

Written expressly for the STAR.

A Small Boy and A Nail.

BY "JAY DEE."

DID you ever see a small boy drive a nail? He sets the point of the nail on the wood, and places the hammer on the head of the nail, draws the hammer back as far as he can reach, by which operation he knocks his hat off his head, and a flower pot off an adjoining shelf. But all this does not arrest his determination, nor stop him for an instant. He brings the hammer forward with a terrific force. It strikes the nail, but not squarely on the head; and the hammer turns to one side, and the hammer follows; but, striking his fingers, comes to a full stop. The nail darts off a few yards, the hammer drops, and the small boy executes a Fiji war dance to slow music.

He sucks the injured finger for a few minutes, gathers up the hat, hammer, and nail, to resume operations. He wonders if he cannot mash that hammer in his hand. He tries it; but fails. Again he sets the nail on the wood, and gives it a slight but savage tap which holds it in place. Then, with clenched teeth, a red face, and a solitary tear standing in one eye, he clutches the

hammer in both hands and draws back.

With a momentum that measures all the physical forces of a small boy, the hammer comes forward, and the nail is struck. The hammer stops, but the nail flies back in the direction from which the hammer came. The small boy sees the nail—now he doesn't see it. He sees the constellation of Scorpio—of a dozen Scorpions—the nebula of Orion he counts by the thousand—in two seconds he goes through an extensive course of astronomy—he imagines he has discovered a fourth moon to Mars. Tears trickle down from one eye—the other is closed.

He wonders if he could not mash that nail with his foot; in fact, he is certain he can. To make sure of it, he places one foot on the end of the nail to hold it, the other foot is raised so high that it nearly splits his trousers.

Suddenly it comes down with a terrific force—not upon the nail, however, but squarely upon the toes of the other foot. He utters a yell which a Comanche Indian could not excel, and then hobbles off to a bench and seats himself.

What is he going to do with that nail? He determines to drive it this time just out of spite. Yes, he is going to drive it in so deep it will never get out; and that hammer he is going to mash all to pieces. He gets up; and with an air of determination, again places the nail in position. He gives it a gentle tap, but that won't do. He thinks he can strike if he tries; yes, he is positive it. He places his fingers on the nail to steady it, draws back the hammer in his right hand, and "lets drive."

The hammer misses the mark, strikes his fingers, and then he—

* * * * *

Fifteen residents of the community in the small boy lives, are willing to take an oath that twenty-six fox-horn were blown for an hour in that house after the above occurrence.

Written expressly for the STAR.

RICHARD GERNER.

BY "QUINTUS."

"Fare thee well, and if for ever,
Still forever fare thee well."

RICHARD GERNER has retired from the amateur ranks! Poor, much-maligned, over-ambitious Gerner. His ambition killed him!

For seven years he has labored in the amateur ranks; not always, perhaps, for the good of amateurdom, but ever for his own aggrandizement—for seven years he has labored on his "Congress Scheme"—for seven years he has tried in every way to gain the presidency of the National Amateur Press Association—and for seven years he has labored to become amateurdom's first novelist. In all but the last he has signally failed.

On the Fourth of July, 1876, he was defeated in the contest for the presidency of the N.A.P.A.—on the sixteenth of last July, he and his darling plan, the Congress Scheme, were defeated.

Since his entrance into the amateur ranks he has written more articles than any other author—from his versatile pen have emanated some of the best prose and poetical productions of which amateurdom can boast. As a tale writer he had few equals and no superiors in the ranks.

We bid him a sorrowful but affectionate farewell. "May he live long and prosper."

—PASSING MOMENTS are like a swift arrow or a shooting star; like rivers that are always flowing; like a word that has been spoken and cannot be recalled. Nothing can arrest them—on they go, never to return.

—THE grave covers every error and buries every defect. None but fond regrets and tender recollections spring from its bosom.

THE SKIPPER.

VOL. 4. ROCKFORD, IND., MARCH, 1884. No. 4.

NEWSPAPERS.

Written in 1881. by a boy
12 years of age.

A newspaper is a sheet of paper printed and distributed at regular intervals. We have daily, weekly, monthly, quarterly, and yearly papers. There are many kinds of newspapers published; but all with one object in view and that is to tell the news.

Newspapers taken as a class are called the Press. The Press of the United States takes the front rank because the constitution allows freedom to every one to express his own opinions, whereas, in other countries (especially monarchial) people have to be very careful as to what they print especially any thing about government or politics. Anyhow newspapers in this country are patronized more extensively than in other countries. The person who conducts a newspaper is

called an editor. In large newspapers, especially daily the editors are counted by the hundred.

Each editor of course, has a special duty to perform, that is we have, river, market, railroad, city, and many other kinds.

The editor who is over all these is called the editor-in-chief, who attends to the most important duties. The moon-eyed reporter writes up all the city and local news; elopements, and heart-rending accounts, etc. He takes down most any thing varying from rough records to a triple murder, anything which occurs within reach of his gigantic Jumboian palm-leaf ears.

The country editor is his own editor, printer, devil etc. He has a one horse second-hand printing office in a remote corner of an old barn, and a grocery store occupies the rest of the space. This kind of editor makes good use of sheep-shears—they wool (cot) articles out of daily papers and try to pull the wool

SAMPLE COPY.

Vol. VI.

No. 1.

JANUARY, 1884.



ST. LOUIS TELEPHONE.

A JOURNAL FOR THE YOUTH OF AMERICA.

F. W. Koch, Editor.

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No. 4.

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ST. LOUIS ELEPHONE.

A JOURNAL FOR THE YOUTH OF AMERICA.

F. W. Koch, Editor.

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SAINT * LOUIS * TELEPHONE.

A Journal for the Youth of America.

VOL. VI.

ST. LOUIS, MO., MAY, 1884.

No. 5.

AT THE THRESHOLD.

The night-wind moaned—the blasting storm swept
And still as moonbeams gliding on my floor past,
A shrouded form knocked at my door,
For Death had come to claim his prey at last;
But pallid Life stood near and held me fast,
And when I struggled to be calm once more
He kept me back and hastened on before,

And of the stranger grin his errand asked,
“I come to claim my own!” I heard Death say;
And then I heard them clash as though in fight,
But Life over-ruled, and out into the night
The dreaded pilgrim went his weary way.
O life, sweet life, cling closer still, I pray,
And let me live for years of love and light!

—Geo. Edmund Day.

WE SHALL MEET AGAIN!

For the Eury-Laurelship of the N. A. P. A.

Everything around us—everything connected with our temporal life, silently reminds us that at some future time, beyond this land of parting, and tears, and death, we shall meet again! The everlasting hills; the lofty mountains, towering almost to the very verge of heaven; the mighty forests around, that have sighed and moaned for ages; the rippling rivulets and gurgling brooks; the eternal flow of the river, as it winds its steady ceaseless course through field and wood; the lovely flowers, that are ever blooming; and, above all, the sweet ties of friendship and love that so strongly bind us to our dear ones on earth—all tell us—sweet thought!—that when these earthly things are passed away we shall meet again on an eternal shore!

Next to the existence of an eternal God, the belief in the immortality of the soul of man lies at the foundation of religion and of the animating prospects that cheer us in this dull vale of pilgrimage and toil. Remove from the mind of man the belief in an existence beyond the grave and the hope of immortality after death, and religion becomes a mere

delusive shadow, life a sickly, feverish dream, and death is made a scene of darkness and despair. Upon this question depends all that is interesting to man as a social being, and as a being of rational and accountable intelligence. If he believes that he is destined to a never-ending existence, all his present actions, pursuits and aims must necessarily be considered by him of immense importance, and it must needs be a matter of great moment that they be directed in such a channel as will tend to carry him unhindered on to the bright realities of the future world. But if, on the other hand, the period of his whole life be circumscribed within the circle of a few fleeting years, man, the being who was made in the image of the great God himself, becomes an enigma, an unaccountable phenomenon in the universe, human existence an inexplicable mystery, the world a scene of disorder and confusion, virtue a shadowy phantom, the great Creator of the universe of worlds a capricious being, and his plans and arrangements an inextricable maze.

When we look back into the inexplorable abyss of that eternity which is already past; when we look forward to the boundless extent, and the immeasurable depths of the eternity to come; when we behold all the circling years of time appearing, only like a speck on that vast and boundless ocean; when we consider the immense space the universe with which we are surrounded contains, and the countless worlds which lie dispersed in every direction throughout the immeasurable tracts of creation, when we consider that our existence as thinking human beings may run parallel with endless ages, and that in the revolutions of electricity we may associate with higher

orders of intelligent beings, and pass through new scenes in worlds immeasurably distant from our present habitation; and when we consider that ere the sun shall have described another circuit around the earth, or even in the short space of a moment, our relation to time may be dissolved, and our connection with eternity commence—when we consider all this, no inquiry can appear so momentous and interesting to us as that which determines our future and eternal destiny, and of those realities that await us beyond the tomb. To remain insensible to the importance of such an inquiry, and unmoved at the prospect of the result to which it may lead, would argue the most unaccountable stupidity and inconsistency on the part of any human being.

There is implanted within the soul of man a strong and restless desire after future existence and enjoyment, which is strong presumptive proof that he is possessed of an immortal nature. No human being enjoys full satisfaction in his present enjoyments. The mind is ever on the wing in pursuit of further acquisitions, and for a higher degree of happiness than the present moment can afford. These restless and unbounded desires are to be found agitating the breasts of men of all ranks and conditions in life. If we ascend the throne of the kings of nations, or enter the palaces of the great, if we go through the mansions of courtiers and princes, if we pry into the hovels of poverty and indigence, if we mingle with poets or philosophers, with merchants, manufacturers, statesmen, peasants, or beggars, if we survey the busy, bustling marts of a large city, or the sequestered village, or the humble cot that stands in the desert far away from scenes of hurry

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The Smoker

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IT'S HONEST.

VOL. II. SPRING, 1901. No. 1.

Here is a little creation all my own. It is issued every twice-in-a-while, according to whim, at the Sign of the Boxing Glove and Pen. Subscription nil to those interested in this particular brew, to others all I can soak them. Advertisers will please refrain from asking terms—I do not need the money. Address always, and not otherwise,

CHARLES N. ANDREWS,
1236 Fulton Street, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

PIPE DREAMS.

THE SMOKER disclaims intention of conventionalism, either in its redolent pipe dreams or in the brand of weed it packs in its clay. It is entirely foreign to its ideas of independence to be one and of the herd of geese that blindly follow gander pace, and it long ago discovered that it is largely human to be part of the gander's family—that boasted civilization is more ashamed of being out of fashion than it is of being ignorant, and that a democrat is a democrat for the mighty good reason that his father was a democrat. And by the same process of reasoning, disciples of the trust and followers of the flag may be said to have descended from the ark. Maudlin sentimentalism and ecclesiastical superstition

SOUTHERN OPINIONS

[EXPRESSED BI-MONTHLY]

Vol. 1.

MARCH 15th, 1905.

No. 2.

OPINIONS OF AN OLD TIMER.

AT the risk of being called egotistical I venture to predict that SOUTHERN OPINIONS is destined to fill a long felt want. For a number of years the South has been in need of an all-editorial paper that had the courage of its convictions and was not afraid to tell the truth. In saying this I have no intention of casting aspersions upon the character or integrity of any of our Southern papers. They are worthy representatives of the cause and fill their particular spheres in an admirable man-

ner. But as they nearly all publish contributed matter their editorial departments are necessarily somewhat circumscribed. This paper will be devoted to a full and free discussion of the doings of the 'dom without fear or favor, and it will hew to the line no matter what faults and foibles may be lopped off. Yet there is no desire to treat our contemporaries in anything but a courteous manner, and every precaution will be used to exclude hyperbole and hypocrisy from the discussion.

AT last *Con Amore*, the long promised magazine by Brainerd P. Emery has made its appearance and I have spent many happy hours in its company. To me it is thoroughly interesting from title page to *finis*. It is such a vivid reminder of the old days! And it is made up of the best literature that has been published in the amateur press in recent years. Such an article as Frank Woolen's paper on "Amateur Writers of Today" warms the cockles of my heart and stimulates my love for amateur criticism and *belles lettres*. Mr. Woolen's writes in an appreciative vein on the essays of Lind and Thrift while he

The Southern Journalist.

Official Organ of the Southern Amateur Journalists' Association.

Vol. 2, No. 2.

Newport News, Va., May, 1906.

New Series.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

Grand View, Tenn., 3-15-1906.
To the Members of the Southern Amateur
Journalists' Association.
Ladies and Gentlemen:—

The first quarter of the year's work is drawing to a close and the Association is settling down to solid work. We open the campaign of 1906 with flattering prospects for a year of unprecedented growth and activity. Let the individual members feel that they have a part in this work; let them enter into the year's work with zeal, by being on the watch for new members, by being active with their pens and printing presses. Do this, and the year's work will be crowned with a success far greater than we can realize at the present time.

Elsewhere in this issue of the JOURNALIST will be found the reports of the judges of award in the 1905 laureate contests. Certificates will be forwarded to the successful contestants at an early date. A certificate of editorial award has been awarded to A. M. Hamilton for his paper, *The Southerner*, and the certificate of honorable mention goes to Ivey Lewis for his *Youth's Gem*. In making these awards the following points were considered: Typography, quality of contributed matter, regularity of issue, and editorial work. Again let me urge each member to enter the laureate contests this year. I will pledge a handsome laureate certificate to each successful contestant.

Harley Lyle having tendered his resignation as Historian, the same has been accepted, and Mrs. Stella Truman Wayne has been appointed to the vacancy and has accepted. The Association is very fortunate in securing the services of this gifted lady. It is important that every editor of the Association send the Historian a copy of every number of his paper appearing during 1906.

I am sorry I cannot report at this time a full list of laureate judges, but it affords me pleasure to inform you that Truman J. Spencer has consented to serve the Association again as judge of essays and that Mrs. Edith Minter will serve as judge of stories and sketches.

I have asked our First Vice President to

keep a record of each member's activity, and the member scoring the most points during this term will be awarded a certificate at the close of the year. I sincerely hope every member of the Association will have his or her name on this activity list.

As a special recruit committee I have appointed Henry G. Laffler, Anderson G. Ulmer, Russell Reynolds, Jeff L. Sisk and George Kilpatrick. It will be the business of this committee to make a special effort to interest new members. This in no wise relieves the individual member of any responsibility along this line of work. I want each member to make a special effort along this line, and I believe each of us can bring in one new member during the present term if we go at it right.

I have appointed Hyman Blumberg, Box 183, Chattanooga, and J. Edward Fisher, East End, Chattanooga, as convention committee. Other names may be added to this committee later.

It is gratifying to note the increase in our membership and the number of papers published. We have made a noble start; let each member see to it that the finish is an honorable one. Every publisher in the Association should take a pride in the Southern Bundle and give it his unstinted support. Every single member should send at least one manuscript to our Corresponding Secretary for distribution among our publishers.

Fraternally yours,

LOUIS M. STARRING,
President.

REPORT OF FIRST VICE PRESIDENT.

Moravian Falls, N. C.,

March 20, 1906.

To the Members of the Southern Amateur
Journalists' Association,
Ladies and Gentlemen:

I have to report the following entries for title laureate in the different departments under my care:

SHORT STORY: "A Night in a Haunted Cabin," by "Smiling Jonas" (E. Roscoe Hall), in *Boys' Echo*.

The Southern Journalist.

Official Organ of the Southern Amateur Journalists' Association.

Vol. 2, No. 4.

Newport News, Va., December, 1906.

New Series

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

Grand View, Tenn., Nov. 1, 1906.

Members of the Southern Amateur Journalists' Association:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—Looking backward over the year that is gone we have many reasons for congratulations, yet I believe that we all feel we have come far short of the accomplishments we set out to attain. It is true we have increased our membership to some extent and have increased the amount of cash in the treasury. The literary work of our members has improved in quality and quantity and on the whole the majority of our members have shown a steady activity throughout the year.

It is with sincere regret that I am forced to announce that the Southern will hold no convention this year, after a careful canvass I found that only two or three of our members could arrange to attend the convention, it held in December and acting on the advice of a majority of the members I have canceled the convention.

I have to report the unanimous adoption of the amendments to our constitution, as proposed by Messrs. Starring and Hamilton in the August issue of the Southern Journalist.

This will change the order of things in the Southern, to some extent. The official year will open and close in August instead of December and the official organ will appear. It should be borne in mind that these amendments do not go into effect until August 1, 1907.

It will be necessary to hold our regular election in December to elect a board to serve until the regular election is held in August. This election will be held by mail and proxy ballots will be mailed to all members in good standing. Every member should feel it their duty to cast a vote in this election.

It is now time to renew your membership in the Southern. I trust that each member will prove his loyalty and devotion to the South by renewing promptly. If you

cannot be as active as you could wish, you can contribute the small sum of fifty cents for the support of your home association which is the true exponent of amateur journalism throughout our bonnie Southland.

I am glad to note the interest manifested in our laureate contests and I wish to congratulate our lady members on the splendid showing they have made during the year.

Two years ago the Southern had an empty treasury, a membership composed of fossils and was without an official organ—to day we have an active membership, a regularly issued organ and a balance in the treasury. But are we to stop at this? Nay, let us each one redouble our efforts to make the coming year the most brilliant one in the history of the Southern. The past two years have been busy ones for me, at times the work has been tedious and irksome. I have had to meet and overcome many obstacles. I have made many mistakes, but I have always labored for one end only—a united and progressive association of amateur journalists in Dixie.

Individually and collectively I thank the officers for their staunch support throughout the term. Much credit is due them for the success we have attained. To the members at large I extend my hearty appreciation of the honor you conferred upon me a year ago, and the staunch manner in which you have ever upheld the present administration.

There is no necessity of offering advice to you. The highway of success you have planned, you will continue to build and broaden. And now as your president, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

Fraternalty yours,

LOUIS M. STARRING,
President S. A. J. A.

FIRST VICE PRESIDENT'S REPORT.

Moravian Falls, N. C., Oct. 23, 1906.

To the Members of the S. A. J. A.:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—In making this last report for the year I must say that I have not been able to serve the association as efficiently as I might have done had the members shown a more responsive

The Southern Journalist

VOL. 3

GRAND VIEW, TENN., JULY, 1907

No. 1

Report of Convention Committee

The date for the 1907 Convention of the Southern Amateur Journalists' Association, as set by the President, will be held in Newport News, Va., August 12th, 13th and 14th. The 12th has been set aside by the Jamestown Exposition Company as Southern Amateur Journalist Day.

The Convention will be held in the Auditorium of the Young Men's Christian Association of Newport News, Va., with the following schedule of business:

- Called to order at 9:30 a. m.
- Roll Call.
- Appointment of Officers Pro Tem.
- Appointment of Committees.
- Report of Secretary of Credentials.
- Election of Members.
- Annual Report of Officers.
- Miscellaneous Business.

If thought advisable this session can be held at the Exposition Grounds and the two following sessions at Newport News. The following is the order of business for the 13th:

- Called to order at 9:30 a. m.
- Roll Call.
- Unfinished Business.
- Proxy Committee's Report.
- Election of Officers.
- Installation of President.
- Literary Program.

Order of business for August 14th:

- Called to order at 10:00 a. m.
- Roll Call.
- Unfinished Business.
- New Business.
- Reading and Adoption of Minutes.
- Banquet.
- Adjournment.

Special rates have been secured for the accommodation of delegates at the Windsor Hotel, where one person in a room a rate of \$1.00 is charged, and two in a room 75c is charged. This hotel is one of the best in the city of Newport News, and we would advise all members to stop here, but in case some may prefer some other hotel a card addressed to the Chairman of the Reception Committee will receive prompt attention and accommodations secured.

The distance from Newport News to the Exposition is five miles, covered by a boat in thirty minutes, on a regular half-hour schedule, through one of the greatest harbors in the world, where are anchored ships, war and merchant, from every nation. The fare to the Exposition from Newport News and return via the steamer "General Lee" is twenty-five cents, and trolley line ten cents or thirty-five cents in all.

The Convention Hall at the Exposition can be had if the members think best to hold the opening session there, as that day will be Southern Amateur Journalist Day, and headquarters can be at the building. All delegates come direct to Newport News and go from here to the place of meeting.

The local Reception Committee has arranged to meet all delegates at the trains or boats, they will be identified by the white ribbon with the words "Reception Committee" imprinted thereon, a badge with the words "Delegate, 1907 Convention, Newport News, Va." and the seal of the Association at top will be presented to the delegates at the depot. If by some chance the Reception Committee fails to meet anyone the car at the station will put them off at the door of the Windsor Hotel, where the headquarters will be.

Any member coming via Norfolk or Portsmouth, Va., can reach Newport News over the C. & O. Ry. Co. Steamer "Virginia," or by trolley line to Pine Beach and thence across the Hampton Roads to Ivy Avenue Pier and on trolley to Newport News. Members coming this way, if they will notify the locals, a specially delegated member of the Reception Committee will be sent to either Norfolk or Portsmouth to get them to Newport News.

Besides the regular order of business the locals have arranged a program for the benefit of the visiting delegates and promise all a good time. The banquet will be held at \$4.00 p. m. on August 14th and plates will be reserved at \$1.50 each. Notify the committee by not later than August 1st of your intention of coming so due arrangements can be made.

Reception Committee,
A. M. HAMILTON, Chair.

The Southerner,

THE SOUTH'S LITERARY EXPONENT.

Entered for Poet Laureate Title in S. A. J. A.

THE DESTINY OF MAN.

Where now dwelleth the innumerable band,
Who long ago returned to dust;
Were they not taken by an unseen hand?

Shall we all likewise some day perish,
Only this brief, sad existence;
Is there no hope for mortals to cherish?

Beyond the stars is there no land,
No mighty being sits enthroned,
No certain hope on which we stand?

Shall man into utter nothingness sink,
His soul and mind extinguished be;
Shall he fear to reach the brink?

Then why the existence of man,
And why right and truth exist,
If there is no fairer future land?

There is a land beyond all tears,
A mighty Deity sits there enthroned;
Then, silly man, dispel thy fears.

—VERNA C. GREENE.

THE RAVEN.

(With apologies to Edgar Allen Poe.)

Once upon a midnight dreary
I had read till I was weary,
And I sat upon a sofa, smoking, gazing at the floor;
Vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow,

The Stamp Trio

Words and Music by SEARS, NASCHKE and HYDE

Volume I

OCTOBER, 1920

Number 2

THE POSTAGE DUE STAMPS OF MEXICO.

unpaid

Mexico has a way all its own in the use of the postage due or "complementario" stamps. Quite unlike our system of collecting postage due, a postmaster keeps a book that looks something like a trading stamp book, only it is much larger in size. Whenever he collects unpaid postage, he merely takes the equivalent amount in due stamps and affixes them on a page and cancels them. When the book is filled it is destroyed usually by burning it. This accounts for these stamps never being found used. However, during the revolution, in various postoffices where there was a shortage of stamps, the due stamps were used for postage, and they are quite scarce in this condition.

DOES THE SUN RISE IN THE WEST?

Did you know that some of the stamps of Czecho-Slovakia picture a rising sun in the West? Well, the famous Czech artist Mucha must have been working under difficulties when he designed these stamps, as this particular view of the Cathedral at Prague is looking in a western direction. It has met with quite a bit of criticism from the people and on the later designs the sun was removed from behind the cathedral.

Have you ever wondered what "Suomi" meant on the stamps of Finland? It is the Finnish word for "Land of Thousand Lakes."

Jugoslavia has issued a new set of stamps somewhat better looking in appearance than the previous set, though keeping its original design of the slave breaking his chains. The design has been improved considerably and the currency is expressed in paras.

Ecuador has issued a new set of stamps in commemoration of the 100th Anniversary of the Independence of Guayaquil. The designs are well executed, depicting famous men. The set consists of 19 varieties and range from 1 centavo to 1 sucre.

Martinique has just issued three provisional stamps by surcharging the current stamps as follows: 5c on 1c; 10c on 2c; and 25c on 15c. The numbers issued are very low and they were printed locally on account of shortage of the values needed.

Recent mail from Salvador show several new provisional surcharges. There seems to be a shortage of some values which required surcharging the following values: 1 centavo on 12 centavo in black; 26 centavos on 29 centavos in blue; and the 50 centavo Official of 1915 with "Official" struck out and "Corriente" inserted below in red ink. These are all we have seen, but doubtless others exist.

PN 4827

#14



VOL. V

August 1929

NO. 6



.. Carefree Hours ..

Drifting lazily by,
As would a drowsy crow
Wafting over on wing.
This is not in the sky,
But in a bark canoe;
The Old Brave is rowing,
Drifting lazily by.
—Eldred W. Corley, LSS

X-PN 4827

The Smart Advertiser

EVERY MONDAY.

Printed and Published by The Smart Printing Co.
36 E Rye Lane, Peckham, London, S.E. 15

No. 21

Monday, May 26, 1930. APR 28 1944

Miscellaneous Advertisements

Advertise in Vanderpool's Advertiser. Rate 1d. per word.
100 Snappy Imprints, 6d. Sidney Vanderpool, Watsonville, Calif., U.S.A. 3

£10 Complete all Accessories, Aerial erection 12 months guarantee, Woodhall Three Valve Receiver, Oxford Blue Five Valve Portable, 12 guineas, screened Grid, Four Portable, 18 guineas. Terms 10/- cash, balance 12 months. B. Winter, 20 New Road, Portsmouth.

300 Educational Books, 300 religious, 3d. each, 300 Miscellaneous, Lists. Cant. 36 Lawford Road, New Bilton, Rugby. 3

Inventor seeks Investors, £5000. Stillwell's Advertising Agency. 3

Circulars Mailed, World Publicity, 5/- 1000. Stillwell's Advertising Agency. 3

Traders Using my Address 2/- weekly. Stillwell's Advertising Agency. 3

For Sale, Business, 12 years lease, further option. Central, busiest part city. 26ft. frontage, side entrance, extensive living accommodation, particulars. Stillwell's Advertising Agency, 114 Tangier Road, Portsmouth, England. 3

Two-fold Pen and Pencil, 1/8 post free, Men's White Handkerchiefs 18 x 18, 3/6 dozen, sample, 4d. Cant. 36 Lawford Road, New Bilton, Rugby. 3

The NOVEMBER—



OFFICIAL ORGAN—REGION EIGHT.

Entered as second-class matter December 1, 1927, at the post office at Kalona, Iowa, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

THE GLORY OF NIGHT

By DEWAYNE KREAGER, GC, (15)

Ritzville, Wash.

THE calm of early evening settled over the picture which lay before me. A beautiful mountain lake stretched out below in a silent and glittering arc that reached toward the sombre mountain peaks which loomed across the water. A picture of peace, a masterpiece of Nature, framed by the overhanging and majestic mountain peaks whose tops sparkled with the last evening rays of the sun. A breeze stirred the waters of the lake, and tiny wavelets lapped the shore with a murmuring whisper. The mountain peaks lost their glow as the sun sank below the horizon, and the earth was plunged into darkness and silence broken only by the moaning of the pines; and the steady lapping of the waves on the sandy beach.

Then, almost suddenly, a soft silver brilliance softened the heavens beyond the mountains, making them a dark silhouette against the lightening sky. The moon was rising and would soon command the darkness of

the night with its silver rays.

Suddenly, out of the stillness of the forest came the shrill and terrifying scream of the cougar. The world seemed to shudder as the cry echoed and re-echoed from peak to peak. The whoop of an owl broke the stillness next, and then the underbrush became full with the chatter of the smaller animal kingdom. A porcupine scolded crossly as he ambled across a patch of light near at hand, and a rabbit scampered through the clearing below. Then suddenly the scream of another cougar broke upon the world—and the animal kingdom suddenly became silent, only to resume its activity when the terrifying cry was once more silenced.

However, the second scream had broken my reverie, and I returned to my camp to crawl into my blankets for a night of restful slumber. I was at peace with the world, thankful that I was alive to enjoy the wonders of God's world.

BOOSTERS—

Join the mammoth boosting contest at once! Send a stamp for a list of subscribers in your state, then go to work. 250 SUBSCRIBERS BY JUNE!

X-PN 4827

#17

APR 28 1944

THE
SEA GULL

"The Magazine in Miniature"

No. 20] PHILADELPHIA, PA. [October, 1932



In this issue

LIFE BLOOD—FUTURE OF U.S. COMMERCE
by Alexander L. Ostrow

James F. Morton—Mary M. Ware—James A. Bains

X-PN 4827

#18

APR 28 1944

THE
SEA GULL

"The Magazine in Miniature"

No. 31] PHILADELPHIA, PA. [November, 1932



HERBERT
C.
HOOVER

?

FRANKLIN
D.
ROOSEVELT

In this issue

THE PRINCIPLE OF THE THING
by Margaret Nickerson Martin

Willard O. Wylie—Eunice McKee—Herbert Fuhrman
Eardley F. Atkinson—Mary Morgan Ware

X-PN 4827

#19

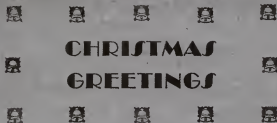
NOV 28 1932
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THE
SEA GULL

APR 28 1944

"The Magazine in Miniature"

No. 32] PHILADELPHIA, PA. [December, 1932



CHRISTMAS
GREETINGS

In this issue

First article of a series of five on
THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

Eardley F. Atkinson -- Margaret Nickerson Martin
Willard O. Wylie--Walter M. Stevenson--Earl Henry
Mary Morgan Ware -- Marjorie Tullar -- Others
and EDWIN MARKHAM'S "Forgotten Man"

The Sundial

VOLUME 1, 1932

PUBLISHED AT PAYETTE, IDAHO

NUMBER 8

Fossil Beds in Desert Reveal Various Forms Of Ancient Vegetation

THAT the vast deserts of the west have not always been stretches of barren waste land is evidenced in the finding of traces of extensive forests of giant trees which flourished perhaps millions of years ago, and then vanished when a radical change in climatic conditions reduced the tree covered hills to the present stretches of sagebrush and sand.

Proof of the existence of these once great forests and lakes is found in the numerous fossil beds found in various sections of the desert, where the records are written in stone. Here vegetation and animal life became covered with deposits which thru time hardened to stone, and the imprint of the vegetable and animal life embedded therein remains in outline.

Sections of Malheur county, Oregon, are rich in fossil beds. One locality which furnishes an interesting field for study lies in the vicinity of Rockville, a small postoffice on the highway leading to Jordan Valley.

Early this summer a party comprising Mr. and

August

All the long August afternoon
The little drowsy stream
Whispers a melancholy tune
As if it dreamed of June
And whispered in its dream.

—Howells



Mrs. Ralph Thurston and family and D. H. Snowberger of Payette; F. L. Scholes of Ontario, Oregon, and The Sundial editor made a trip to the Rockville section.

Thru information received from Mrs. Irma Sheridan, who for a number of years has been postmistress at Rockville, we learned of the location of these fossil beds. Upon arriving at the postoffice we were met by

Continued on page 5

Excavation in Gravel Bed Uncovers Skeleton Of Prehistoric Elephant

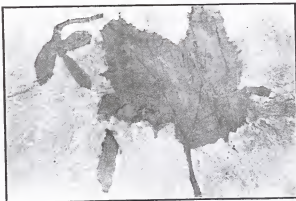
STRANGE things come to pass on earth thru the passing of years. Climatic conditions change, which brings about changes in the flora and fauna, and the scientist goes back into the dim past thru the study of the fossils which remain.

One recent discovery was that made at Dunaway, Oregon, where workmen were excavating gravel used in the construction of the Owyhee dam. At a depth of about twenty-five feet they uncovered a number of bones of an animal of a prehistoric date. Attention was first called to the discovery when what appeared to be a piece of soft rock was taken from the gravel bed. Further investigation disclosed this to be a joint bone measuring nearly twenty inches in diam-

eter, according to reports. In this spot were found two teeth about ten inches long, and several pieces of ivory tusk.

Harold Tucker, professor of biology at the College of Idaho, Caldwell, was notified of the find, and with the aid of students at the college removed the bones,

Continued on page 8



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#21

APR 28 1944

THE
SEA GULL

"The Magazine in Miniature"

JANUARY, 1933



In this issue

THE WORLD CALENDAR

—By James F. Morton—

X-PN 4827

#22

IN LIBRARY OF
SOMERSET
MILITARY MUSEUM

APR 28 1944

THE
SEA GULL

"The Magazine in Miniature"

FEBRUARY, 1933



In this issue
NEW MORALS FOR OLD
by Robert H. Price

X-PN 4827

APR 28 1944

THE
SEA GULL

"The Magazine in Miniature"

MARCH, 1933



In this issue:
EARLY AMERICAN JOURNALISM
by Ted Schirm

X-PN 4827

72

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HONOLULU
APR 28 1944

APR 28 1944

THE
SEA GULL

"The Magazine in Miniature"

APRIL, 1933

Spirit of
1776



Spirit of
1933

In this issue:
ON BEING A THIEF
by Earl Henry

X-PN 4827

THE
SEA GULL

"The Magazine in Miniature"

MAY, 1983

*Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire!
Woods and groves are of thy dressing
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.*
— MILTON

In this issue:
WHAT ABOUT WAR DEBTS?
By Hyman Brodofsky

X-PN 4827

THE
SEA GULL

"The Magazine in Miniature"

JUNE, 1933

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS

June 18, 1850---June 7, 1933

X-PN 4827

THE ~ ~ ~
SEA GULL ~

•
THE MAGAZINE IN MINIATURE

~ ~ ~ August, 1933

•
In this issue:

• THE WARNING ON THE FLOOR
BY *Alexander Ostrow*

• A DELEGATE'S DIARY

X-PN 4827

#28

THE
SEA GULL
THE MAGAZINE IN MINIATURE

SEPTEMBER, 1933



THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
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In this issue:
HITLER-IZED GERMANY
by Herbert Fuhrman
Alexander Ostroie Almon Horton

X-PN 4827

LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
JULIAN RECORD

APR 28 1944

THE
SEA GULL

"The Magazine in Miniature"

October, 1933

DEHSERVIKA
by Chandrakalabae A. Hate

X-ON 4827

FOR LIBRARY 93
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THE APR 28 1944
SEA GULL
"The Magazine in Miniature"

November, 1933

EQUALITY UNDER THE N.R.A.
by Frank Bailey

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THE
SEA GULL

"The Magazine in Miniature"

December, 1933



FOR LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
JULY 1934

APR 28 1944

BOOKS
by Hyman Bradofsky

X-PN 4827

Spare Time #32

"Leisure is the Time for doing something useful."
—Benjamin Franklin.

Vol. I January, 1933 No. 1

Published by Charles L. Detrick, during his spare time, at 4332 Lawn Avenue, Western Springs, Illinois. Member United and National Amateur Press Associations.

GREETINGS, ETC.

The world moves in cycles and the lives of men are ordered in the same manner. Whether these cycles cover periods of seven years, or ten, I know not, but I am convinced of the truth of this statement.

A long time ago, probably too long ago to be mentioned here, I became a member of the United Amateur Press Association and got out one number of a magazine. The Comet died a borning. The other day, while rummaging through some old papers, I found a copy of that little paper and I certainly got a big kick out of it. The U. A. P. A. had not been in existence so very long but it had acquired an interesting membership. The magazines published were top-notch. Some of the amateur writers of that time now get their names on the covers of the big-time magazines. They were fast company. Maybe that is why I dropped out so soon—I couldn't keep the pace.

It was a long while afterward that the bug bit me again, when I published the Lone Scout Post Card, later named the Crusader Post Card, for nearly a year, then it too gave up the ghost. Now, thanks to my good friend Harold M. Bearce, I am back again. For how long? Who knows?

Charles L. Detrick.

Spare Time

An Amateur Publication

"Leisure is the time for doing something useful."—Benjamin Franklin

For March, 1933

APR 20 1944

THE CHOICE OF READING MATTER

By Charles L. Detrick

As a child I was allowed to choose my own books—that is, I read everything that came to my hand without parental hindrance.

Two of the first books I remember were a story of the early pioneers and their struggles against the Indians, and an adaptation of the Bible called "The Beautiful Story." As I was only about five at the time the vivid pictures in the Indian book coupled with the lurid captions, which I was able to spell out, left an impress upon my mind never to be effaced. Of the illustration in the Bible story two of them stand out beyond the rest. "The Deluge" showed the top of a mountain around which surged the ascending waters. Here rested the remaining living creatures of a drowning world. High above the others a tigress held her cub. The encircling waves lifted the bodies of those overtaken by the flood.

The other picture was different. The title was: "Finding the Cup in Benjamin's Sack." A party of travelers overtaken by a company of soldiers. Horses; rough, bearded men; spears and shields—these formed a background against which cowered a young man, confronted by the evidence of a theft he had not committed.

X-PN 4827

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Spare-Time

An Amateur Publication

"Leisure is the time for doing something useful."—Benjamin Franklin.

For April, 1933 APR 29 1944

MY EARLY READING MATTER

To the imaginative boy on the farm there is probably a greater incentive to "do" and at the same time a greater opportunity of "doing." If I wanted a wagon I searched among the wrecks of abandoned farm machines until I found a desirable pair of wheels and other necessary parts and built my wagon. Naturally stories with constructive themes appealed to me most. So "Robinson Crusoe," and "Swiss Family Robinson," were read and reread.

Of the stories in Youth's Companion one remains clearly in my mind. "Tracks End" was the story of a boy telegraph operator isolated at the end of steel by winter snows. The memories of these stories remain because of the ingenuity and inventive ability of their heroes. I played the stories, putting myself in the place of the principal juvenile character.

Pure adventure had its appeal. I once read the opening chapter of a story in a boys' magazine. Nearly twenty years later I picked up an attractively jacketed book and found it to be the story I had started years before. Needless to say I enjoyed it thoroughly.

I read the first number of American Boy and have read it almost continuously since. I was a reader of Boys' Life before it was acquired by the Boy Scouts.

—Charles L. Detrick

X-PN 4827

#35

Spare Time

An Amateur Publication

"Leisure is the time for doing something useful"—Benjamin Franklin.

For May, 1933

THE GAME OF LACROSSE

By August C. Sisco

(Sports Editor of the *Mortonian Weekly*)

Although one of the least known sports, the game of Lacrosse, which is Canada's national game and is undoubtedly one of the fastest and most interesting of all games, is becoming very familiar to college, club, and preparatory school athletics in the United States.

The origin of this fascinating game has a most colorful background. History tells us it was played by the Iroquois and other tribes along the Hudson valley as a training measure for war and that it was known as "baggataway." Adorned in full war dress as many as 1000 warriors on each side participated. The name, Lacrosse, was given to this game by the French settlers, because the instrument used looked like a bishop's crozier.

A ball made of India-rubber sponge, weighing about 5 ounces and about 8 inches in circumference and a shaft, usually made of hickory and shaped like a thong, are the two instruments used. From the tip of the thong which is made fast to a shaft a triangle is formed which is covered with loose netting of cat gut or raw hide. This forms the pocket in which the ball is carried.

The playing field is from 100 to 130

Continued on Page Five

Spare Time

An Amateur Publication

"Leisure is the time for doing something useful."—Benjamin Franklin.

For June, 1933

APR 29 1944

N. A. P. A. AT THE FAIR

The subject of this intimate sketch is the youngest official press representative of the Century of Progress, with headquarters on the grounds of the World's Fair.



E. A. Yasbec

Edwin Arthur Yasbec is a graduate of the Class of 1933, of the J. Sterling Morton High School, Cicero, Illinois, where he ably filled the position of associate editor of *The Mortonian Weekly*, the largest hand-set high school paper in the United States. He is a member of the Honor Society, and of the Quill and Scroll international honor society for high school journalists. He is also a member of the National Amateur Press Association.

Yasbec has organized a news syndicate, *The World's Fair News Service*, and furnishes a weekly release to fifteen suburban newspapers with a combined circulation of more than 50,000.

He will enter Morton Junior College in September where a place awaits him on the staff of the college weekly.

Do not forget to mail your proxy ballot.

X-PN 4827

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Spare Time

AN AMATEUR PUBLICATION

"Leisure is the time for doing something useful."
--Benjamin Franklin.

FOR JULY, 1933

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PAID
7141

APR 29 1944

CELEBRATION

Edith M. Buckminster

Banners flaring,
Bugles blaring,
All's a grand commotion--
Soldiers nearing,
People cheering
In loud but true devotion.
No one tarries,
Someone carries
Our dear red, white, and blue;
Women's sighing
Turns to crying
As the flag goes marching through.
Great bells clanging,
Fireworks banging
O'er mountain, field and crag;
Children singing,
Joy notes ringing--
Hail the American flag!

X-PN 438
UAPA Convention Number

Spare Time

AN AMATEUR PUBLICATION

"Leisure is the time for doing something useful."
—Benjamin Franklin

FOR AUGUST, 1933

CONVENTION NEWS

By "One Who Was There"

THE 37TH annual convention of the United Amateur Press Association is now history. The vanguard of the delegates arrived early in the week, led by the genial Dr. Noel, standard bearer of the Pacific Coast. Art Larson, of Fargo, dropped off a Burlington train on Sunday and was met by Fred Nagel of the local press club. A publicity program was speedily planned and preparations were made to receive the visitors.

The first session of the convention was called on July 29th, at 10 o'clock. President Libby rapped for order and after a few well-chosen remarks introduced Major Lenox R. Lohr, general manager of A Century of Progress Exposition who extended a welcome to the delegates and enlightened them as to the wonders of the world's fair.

Interest was created at an early place in the program by the reading of the

Spare Time

AN AMATEUR PUBLICATION

"Leisure is the time for doing something useful."

--Benjamin Franklin

FOR OCTOBER, 1933

THE FIRST CHECK

By Charles L. Detrick

OCTOBER 1944

There is no thrill quite like the one derived from opening a thin envelope, with the address of a publishing house in the corner, and finding therein your first check in payment for something you have written.

You've sold your first story!

Visions of a brilliant literary success float before your eyes. Your hands tremble and you handle that check as though it called for a thousand dollars. It is quite probable that the decimal closely follows the first cypher. But it is a check and that is what counts. If you have sufficient faith in yourself and your ability to write, you know that other checks will follow and the decimal point will recede from the dollar sign in direct ratio to the number of acceptances.

Sometimes the check is not so important as the acceptance. I have known a few writers who were so anxious to see their brain child in print that they were willing to pay for the privilege.

Also, with some publishers this seems to be the general idea. Any manuscript sub-

Continued on page nine

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#49

Spare Time

AN AMATEUR PUBLICATION

"Leisure is the time for doing something useful."
--Benjamin Franklin.

FOR OCTOBER, 1933

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APR 29 1944

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Continued on page nine

X-PN

H41

Spare Time

AN AMATEUR PUBLICATION

"Leisure is the time for doing something useful."
--Benjamin Franklin.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1933

Buy Christmas Seals



"DO UNTO OTHERS"

THIS WILL be the happiest Christmas for many people. Laughter will have a new ring, voices a new confidence. Share some of your joy by using Christmas Seals on your letters, gifts, and cards. The gay little stamps will brighten your message. The funds they provide will help prevent, find, and cure tuberculosis throughout the year.

X-PN 4827

#42

Spare Time

AN AMATEUR PUBLICATION

"Spare Time: The time for doing something useful."
--Benjamin Franklin.

APR 29 1933 DECEMBER, 1933

A CHANGE FOR THE NEW YEAR

In the October issue of this publication an announcement appeared to the effect that beginning with the January number *SPARE TIME* would be a National paper exclusively. Already request and protests have begun to come in. Some of the United members even appear to think that it is our intention to high-hat them. Nothing could be farther from our thought. The United, and amateur journalism in general, will profit by our decision, for it is our intention to issue a quarterly paper exclusively for the members of the United Amateur Press Association. *HORIZONS* will be an eight-page 6x9 paper and will combine the functions of a newspaper and those of a literary magazine.

SPARE TIME, will be enlarged and improved. It will be mailed free to members of the National Amateur Press Association and to all exchanges. To others a subscription price of twenty-five cents the year will be charged. Some of the best writers of the dom. will appear regularly; new features and departments will be introduced; a better grade of paper will be used; the publication will be pepped-up

THE SCRIBBLER

Vol. 2

November, 1933

APR 20 1934
No. 1SCRIBBLER RESUMES
PUBLICATION AGAINEDITOR RECEIVES SCULLY'S
COLLECTION OF PAPERS

JUST as we go to press the editor received the collection of *National Amateurs* from Mr. Charles J. Scully of Brooklyn, N. Y., who was an active member some years ago. The editor and a friend spent a very enjoyable evening talking about old times and about his collection, and the job that he had getting them together and to keep his charming wife from throwing them out, it seems all the women are the same.

The collection of Scullys consist of old *National Amateurs* from Vol. 1 No. 1, 1876 to 1904, there are a few missing but I hope to get them from other members who were active during those years.



AFTER an absence of ten months the SCRIBBLER once again appears in print a little smaller than the first two issues but I hope a little better. By changing the size the editor hopes to publish it more often than before.

Any one who has any suggestions that they think would help the appearance of THE SCRIBBLER, please send them to the editor as he wants to improve with each issue and the only way he can do so is for you members to

write in and state your views on what you would like the editor to do and what you would like to see printed.

By the way have any of you members thought of who will run for president, treasurer, editor and secretary next year?

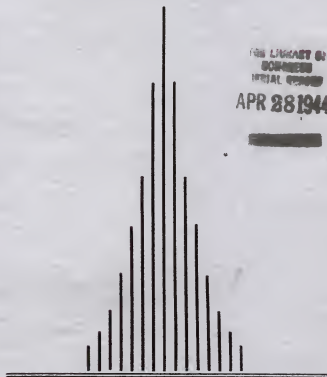


X-PN 4827

#44

SUNAPEE ECHOES

FOR LIBRARY OF
SUNAPEE
INITIAL STAMP
APR 28 1944



FEBRUARY, 1933

X-PN 4827

#45

SUNAPEE ECHOES

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SERIALS SECTION

APR 28 1944



May, 1933.

X-PN 4827

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SUNAPEE ECHOES

FOR LIBRARY OF
SUNAPEE
SUNAPEE ECHOES

APR 28 1944



August 1933

THE SEATTLE AMATEUR

Summer, 1933.



Seattle, Wash.

NOV 1933
JULY 1934

CO-OPERATION APR 29 1944

A bulging envelope of Amateur papers has just arrived from Secretary, Dr. Noel, bless his loyal amateur journalistic heart!

With much interest I spread the journals out on the table to see the topics they cover. The following are a few subjects.

Tiny Tim speaks in quite a mature way on the vagaries of the word, "Why." The Atom, gives off sparks about recent movies. The Watch Tower warns that gangsters must go. The Manettism, centers on our convention at Chicago July 29-30th. The Western Writer on the value of viewpoint in writing.

All are frank in expression, - free of the restrictions of those writing for monetary consideration - and all alive with the priceless virility of diversified viewpoint.

It struck me how valuable these individual viewpoints, unbiased by commercial taint, would be concentrated on some one main subject of vital interest to all. Say for a year. That is, our journals still retaining their characteristic articles, but all co-operating to give their own angle on one subject vital importance to the mass of the people.

For instance take the subject, "How can we best guarantee a just livelihood to the worker?" Surely a vital matter now.

The concentration of Amateur journalists on this subject would penetrate during the year to the bedrock where the biggest nuggets of truth would be found. And the comprehensive co-operation of diversified viewpoints would insure a rounded perception of the facts. In this development of the subject would also be found an infinite opportunity for individual expression.

And what an education it would be not only to us Amateur journalists, but to others needing this clarifying thought, unbiased by commercialism, on vital subjects. For probably the real reason for our stress today is that the mass of the people have not developed the capacity, to mentally grasp, the problem of how to manage our country for the benefit of all of us. Therefore we are exploited by those who take advantage of our mental weakness.

Can President Roosevelt's new deal succeed unless we average citizens know how to play the cards he has so ably dealt us? For there are professional sharpers waiting who will again fleece us unless we can clearly see their trickery. A great educational movement is necessary to prevent this exploitation. And the spirit of Amateur Journalism, freed as it is from monetary blindness, has the ability to lead this vitally needed movement.

(Continued on Page 4)

X-PN 4827

Schmidt's

Successor To
THE APACHE CHIEF



#48
CRIER

VOL. I

SEPTEMBER 1933

NO. 12

Do You Really Want Success?

F. W. Seden

Author of "Winning Success" Etc.



If you really want success, no obstacles can ever prevent you from gaining it. If you have a real desire to be a Successful Mail Order Merchant, no obstacle will bar your way for long—for you will soon find a way around, thru or over anything that is so rash as to attempt to block the way.

You need not be brilliant, nor strong, nor beautiful, nor talented to get the "breaks" in the Mail Order Business, but you do need a certain amount of courage, the perseverance of a billcollector, and the patience of a lion-tamer. If you have these really necessary qualifications, or will take the trouble to acquire them, your chances for success are unlimited—you cannot fail.

You may not be sensational, but that

will not discourage you—it will just cause you to burn more midnight oil studying books on advertising, business and markets, and the merchandise you are endeavoring to sell; and the earnest building and rebuilding of your ads and advertising literature until all who read them will experience an irresistible impulse to order your product at once. And as time rolls on, you, who have tried so hard, have wanted success so much, will be one of those who come out on top.

It is a well known fact of psychology that anyone who is obsessed by an idea and clings to it with a passionate zeal in the face of everything, will eventually win. Call it blind faith, or what you will—it never seems to fail.

And this is why I can truthfully say, "If you really want to be a successful Mail Order Merchant, no obstacles can prevent you from reaching your goal."

Anniversary Issue

X-PN 4827

SCOUTER
MARCH 1934

SUNSET TRAILS

Volume II. Number 1

If there is any one thing that can be said against the UAPA, I should say that it is the fact that so many of the officers are inactive.

Speaking as a new member of the association I may not know all the details, but letters to several of the officers in regard to some phase of the organization, remain unacknowledged. Such action as this does not do any good to an organization that needs the members interest in its affairs. cont'd on page 4.

X-PN 4827

The SCOUTER

Edited and printed by BOB CUNNINGHAM

Monroe, N. C. April 1934

Vol. 1 ★ Member N. A. P. A. ★ No. 10

Kisses
APR 28 1944

I kiss my mommy kinda slow
And kiss my daddy quickly,
'Cause mommy's face is soft, y' know
And daddy's face is prickly.

I try to be polite, and not
To show how much it tickles,
but gee! I'm glad she hasn't got
A kiss that's full of prickles.

X-PN 4827

The SCOUTER

Edited and printed by BOB CUNNINGHAM

Monroe, N. C. October, 1934

Vol. 1 ★ Member N. A. P. A. ★ No. 10

1934 OCTOBER 1934

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

X-PN 4827

#52

THE SEAGULL
"THE MAGAZINE IN MINATURE"

•
A Sleuth's Holiday
by John Marron
•

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CONGRESS
SERIALS

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JANUARY
1934

X-PN 4827

#53

february 1934

t h e s e a g u l l
"the magazine in miniature"

santa of the asylum
by ted schirm

radio vs newspaper
by margaret nickerson martin

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SERIALS ACQUISITION
MAR 28 1944

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#54

"The Magazine
in Miniature"

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CONGRESS
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WASHINGTON, D.C.

PR 281944

THE
SEA GULL
MARCH
1934

An Escape from Sharks
Part One of Two
by James F. Morton

X-PN 4827

\$55

THE
SEA
GULL

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1001 9000

APR 28 1944

1001 9000



"The Magazine in Miniature"
for April, 1934

λ-PW 4821

#56

THE SEA GULL

May, 1934

"THE MAGAZINE IN MINIATURE"



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CONGRESS
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TROPICAL SOLICITATION

a "sketch" of Havana by

JULIAN T. BABER

X-PN 4827

#57

Number 49 THE August, 1934

SEA GULL

"The Magazine in Miniature"

FOR INFORMATION

BOOKS

LIBRARY RECORD

APR 28 1944



In this issue
The World Court
by Hyman Bradofsky

X-PN 4827

#158

Spare Time

AN AMATEUR PUBLICATION

"Leisure is the time for doing something useful."

--Benjamin Franklin.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1944

The Father of His Country



GEORGE WASHINGTON

1732—1799

"Labor to keep alive in your heart that
little spark of celestial fire—conscience."

X-PN 4827

#59

Spare Time

AN AMATEUR PUBLICATION

"Leisure is the time for doing something useful."
--Benjamin Franklin.

FOR JULY, 1934

Post Convention Notes

There were no laudatory speeches in commendation of favorite candidates, nor fiery denunciations against political foes at the fifty-ninth annual convention of the National Amateur Press Association at the Palmer House, Chicago, July 3, 4, 5. Rather, the gathering resembled a group of earnest, hard-working business men and women assembled to accomplish a task—one that had to be done. They came from many extremes: the east and the west, youth and old age, the civilian and the soldier, layman and minister of the gospel.

Amateur journalism recognizes no age limits. Robie Macauley was there and John D. Black came alone from his home in Pennsylvania, both lads in their early teens. Walter C. Chiles presided for a time thus celebrating his fiftieth anniversary in amateurdom. Anthony F. Moitoret came from California, while the extreme east was represented by Ralph W. Babcock Jr., and his mother, Muriel R. Babcock, and Edna Hyde McDonald,

X-PN 4827

#60

Spare Time

AN AMATEUR PUBLICATION

"Leisure is the time for doing something useful."
--Benjamin Franklin.

FOR AUGUST, 1934

Yellow Pages

By BUZBY CRAMMER

Yellow pages in a book, **APR 29 1944**
Make me pause for one more look.
As the polar star's white light
Attracts and holds the seaman's sight,
So you, my little book so old
Are like a diamond set in gold.

Yellow pages, frail and weak,
What a story, could you speak.
Tales of love and deeds of shame,
No new book could be the same.
Every word has sweeter tone
Now the page has mellow grown.

Yellow pages, loose and torn,
Great the message you have borne.
Lines of beauty, that to me
Bring new courage, liberty.
Deep interred, within them lie
A man's grim fight to do or die.

Yellow pages, stained with tears,
A comforter through all the years.
Helping in your silent way
Often you have saved the day.
You bring confidence anew,
The will to try, the strength to do.

X-PN 4827

THE STAR

JOURNAL

THE LIGHT OF
SOUTHERN

V-1



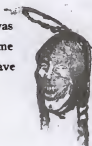
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APR 28 1944

MARYLAND MY MARYLAND

1634

Maryland was
settled by some
of the first brave
pioneers.



1934

Maryland is
one of our
Countrymen's
important and
best states.

TERCENTARY CELEBRATION

X-PN 4827

#62

THE STAR

JOURNAL

V-1



N-2

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COURTESY

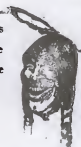
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PR 281944

MARYLAND MY MARYLAND

1634

Maryland was
settled by some
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1934

Maryland is
one of our
Countries of
important and
best states.

TERCENTARY CELEBRATION

X-PN 4827

Sparks And Flashes

MAY

1934



PAGING

Mr. George Trainer

for President
of the
N.
A.
P.
A.

LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
JUN 1 1944
APR 28 1944



President, George W. Trainer.
Vice-President, C. W. Walton.
Secretary, Ernest Adams.
Treasurer, J. D. Pursell.
Official Editor, Charles L. Detrick.
Judges, Harold Segal.
F. Earl Bonnell.
O. W. Hinrichs.

Convention Seat, Monroe, North Carolina.

We take this opportunity of nominating Mr. George W. Trainer of Brooklyn, New York, for President of the National Amateur Press Association for the coming fiscal year 1934-35. The nomination is based on his sincere fulfillment of duty as Secretary of the Association for the past

Please turn to the last page

X-PN 4827

#64

THE SPOTLIGHT

DEVOTED TO AMATEUR JOURNALISM

DECEMBER
1934

LIBRARY CHRISTMAS
BONNIE'S SUE
FRIAL PEGGIE

APR 28 1944



THE STAMP DIGEST

A MONTHLY SUMMARY OF THE WORLDS STAMP NEWS

VOL. 1, NO. 6-7

DEC., 1933—JAN., 1934

WHOLE NO. 6

Around the World for Five Cents

Reprinted from "Linns Weekly Stamp News"

For the small expense of 5 cents one may send a letter entirely around the world. Perhaps the statement should be modified a bit. One may send the cover but it might not come back. So many untoward events may mislead a cover that is journeying around in the South Pacific or the China Sea.

About a year ago, several collectors met to gossip about stamps and other things that interest collectors and during the evening someone mentioned that he would like to have a cover that had travelled entirely around the earth. It is dangerous to mention such ambitions in certain circles because it is dead certain that the more difficult the thing may be to accomplish the more likely that it will be attempted. The idea was not new but like turning a somersault on a tight wire, there is some degree of uncertainty about the outcome.

It required three months to complete the necessary arrangements and then ten covers, franked with 5 cents worth of U. S. Postage, were placed in the mails and the senders began to include the welfare of the international postal systems in their bedtime prayers. The covers left St. Joseph, Mo., on the evening of Nov. 21 and ten weeks later it was learned that they had passed through the Union of South Africa during the Christmas holidays. On Jan. 27 they turned up in New South Wales, Australia, still toge-

ther. But between Australia and China the traveling companions became separated and on Feb. 15, but four covers put in an appearance at Shanghai. A week later the other six touched China and went into the home stretch across the Pacific a week behind the leaders. The four reached St. Joseph on March 22, within one day of four months after the journey began. The others came home just one week later.

No postage was added at any of the four stops made by the covers and the total mileage was approximately 35,000 miles. And for 5 cents! The condition of the covers was exceptionally good with the postmarks plainly revealing the course they took.

Each cover originally was self-addressed in care of a friend in So. Africa. That person was notified in advance to forward the mail to Australia and the receiver there was likewise asked to send the mail on to China. In order to make certain that the covers did not back track and enter the United States from the east, another forwarding address on the west coast was arranged.

SPECIAL OFFER

12 different foreign bills suitable for framing, FREE with a trial six months subscription to this paper at only 10c.

Address publisher now. Today!



THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
TENTH FLOOR

APR 28 1944

The Seattle Press

Official Organ of the S. A. P. C. No. 2.

Nov., 1934.

Vol. I., No. 1.

Birth Of Chapter No. 2 Seattle Amateur Press Club.

On October 20th members of Chapter No. 2 Seattle Amateur Press Club met at the Hauffmangave of the Arcade building for the purpose of organizing and adopting a charter. Many wellwishers from Chapter No. 1 were present and the forepart of the evening was spent in getting acquainted, afterwhich the meeting was called to order by Mr. D. Z. Gourman, who in turn appointed Mr. Hauffman, Literary Director Protem, and the meeting proceeded with a number of offerings of merit.

The matter was throw open for discussion as to the best plan for electing officers and adopting a constitution for Chapter No. 2 immediately after the critic's report. It was finally decided upon to elect a temporary President for the period of three consecutive meetings and the writer was elected to that position.

The following officers were appointed until the election of regular officers three meetings hence.

Mrs. R. A. Van Ambert, Vice-President.

Miss Johnson, Recording Secretary.

Mrs. Weber, Corresponding Secretary.

Mrs. Mabel Adams, Official Editor and Treasurer.

Mr. H. Strasberger, Literary Director.

Mr. Stone, Critic.

The chair then appointed the newly appointed officers a committee of the whole to draw up a constitution to be offered for approval at the next regular meeting the first Saturday night of November. The question was then brought up whether the new Chapter should follow the example of Chapter No. 1 by limiting the membership to twenty members or take in all the thirty-five applicants, but it was referred to the committee and the meeting adjourned.

—P. W. Coombe.

Greetings.

We take great pleasure in wishing the second Seattle Press Club success. In the year of 1910 I became a member of the Seattle Amateur Press Club and many of the happiest hours of my life have been spent

(Continued on Page 4)

THE SEATTLE AMATEUR

Official Organ of the Seattle Amateur Press Club.

January,

Published Quarterly

1934.

A View On Top Of Life

Nor to forget life--the highest--amidst anything. Such, the highest principle; such to cherish amidst temptations, amidst needs of means, amidst fears of men, amidst praise and honors of men, in disappointments, and petty victory of the material.

Let us wish tests would come, and find joy in conquests of them, in emerging victorious.

Defeat

Many a defeat serves as a boon. Many a social defeat drives one to look inside of himself for comfort and justification. Often, one finds a higher function there. With it, greater ability, greater freedom, greater justification.

Most men find their greatness in this way. For he is content to seek pride satisfaction in group honors, position, esteem, titles. There is no inclination to search within unless forced.

A Thousand To One

There are a thousand forces that beckon us to forget life to one that tries to remind and inspire. The latter has to struggle through forces to find its mark like a ship through thick ice to navigate, while the former has a wide, open field encouraged by forces within and without, encouraged by social instincts and a desire to avoid the unpleasantness of discipline.

Harvest Time

Harvest time is not every day; yet may be inspiring moments are harvest moments. But what great amount of preparation must be done to reach the harvest season! With all life; with plants; with trees; with ability; it may come from heaven; but the path is covered with sweat blood, with intense labor, thought, and overcoming of temptations of weakness and obstacles beset by others.

A Critic's Duty

Not to judge you by my standards; but to inspire you in carrying your load while on your way, while trying to reach your goal.

Inspiration

The inspiration of youth is a gift from heaven's treasures. It is romance on wings to our Kingdom. It stimulates and through expression satisfies. Would that there were a way to preserve it forever.

Heaven

Heaven is not far from us. Let us reach for it. Effort only separates us.

Extreme Discipline

A philosophy that involves extreme discipline is not for weaklings. To uphold it, to study it, to relate it,--all these involve tolerance of opposition, indifference to group suggestions and temptations, and breaching down of past prejudices.

—By D. Z. Gourman.

THE

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
TRIAL ROOM

APR 28 1944

SEATTLE AMATEUR

Official Organ of the Seattle Amateur Press Club.

March, 1934.

Published Quarterly.

Vol. 31, No. 2.

What About Conventions.

The United Amateur Press Association was organized to serve amateur journalism. Official boards and departments, official organs and individual journals, sole purpose is to encourage the young writer. Small dues of 50¢ per year, written credentials for admittance, a vote for all who pay their dues, freely granted to the amateurs. As a result United members are found in all parts of our United States.

But one vital weakness remains that must be remedied. Large amateur centers as New York City, Chicago, or Seattle can always stage a successful convention. An annual convention held any place else is always a serious problem. First because of extended continuation of the world war depression. Second because so many of our members are young folks with no convention experience. Third because of the great distances between the different sections of our country makes it almost impossible for the old timers to attend. We cannot continually have our conventions in the same places. The United Plan is to encourage each section of our country to put on a convention. New territory is thus opened up to a. j. New members join the organization. Fine publicity results. These are the im-

portant factors to remember. Not that a great crowd were present who were present last year and the year before that.

One or two live wires can easily stage a successful convention. They can arrange a place for the business meetings and a place to hold the convention dinner. There need be little expense. Free meeting places can be had in hotels, churches, and libraries. The Seattle club has met for many years in a fine room at the local YMCA free of charge.

Many hotels and restaurants have free club dinning rooms. Last year in Chicago tickets were sold at the afternoon business session to the evening dinner and only this number was reserved. So there was no guarantee loss. In these days we must avoid unnecessary expenses.

July fourth is the ideal convention date as it gives us the advantage of the cheap railroad and bus rates. The model program provides an open session at 10 a.m. Welcome talks by members and friends. Reading of communications and reports. Appointing of proxy and resolution committees. Adjourn at noon for lunch and counting of proxies. 2 P M The annual election is held. 7 P M Convention dinner with good fellowship takes place. Remainder of week can be



The Seattle Amateur

Official Organ of the Seattle Amateur Press Club.

July, 1934.

Published Quarterly.

Vol. 31, No. 3.

Constitution of the Seattle Amateur Press Club

Art. 1

The name of this organization shall be the Seattle Amateur Press Club.

Art. 2

The object of this organization shall be to promote the cause of amateur journalism in Seattle and vicinity. It shall be affiliated with the U.A.P.A. of A.

Art. 3

Sec. 1. The membership shall be limited to twenty.

Sec. 2. Membership in the U.A.P.A. of A. shall be a prerequisite to admission to membership in this Club.

Sec. 3. Admission to membership shall be by a three-fourths affirmative vote of all members present at a regular meeting. Provided that no person, otherwise qualified, shall be eligible to membership until he shall have attended at least one meeting previous to the meeting at which his name is proposed for membership.

Sec. 4. Membership dues shall be one dollar per annum, payable in advance.

Art. 4

Sec. 1. The officers shall be: president, vice-president, recording secretary; corresponding secretary, official editor, and literary director.

Sec. 2. The president shall preside at all meetings, or portions of meetings, devoted to the transaction of business. He shall appoint such committees as may be required from time to time, and he shall be empowered to fill, by appointment, such vacancies in office as may arise.

Sec. 3. The vice-president shall preside in the absence of the president, he shall succeed to the presidency in case of a vacancy in that office, and he shall be in charge of recruiting activities.

Sec. 4. The recording secretary shall prepare the minutes of all meetings, and keep the records of the Club.

Sec. 5. The corresponding secretary shall see that the members are apprised of the time and place of meetings. He shall act as the official correspondent of the Club and attend to its publicity work.

(Continued on Page 8)

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
JENNIFER H. HOFF
APR 28 1944

The Seattle Amateur

Official Organ of the Seattle Amateur Press Club.

July, 1934.

Published Quarterly.

Vol. 31, No. 3.

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(Continued on Page 8)

The Seattle Wren

Official Organ of The Seattle Audubon Society
Seattle, Washington

Vol. II

No. 1



OCTOBER, 1934



Publishing Committee

L. Roy Hastings
Chairman
4442 48th Ave., S. W.
WE-0930
Cecil M. Baskett
611 Mutual Life Bldg.
Seattle

Walter Hagenstein
Medina, Washington

INSPIRATIONAL

By C. M. B.

RECREATION is Nature's greatest tonic to man. Lavish with her varied offerings, she has endowed the universe with vast playgrounds convenient for his use.

Particularly partial was she in her plans for future Washingtonians. Within the boundaries of their present commonwealth, she built a wonderland.

In that plastic era of her greatest activities were moulded the Cascades and the Olympics, projecting examples of Nature's imposing handiwork, and, with their exalted peaks and verdant valleys, they stand today a perpetual monument to her characteristic foresight.

That was Nature's part.

Man has done his by building metropolises at the gateways to this realm of constant pleasure. Into the depths of this promised land he goes forth for sport and recuperation.

How fortunate are we, who live at the very portals of such an area of beauty and diversion!

Between suns, we are conveyed into its midst.

And tired man, who seek the great outdoors, finds the silent places.



THE SKETCH BOOK

Tales of Old Sippican

Vol. I

AUGUST, 1934

No. 1

 COLUMBIA
 TRIAL RECORD

APR 28 1944

Concerning Marion

Located on Buzzard's Bay, twelve miles from New Bedford, is the town of Marion, ancient land of the Indians, a favorite summer resort of hundreds of people from far and near. The town has been the center of interest at several different times during its glorious past. The harbor has been a great attraction to those who love and need the salt air, and to those who enjoy boating and bathing. Marion has been known and loved by such celebrities as Richard Harding Davis, Richard Watson Gilder, Grover Cleveland, Walter Damrosch, Charles Dana Gibson, John Drew, Joseph Jefferson, Augustus Saint Gaudens, Ethel Barrymore, and finally in this present age, Franklin D. Roosevelt.

What wonderful stories might be told by the great trees on Front Street, Long Wharf, Hadley's Hall, Stone Studio, if they but had the power to speak?

We should stop in our work now and then to look back on Marion and what it represented one, two, or even three hundred years ago. Not many of our neighboring towns can boast of such a glorious past as we, here in Marion are able to do.

Let's take a little more interest in our town and boost it for all we're worth. We are a growing town; let's keep on growing and making a name for ourselves.

It is the purpose of this publication to do that very thing. With the co-operation we have received in putting out this first issue, we can and will do much better next month if the co-operation continues. THE SKETCH BOOK sincerely appreciates the move made by the advertisers in helping to make this enterprise a success. THANK YOU.

THE EDITOR.

IN THIS ISSUE

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Old-Time Marion—Marion L. Belden	- - - -	Page 3
Hoyt Hall Theater Program	- - - -	Page 3

THE SKETCH BOOK

Tales of Old Sippican

Vol. 1

SEPTEMBER, 1934

No. 2

UNCLE EBEN'S LANE

Great Neck, Marion

A sylvan dream my heart to-day is
haunting;
I fancy that I linger once again
Where just at night the "Whippoorwill"
is chanting
It's song so weird in "Uncle Eben's
Lane".

Oh, sunny days of summer's glad
returning;
I dream of where the twilights softly
wane.
Far, far away my homesick heart is
yearning
For the still depths of "Uncle Eben's
Lane".

Dear by-gone days with tender memories
shining
Like golden skies across the summer
rain.
Beyond the clouds I watch the sunlit
lining—
And dream once more of "Uncle Eben's
Lane".

Oh, to be strolling, strolling once again
Mid the dusky shadows of "Uncle
Eben's Lane".
Where the plaintive "Whippoorwill" chants
its sad refrain—
To be strolling, strolling in "Uncle
Eben's Lane".

By Sarah M. Delano.

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CONGRESS
THOMAS READING
APR 28 1944

IN THIS ISSUE

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The Sooner

Vol. 1 Summer, 1935 ~~SONNER~~ No. 1

CHEER UPR 281944

The world is what you make it
As on through life you go
You can make it bright and sunny
Or dark and full of woe.

Every dark cloud has a silver lining,
You can make the sun shine
through,
So do your best, and smile at
the rest,
And they will smile back
at you.

—Joan Mc Carthy

X-PN 4827

#75

THE

SEA GULL

"The Magazine in
Miniature"

PR 28544

JANUARY 1935

Featuring:

JACK BOND

EUNICE McKEE

SUNFLOWER DALY

HYMAN BRADOFISKY

EDWIN HADLEY SMITH

and Others

X-PN 4827

4176

THE

SEA GULL

MAY 1935

FOR LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
"GREAT MASTERS"

APR 28 1944



"THE MAGAZINE IN MINIATURE"

SPARE TIME

An Amateur Publication

"Leisure is the time for doing something useful."

—Benjamin Franklin.

Vol. III

January, 1935

No. 1

Attic Treasures

By Edith M. Buckminster

Up in the attic, 'neath cobwebs and dust,
Are hidden some mem'ries of childhood trust—
A "mamma" doll that is minus her head,
A little white cradle, a tiny doll's bed,
A miniature wardrobe for dolls now passed on,
A teddy bear too, and a little wool fawn;
Wee china dishes on a wee table there,
And near it a dear little broken chair.
Paper dolls scattered all over the place;
Picture books showing beneath a doll's face.
A jack-in-the-box, and a clown painted gay,
And endless toys that have lived their day;
They're only mem'ries of long ago—
I wonder what makes me love them so?

SCRIBBLINGS

Spring, 1935

Radio and Cinema Stars

by Wilson Ortgiesen

So many young people of today have the wrong impression of the so called famous radio and screen stars. One is sometimes under the impression that the stars are high-ha's, and they are so concerned about themselves that they never think of others. I myself once was under that impression, but have since found out with my association with some of the stars, particularly with the juvenile stars that the impression is not true.

Did you ever write a fan letter? If you haven't you have missed something. It was through my writing a fan letter to a boy radio artist that I became interested in radio, and which led me into the field of radio as concert-radio organist.

I first became associated with some of the stars while appearing at the World's Fair in Chicago. I found out

(Please turn to page 4)

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#79

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Scribblings

Vol. 1

Summer, 1935

No. 2

Officers For 1935-36 UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

President Harold E. Flint
1st Vice Pres. Ted Schirm
2nd Vice Pres. Irma Gwin
Sec'y-treas. Dr. C. F. Noel
Official Editor . . . Karl X. Williams
E. M. M. Linton Clark
W. M. M. Andrew Genzoli
Historian John Walsh
Laureate Recorder . . Charles Bush
Publishing Chief . Irwin O. Brandt
Publicity Claude Farley
Local Clubs . . . Maurice E. White
Critic Ray Zorn
Directors;- Willard Northrop
Jack Smith
Roy Erford
Convention City for 1936;- Portland, Ore-
All amendments lost

The Star ★ Monthly

Vol. 1.

JULY, 1935.

No. 1

ITEMS OF INTEREST

John R. Coryell was one of the most prolific of dime novel writers and was the originator of Nick Carter. A friend once asked Coryell what was the greatest thrill of his life, Coryell promptly replied :

"I was riding along on a street car one day, many years ago, and saw a man reading a copy of the *Youths' Companion*. I leaned over to see what he was reading and lo, it was a story of mine! I have never since had a thrill to equal that."

Street & Smith's Top Notch Magazine for March, 1935, is the Silver Anniversary Number it having been started in March, 1910 as a 32 page monthly magazine at five cents a copy and edited by Burt L. Standish. Only six numbers were issued in this form, as with No. 7 it was enlarged to a 160 page magazine. This 25th Anniversary number contains reproductions of the covers of several of the early issues among them being a picture of the cover of No. 1.

The New York Public Library has a collection of about fourteen hundred of the old-time dime novels most of these are the Beadle and Adams novels but there are a few of other publishers. They were presented to the library by Dr. Frank P. O'Brien, of New York.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED

Many a father who thrashed his son thirty or more years ago for reading the "horrible dime novels" now takes his little grandson to the movies to see pictures just as bad, or many times far worse, than these same dime novels and thinks nothing of it. How times have changed!

DIME NOVEL WRITING

By R. Emid Le Von

The ~~idea~~ of dime novel writing was action, plenty of action, there had to be something happening all the time, with not a dull moment. The object was to get the reader interested as soon as possible in the opening paragraph, if it could be done, or at least in the first chapter. The interest, once gained, must never be allowed to lag, but must be kept up until the final chapter.

No long descriptive writing or scene painting would do in this type of story. An editor once said to a writer of these stories, "Young man the moon never shines in a dime novel unless it's necessary for a character to see something by its light."

Some dime novel writers, in order to keep up the interest, would divide their characters into two bunches as early in the story as they

(Continued on page 3)

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The Star ★ Monthly

Vol. 1.

AUGUST, 1935.

No. 2

THE GREAT TIP TOP

By A. Emid LeVon

The first number of Tip Top Weekly, or Tip Top Library, as it was at first called, was dated April 18, 1896. The title of the story in No. 1, was "Frank Merriwell; or, First Days at Fardale" written by Gilbert Patten, under the pen name of Burt L. Standish, after about a half dozen stories had appeared, the pen name was dropped, and the stories were put out as being written by "The Author of Frank Merriwell" but the publishers after a time discovered that most novel readers like for their authors to have a name, so the name of Burt L. Standish was restored as the author and remained so until the final issue.

Tip Top was a great success from the very start, and before a year the circulation was over 100,000 copies a week, and at the height of its popularity, it was, no doubt, close to 300,000 copies.

It is no doubt safe to say that, on an average, every issue was read by at least two persons. Many numbers were loaned and traded around until they were "read to tatters."

Frank Merriwell, the hero of the Tip Top stories, became a living breathing person to thousands of boys and they anxiously awaited

each week's issue to follow his many thrilling adventures. But Frank could not forever remain a boy, and for a time the author was in a quandary as to how to keep the stories going, but at last hit upon the idea of having Frank discover a younger brother, and having this brother attend Fardale, the same school that Frank had gone to, and so keep the stories going. The name of this younger brother was Dick Merriwell. It is said that Dick never did take with the readers like Frank had done, so Frank was not dropped from the stories entirely.

Tip Top was one of the greatest if not the greatest, weekly novel papers ever published, it ran to 850 numbers, over sixteen years. Then New Tip Top Weekly, written by several other authors, but under instructions from Mr. Patten, was started and ran to 136 numbers.

Tip Top does not receive the attention from collectors that it deserves, as it was one of the greatest of all nickel novels, in fact The Great Tip Top.

The next issue will contain : Is the Dime Novel Dead ?

By A. Emid LeVon

★ ★ ★ ★

The first great Buffalo Hunts on the plains of Texas always occurred in May and October, when they migrated north and south to find new pasture lands.



The Star Journal

VOL 2 - - - - Cumberland, Maryland, JanFeb. 1935 - - - NUM 1

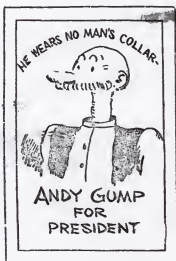
**The Crusaders
Only Rival!**

4827
CUMBERS
TOTAL PERIOD

**The Last Of
The Hus'lers.**

By WILBUR
W. CLOSE

PR 28194



Of course the members will look upon this as a joke, but it is not meant as such. It only illustrates the point that the CRUSADERS' rivals are no more dangerous than Andy Gump!

Seriously though— we think we have a great lineup here.

It is the duty of every loyal member to HELP US PUT IT AC FCS!

"AND that's all there is to it!" "Say Joshau, that sounds pre—tly dangerous." "Taint nothin' risky 'bout it a'tall! When we first get there we go up to ol' man Futtie's an' buy six-hundred dollars' worth of jewelry, an' pay cash fer it. That'll put us in his good graces, ard—" "But Joshau, we ain't got but six hundred dollars, & how..." "That'll do. You jest let me handle this thing my way and we'll be settin' purty." Yea, purty hungry! An' anyway, after we git him ta trust us, then what?" "Why, simpleton, th' next week we go back to his joolery store with a tale of sellin' all our stuff and a chance ta sell more if we have it. Then we "buy" a couple'a thousand dollars' worth of his most expensive stuff and charge it. Then we skip town. Simple, isn't it?" Yea, but wont he trust us without payin' th' six hundred?" "Naw he'd get onto us in a minute."

All went per schedule until the boys came back to buy the couple thousand dollars worth' when they couldn't find the jewelry store. Asking one of the town loafers, they got this answer:

"Why, aint you heard? He sold his stuff to some city slickers. He retired!"

SUPPORT THE CRUSADERS

The Star

X-PN 4827 -JOURNAL-

Vol. 2

June-July-August, 1935

No. 2



Editorial



GAIN ELECTION time is near. Again we are faced with the serious matter of selecting the men who will serve the Association to the best of their ability. I urge you to give careful attention to your candidates this year. Do not elect a person because he is a friend of yours, or because he has sent a letter asking for your vote. Of course all these things count, but give careful attention to the candidate himself. Has he shown interest during the year by publishing a paper? Has he shown himself capable by trying to promote unity and harmony among the members? The future of the organization depends on the officers. Not so much party affiliation this time!

-WILBUR WILLIAM CLOSE



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GODFREY
HUGHES

PR 281944

..THE TALE OF A SHIRT..

—NATALIE H. WOOLEY—

THE climax came when I bought that shirt. It was a dandy, if I do say so, being sort of a flaming sunset color. Just the thing for the rodeo coming up Fourth of July. it was an extra big event this year, with cowhands coming in from all over the country to try for the big purse. Maybe it was luck that brought Pete Dawton into the store while I'm getting it. Pete's my rival, as he owns the Flying L, over on Turkey Creek, next to the Box O, where Mary Anne Hankins lives. Pete can't keep his eyes off that shirt when he sees it. As soon as I leave, he wants something like it. The clerk tells him he's sorry, but it's the only one. Naturally, he's sore, and this tickles me.

Pete and I have been trying to

tie down Mary Anne for a long while, but she just dodges our try with a toss of her head.

One day Pete comes riding up. "Goin' to the rodeo?" He wants to know.

"Sure, if it's any of your business."

"Aimin' to take any ladies?" I didn't answer, for he knew who I'd take.

"Mary Anne is goin' with me," he said, "She just said so."

I was sick inside. But he's so cocky I never show it.

I say careless like, "Your hoss is sure kickin' dust by my corral."

He gives a mean laugh & rides off, leaving me low.

The boys come around early the day of the Rodeo, and sit around until I'm ready.

After I've shaved and put on
(Continued on Page Three)

A
STORY
OF
FLAMING
SHIRTS

"THE PACT FOR PEACE"

War Clouds Darken Over Europe In Spite of Treaty. Read This Informative Essay

By Verne Winslow Robinson.

LET US turn back the pages of Time to August 27, 1928. We are in the City of Paris attending an important meeting of the representatives of sixty-one nations of the world. A Pact for Peace has been drawn up and presented to this meeting for acceptance. Following are the first two articles of this Pact: "Article 1. The High Contracting Parties solemnly declare in the names of their respective people that they condemn recourse to war for the solution of international controversies, and renounce it as an instrument of national policy in their relations with one another. Article 2. The High Contracting Parties agree that the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts, of whatever nature or of whatever origin they may be, which arise among

them, shall never be sought except by pacific means."

NOW we return to the present year, 1935. Sixty-one nations have agreed to adhere to this Pact for Peace. Sixty-one nations have agreed to use pacific means. Italy and Ethiopia are among these. The forces of Mussolini are invading Haile Selassie's kingdom. No more space is needed to prove my point.

IT IS obvious now that promises are valueless. Today hundreds lie dead from guns of powers who "condemn recourse to war..."



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DEVOTED TO AMATEUR JOURNALISM

MARCH
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OREGON
ISSUE

BONNEVILLE.....



.... the dam with a future


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 TITIAL, 1900-1901

The Seattle Pioneer

Official Organ of the 4th S. A. P. C.

Jan., 1935.



Vol. I., No. 1.

A PROPOSE SECRETARY NOEL.

A comparatively new member of U.A.P.A., I have been reluctant to take sides in the dissension which has been brewing for months and have not concerned myself much with the details but felt, as do many members, that a little political opposition is a wholesome factor and stimulates interest where otherwise an organization might gradually slump into an apathetic state.

However, recently the criticism has become so acute and destructive that it is no longer to be ignored by those of us who have at heart the interest of the U.A.P.A.

Lately much has been written of a derogatory nature about Secretary Noel, but has this not been done solely by the few who are not personally acquainted with him?

In the two weeks' time that our little convention party remained in San Francisco I had the opportunity of learning something about Dr. Noel's character and his attitude toward the U.A.P.A. and the membership.

And so, in fairness to Dr. Noel and the members who want to know the truth, as nearly as possible I should like to give my observations in this matter.

Secretary Noel's adversaries have admitted that he is a power in the U.A.P.A., for their cry is "Don't give Noel so much power." But have they stopped to consider the fact that power is not usually conferred upon one who has not some claim thereto?

In Dr. Noel's case I think this power has been justly earned, for he has initiative, enthusiasm, and is certainly not afraid of the work attached to his official duties. Yet I cannot conceive of his using that power for any purpose other than to promote the welfare of our organization.

My observations are to the effect that Secretary Noel possesses a rare combination of qualities that peculiarly fit him for leadership in an association of amateur writers. First and most apparent is his under-

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#53

The Seattle Wren

*Official Organ of The Seattle Audubon Society
Seattle, Washington*

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APR 28 1944

Vol. II

No. 4



J U L Y

1935



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L. Roy Hastings
Chairman
4442 48th Ave., S. W.
WE-0930
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Lock Box 2218
Seattle, Washington

HUMMINGBIRDS

By Walter Hagenstein

The American continents are blessed with the only form of bird life known as hummingbirds.

There are at present recorded 488 species and an additional 150 sub-species making a total of 638. According to the A. O. U. Check-list 19 species of hummers inhabit the United States and Canada.

They range from Alaska and Yukon Territorys north to the straits of Magellan south; the largest number of species inhabit near and around the equator.

The smallest known bird belongs to this group. It is known as Helena's Hummingbird (*Calypte helenae*) measuring 2.25 to 2.5 inches in length. It inhabits Cuba.

They are the only birds that can fly backwards and sideways, their food consists of insects as well as nectar from the flowers. They nest in trees and shrubs and usually lay two white eggs and 12 to 14 days are required to incubate. The female does most of the work of feeding the young as the males seem to disappear as soon as the incubation begins.

The Rufous Hummingbird arrives in Seattle about the last part of February near the time the swallows arrive. They nest in April and again in June and depart for the south the last of September.

Four species inhabit the state of Washington, namely: Rufous Hummer, Black-chinned Hummer, Broad-tailed Hummer and Calliope Hummer.

Their nests are works of art, made of soft materials from grasses and tree fiber, lined with spider-web and very fine cottony material from plants. The outside is disguised with lichens.

The young are born without feathers and are about the size of a bumble-bee.

The Seattle Amateur Press.

Chapter No. 3.

Vol. I No. 1

March, 1935.

The Modern Use of Wind Instruments.

One of the benefits of the recent World War, was the popularizing of the modern use of wind instruments. We find before the war very few bands. These were concentrated mostly in the large cities. The instrumentation used was vague and lacked fullness. We were overbalanced with the brass possessing few reed instruments. This lack of balance became very emphatic when during the war we tried to pattern all the departments of the band after that of the French. We found the U. S. Army bands (then the real backbone of wind instrument playing) with only twenty-eight men trying to play band arrangements for sixty and in some cases with instruments that were obsolete.

Recognizing our musical handicap, orders were sent out to change the status of the band from that of the twenty-eight to the forty-eight piece band with a drum and bugle corps of about twenty-five members attached. In

the reed section, a complete quartette of saxophones was added to act as a tonal bridge from brass to reed. This blending of instrumental quality did away entirely with a noticeable gap which was a hindrance to band balance. In other words, the abrupt and sharp edges of the brass color were welded thru the saxophone section into the woodwinds without any break, a continuity of tone color merged as one. The clarinet section was supplied with new clarinets displacing the old Albert System with the modern Boehm. To add newer shades of tone color to the woodwind choir, an oboe, bassoon, English horn, bass, and alto clarinets were accepted. Our reed sections grew extensively changing the outlook from an Army Brass Band to that of a Military Concert Band. In the brass department, the cornet section replaced with trumpets, the second, third and fourth parts which true to style of arrangement should be trumpeted. Up-right alto horns were changed to circular melophones and in some cases French Horns. All valve

THE SEATTLE AMATEUR

Official Organ of First Seattle Amateur Press Club.

Seattle, Wash.

Summer, 1935.

A FEW KINDS OF AMATEUR JOURNALISTS.

THERE are, at least, three kinds of amateur journalists.

One kind is intensely interested in some religion or ism, or in some political, economic, or social theory. He sees in amateur journalism a possible means for furthering his pet idea. He endeavors to use amateur journalism to promote his special interest. As a result of his activities, the public sometimes receives a false impression of amateur journalists and amateur journalism.

Another class of amateur journalists are concerned only with what amateur journalism can do for them. They are in amateur journalism merely for what they can get out of it. After a few years of activity, during which they have enjoyed the benefits of membership and, perhaps, have acquired most of the important official honors of their particular organization, they drop out and leave amateur journalism to get

along as best it can. Their love for amateur journalism is too slight, and their sense of gratitude for benefits received is too small, to impel them to take any active interest in the movement thereafter.

There is another class—a very small one—made up of those who believe in the philosophy of amateur journalism and are grateful for the benefits they have received from it, and who feel the necessity of maintaining a press that is really free. Consequently they think more of what they can do for amateur journalism than what amateur journalism can do for them. They are inspired with a spirit akin to that of the missionary, and are willing to labor and make sacrifices for the cause they love. This class is composed of those relatively few who stay in the ranks year after year, even decade after decade, (such a one is Secretary Noel). They are the ones who have made it possible for organized amateur journalism to survive for so many years.

—Roy Erford.

THE SEATTLE AMATEUR

Official Organ of First Seattle Amateur Press Club

Seattle, Wash.

PR 28194
Fall, 1935.

The N.Y.C. Convention proved to be very successful. Delegates were present from different parts of the country.

For President—Harold E. Flint won by a large vote over Dave Meskill. Both were good men but Flint was better known as Editor for the past 2 yrs.

For Directors we have Jack Smith, well known editor and publisher of Portland, Oregon. Willard Northrop the retiring President. Judge Erford-the grand man of A. J. We understand this board will not stand for any disloyalty from any officer during the coming year.

For Editor—Karl X. Williams, one of the United's best known publishers. All we need now is O. O. donations for large issues.

For Secretary—Dr. C. F. Noel who was drafted, won with his usual ease. G. H. Kay has many years been a professional promoter of writer clubs and journals, none of these have lasted long, the

membership did not believe it was wise to put control of United in the hands of a professional promoter. As in lodges and chambers of commerce the success largely rests upon the continuation of a competent and honest secretary-treasurer.

Irwin O. Brandt *As Publishing Chief* will make tremendous efforts to interest members in publishing papers of their own or in co-operation.

As expected all amendments lost, one Vote less than one third of Vote cast defeat any amendment. Thus any opposition at all will defeat them. Many feel it is wise not to have any more amendments in U.A.P.A. for a number of years, until we have digested what we now have.

Portland won the convention city for 1936. This is a wonderful sea port filled with roses and beautiful homes. Be sure and be there for the wonderful United convention July 4th next year.

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STAMPEDE!

APR 29 1944

Devoted to presenting an advance glimpse of Wolf Point,
Montana, convention city for 1936.

Stampede Good as the conventions always are, the biggest thing you will be looking forward to next year in July will be taking in both the Wolf Point wild west Stampede rodeo and the annual U. A. P. A. convention at one trip—that is, if you vote right.

Wolf Point is in a region not long taken, from the cowboy and the mustang. In fact, here and there around among the farming districts are reaches of badlands where the saddle and the rope and the hardriding hombre still does duty among the cattle in much the old way. There are plenty of "boys" who know their stuff on the trail or in the corral. The Wolf Point annual Stampede draws in the best of these as well as nationally known rodeo artists by competitive riding, roping

Ride'em and wrangling. Steers and bronchos and punchers are the toughest and wildest that can be found. Famous performers come from far distant states to take part in the bucking and bulldogging and everything that typifies the old West. And for those of us with a fun-

The Sod Buster

"Official Organ Neon Amateur Press Club"

Spring, 1936

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THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

I knew you were expecting it all the time and at last we've got the Neon Amateur Press Club organized. We are affiliated with the United Amateur Press Association of America. Who said we sod busters ain't active?

Let me whisper something to all Kentucky members. I want every one of you to publish. You can if you want to. When will you begin? We're trying to put Kentucky on the map and the only way to do it is by publishing.

If you don't know anything about issuing a journal, write me and I'll supply all the necessary information. Or you might drop a card to our Chief of Publishing. He'll be tickled to help you. You'll find his name and address in our official organ.

I went up on Goose Creek the other day to see Sol Johnson and find out why he ain't publishing yet.

(Continued on Page 4)

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#74

The Star Journal

VOLUME 3

MARCH 1936

NUMBER 1

Baltimore Rally Begins
New Era In Journalism

BY WALTER WARD HAMILL
BALTIMORE, MD., Dec. 27—

A new era in amateur journalistic activity was inaugurated when 17 of the foremost amateur journalists of Maryland attended a rally at the Emerson Hotel, Baltimore, during Christmas week, to establish a press club of far-reaching significance.

Among the distinguished journalists attending were Jerome Lipnick, editor of the City College "Collegian," Edwin Hood, editor of the "Poly Press," official newspaper of Baltimore Polytechnic Institute, Miss Ruth L. Benson, of the University of Kansas, Walter L. Taylor of Western Maryland College, and the two sponsors of the United Amateur Press Ass.

get-together, Wilbur W. Close, of Cumberland, and Walter W. Hamill, who acted as chairman of the rally.

MONUMENTAL PRESS CLUB
FORMED

At the suggestion of the representatives of the United Amateur Press Assn., a local press club affiliated with the national organization was formed. It was originally to be called the "Potomac Press Club" but the accepted name was voted better. Potomac was too suggestive of our nation's Capitol, it was thought.

The purpose of the newly founded press club is three fold:
1—To promote amateur Journalism in Maryland.

2—To publish a really literary or-

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THE SEA GULL

"The Magazine in Miniature"

SEASON'S GREETINGS

IN LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
JANUARY 1936
APR 29 1944

IN THIS ISSUE:

THE REACTIONARIES TEACH US
A LESSON
(An Editorial)

ALBERT CHAPIN --- LUKE McLUKE

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THE SCRIBBLER

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APR 28 1944

VOLUME 3

JANUARY, 1936

NUMBER 1



The SATURDAY EVENING POST

APR 28 1944

First Issue

OAKLAND, CALIF.

February, 1936

THIRTY YEARS---3000 MILES

It is a far cry from the nation's capitol to sunkist California and a long time since my first taste of a.j. When my brother George took up the hobby, I was always underfoot, nosing into his exchanges, offering unsolicited and unappreciated criticisms of his editorials for "Antecedent" and barging in on his callers. If I suspected for a moment that the casual guest might be an amateur journalist, I would neglect every duty and evade every hint that it was George's guest, not mine. I had no scruples, furthermore, at emulating the famous 'key-holer' of our day, W. W. of "orchid" fame.

Well do I remember our first real amateur, Philip F. McCord of E. Liverpool, O. Gathered in George's sanctum, we would roast and extol both NAPA and UAPA, according to our mood. Then came Fay Hendrickson, who later was an associate. Out of such confabs was born the idea of *Girdom*, launched by twelve of us. While possibly not a masterpiece in belles lettres, the first number was the pride of our hearts. Criticisms were kindly and exchanges generous.

For three years our journal grew and prospered and warm and lasting friendships were made. To this day I maintain a correspondence with Tudor D. Rodgers of Union City, Pa., a co-editor.

Gradually other amateurs came into the circle. I

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THE SPOTLIGHT

DEVOTED TO
AMATEUR JOURNALISM

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APR 29 1944

FOR EXCHANGE



JULY
1936



The Seattle Amateur

THE UNITED CO-OPERATIVE—FOR ALL SEATTLE CLUBS
FEBRUARY 1936 Quarterly VOL. 33. No. 1

Thirty-Third Anniversary!

THE Center of Amateur Journalism in theory as well as in practice, is celebrating its 33rd anniversary by having a splendid banquet on Febr. 29, at the Dolly Madison tea rooms.

Established February 1903, the Seattle chapter has ever been faithful to the principles of amateur journalism:— to the love of written expression for its own sake rather than as a stepping-stone to commercial or professional journalism; to tolerance of ideas and written expression; to the belief of development through daily application of writing. The Seattle AMATEUR PRESS Club Number 1, has been loyal to quality rather than quantity; and the leaders of the organization have spared no effort nor expense toward these ends. May it prosper as it will prosper for the years, and all those connected with it.

Aphorisms—Gourman

A SICK NATION

We can truthfully say that this is a nation of sick people; and short-lived. It starts with the infant in the cradle and ends with the man of fifty. Very seldom does a person live

to a ripe old age. The life of the average individual is a continuation of sickness. It is toothache, eye defects and tonsillitis in the early stages; it is skin trouble, colds, stomach disorders in the medium stages; it is cancer, diabetes, heart failure or a stroke in the last stages. Some of the important causes are: improper food, deficient food, bad combinations and consuming too much beyond the ability to assimilate. Worry and the lack of rest; the inability to lead the simple life; being geared to a high tempo night and day. Like machines without proper care we are quickly worn out.

PROMISE OF SPRING

The promise of spring is often squeezed in the palm of winter. And many a bud is caught, unless it dearly loves life, and is determined to be strong.

PROFESSIONALS

When you sell yourself for gold, you can not expect to be strong. Lucky to be like someone else who pays your wages.

PEACE THE HOME OF THE RESTLESS

We travel but do not enter anywhere. We hurry but go where? The restless being tests all but heaven. Such have no port. For peace is the real port of the weary.

—D. Z. Gourman

The Seattle Amateur

April 1936

Volume 33, No 3



APR 29 1936

HALVERS And THIRDS

THE UNITED AMATEUR Press Association of America found itself in 1934, from the standpoint of membership and activity, on a par with the palmy days of its early history. With twice as many members and publications as the average for the period from 1925 to 1929, the United had made a "come-back," right in the throes of the depression, that was almost miraculous while its old-time competitor, The National, had lost heavily in membership, activity and prestige. It is needless to remind you as to who it was that carried the heaviest load in the struggle that put The United out in front in amateurdom. The United had found the right man for Secretary, and having found him, the members had the good sense to keep him on the job.

Early in 1934, when the United had reached the peak in prosperity, a few malcontents and congenital trouble-makers, dissatisfied because there were not enough offices to go around, began to advocate that those who had labored so diligently, arduously, and sacrificially, through the years, to restore The United to its old-time vigor, and had succeeded, should be kicked out of office

and repudiated, and the offices given to certain hand picked, embryonic amateurs of their own persuasion.

As a result, we had Fred Nagel's United Rebirth Movement dedicated to the removal of Secretary Noel, although cheered on and supported by those members of The National, who always are alert to knife The United. The "Movement" collapsed soon after it was exposed in The Amaranth, and little Freddie ran to his dug-out for shelter, and never since, has he come out to cackle.

Immediately after the 1934 election, which gave Secretary Noel the biggest vote ever received by a candidate for Secretary in The United's history, Mr. Kay,—a comparatively new-comer to the ranks, gathered together the scattered remnants of the Nagel forces, christened them "The Crusaders" and presented a full ticket for the 1935 election, with himself as nominee for the office of secretary.

Before that, there had been an unwritten, but unvarying, rule that the annual campaign be restricted to the three or four months preceding the election, in order that the new administration might not be interfered with in its work. No veteran politician would have taken the chance of shocking the sensibilities of the membership by beginning a campaign for office out of season. But, in this case, not only was a political campaign begun immediately

The Seattle Amateur

May 1936

Vol. 33, No. 4

THE MAILING BUREAU

This year, in the United Amateur Press Association of America, there are two amendments to be voted upon. Amendment No. 1 prescribes a set of rules and regulations for the Mailing Bureau. At present, the Mailer, who serves at the pleasure of the President, is free to conduct his office in such manner as seems best under conditions as he finds them. This Amendment would circumscribe him with infrangible restrictions. It would put an end to free mailing service.

Free mailing service to our publishers was my idea. I inaugurated it in The United. For three years, I acted as mailer, sending bundles out bi-monthly during all that time with no charge to publishers and without the appropriation of one cent from the United's treasury.

That service has been continued for the past ten years, but most, if not all, of the expense of the past three years, has been born by the treasury.

Now this amendment makes it mandatory to charge a fee for mailing, the minimum fee being fixed, but not the maximum, and it provides that, in addition, an appropriation from the treasury be authorized in a sum not exceeding sixty dollars per annum.

Even if the Mailer wished to do-
nate the cost of operating the Bureau

or if he were willing to raise the money from voluntary contributions, this amendment would prevent him from doing so. Free mailing is a fine service, urgently needed to encourage publishing. This Amendment, which would outlaw free mailing, should be rejected unanimously.

A SILLY QUESTIONNAIRE

Amendment No. 2, is downright silly. It would seem that its author must be non compos mentis. I am quite sure that none of its distinguished sponsors could have written it, in fact, I doubt any of them read it carefully before signing.

This Amendment embodies two separate, distinct amendments, giving rise to a serious question as to its validity. It provides for doubling of the membership fee. Everyone knows that the membership fee at present is hopelessly inadequate if the treasury is to be drawn upon to finance all the association's activities. Membership in the United is the biggest and best bargain in the world. It does not follow, however, that it would be to the best interest of the United to raise membership fees at the present time, since old time general prosperity has not returned as yet, and may never return.

The silly part of the amendment is found in the latter portion which provides for a questionnaire to be submitted to applicants.

IN 4877 2102 The Seattle. Wash.

United Amateur

(PUBLISHED WEEKLY)

Seattle Wn.

October 1936 Vol 34, No. 1

KICK THEM OUT

I AM COMPARATIVELY A new member in The United, but for a long time previous to my joining, I heard much about the organization and its activities. After becoming a member, I find that after reading various literature of The United and members thereof, that there is a "certain" minority group which might be called "reds," regardless of the high sounding names they "dubbed" themselves with, viz., the Crusaders, etc. The situation is analogous to that of certain radical groups throughout The United States, who go around making accusations and unjust, and destructive criticism against our government. When you try to restrain these individuals, they let out the cry of "citizen, free speech, and free press." This minority group in The United, are in the same category. They take the American privilege of free press and speech for granted, not knowing that they are really abusing that privilege. In other countries, they wouldn't be allowed to do their thinking out loud. They do not know what the speech of freedom is. They are satisfied as long as they can run the whole "show" and until then, they will undermine and destroy, never building up. In this

great country, the principle of majority rule is universally accepted, and naturally, The United operates under this principle. As a rule, the majority is respected, but, in the case of The United, there seems to be a stubborn minority who say that everyone is wrong but themselves. They make false accusations which they cannot prove. Someone should start a libel suit against them and make them prove their accusations. This, they would be unable to do, in the eyes of the law, because the law is not based on hearsay. If they are not satisfied with the UNITED, no matter what is done, they should form their own group and then they will surely be "boss" or they could join other groups who have a similar trend of mind. The by-laws of The United should operate in such a way as to automatically suspend these "termites" from the organization. They are no good, no asset to anyone, not even themselves.

—ANTHONY DEMARCO.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Idealize the Real,
to
Realize the Ideal!

Seattle Amateur

Seattle, Wash.

October 1936

Vol. 34 No. 1

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The Seattle, Wash.

United Amateur

*Seattle, WASH. APR 28 1944**Vol 34, No. 1*

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JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Idealize the Real,
to
Realize the Ideal!

STATIC

Volume I, Number 4 *

* May 1936

SPORT SUPERSTITIONS

by Ray Carol

* * *

Superstitions among sportsmen are many. Golfers, boxers, baseball players, auto racers, and many others in the field of sports trust to lady luck "to bring home the bacon". The strangest part is that not one believes in the most common elements of luck, the horse-shoe and the rabbits foot.

Benny Leonard, the boxer, never left his chair without having his hair combed back in the opinion that his opponent could not mess it up. Bobby Jones still carries with him the golf club that helped him to win his first tournament. The great Jack Dempsey wore a red sweater into the ring believing that it brought him luck.

Babe Ruth besides being famous for touching second base when coming in from the outfield, only carried two bats to the plate with him believing that to carry three would mean three strikes. Of the old-time players Napoleon Lajoie's practice of dusting his bat with some dust and throwing the remainder on the umpires' shoes, was the most disconcerting. One superstition after another follow down the line, the oddest belonging to: Christy Mathewson, Rod Lanes, Carl Hubbell, Eppa Rixey, Al Lopez, Barney Oldfeld, Johnny Hammon, and Lefty Gomez. Of those which are worth mentioning are, Rixey's practice of tearing apart a chair in the clubhouse after losing a tough game and the habit of Barney Oldfeld of to have a big black cigar in his mouth while driving in a race.

One could go on for hours telling about famous sportsmen's pet superstitions, but it would only bore the reader. After all, both big-timers and a all-timers have some habit that spurs them on, to believe in it more and more.

* * * * *

NEED NEW COLUMNISTS

If any of you readers enjoy writing editorials, articles, stories or drawing simple cartoons etc. Why don't you send them to the editor right away? We'll use what we can. Come on.

I'M ONLY A RHYMER

by Robert Felschew

* * *

Poets are born, not made,--
Thus quoth wise old-timer;
Poet then, is not my trade--
I'm only a rhymor!

You've got to know a lot--
Not having you can't give;
Takes brains to say what's what,
In poems that will live.

Some day I'll write a "poem"--
That'll ring through the ages,
When the muse fills my dome
With the wisdom of the sages.

I'd do it now forsooth--
The urge is there all right;
(Old-timer spoke the truth)--
I don't know what to write.

Reprinted from "Joracy Siftings"

* * * * *

SUBWAY SCENERY

By
Herb Bortman

-16-

Entering the subway station we drop our coin in the box and push through the turnstile and while waiting for our train we amuse ourselves by reading the ads on the bill boards.

We see that 99% of the movie stars use Lux Toilet soap and two spaces away we see that 97% of the stars use Ivory Soap. Glancing farther along the wall our eye catches an add that says if we chew a certain kind of gum our teeth will become whiter, and some other one says that if we use their brand your jaws will become stronger, eyes!

Looking at the people who are loonidge against poets or sitting down, we perceive, gum chewing stenographers, tired-looking business men reading the closing stock reports, bundle laden shoppers, homeward bound, and oily-clothed laborers all waiting for a train to take them home!

The weary traveler noticed the vending vending machines hanging on the walls with some little children playing with the levers, hoping that some refresh-

(Next Page)

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SIPEAKING

With Speed Record
JUN 28 1945

#106

Vol. 1

APR 1937

No. 1

W/T



SIPEAKING

With Speeds

#107

Vol. 1

APR 1937

No. 1

W/T

APR 23 1945



X-PN 4827

SPARE TIME

#106

An Amateur Publication

"Leisure is the time for doing something useful."

—Benjamin Franklin.

Vol. IV

November, 1937

No. 1

Silver Thread

By Edith M Buckminster

The fine spun thread of silver hope
That stretched before me endlessly;
That caught the sparkle of the sun
And on dark days was melody,
Is now a million tiny bits.

All scattered far beyond my path
Tossed ruthlessly, flung to the wind
The bitter wind of storm and wrath.

I am too dazed to think or see—
The blackness gathers all around—
Where is the silver of my life?

Terrorized, I search the ground;
At last I find one tiny speck
Of that poor mutilated thread,
And then another lying near—
Why, after all, I am not dead.

Slowly, and with heavy heart,
I gather all these scattered scraps;
With care I match and tie each piece
And smooth it, thinking that perhaps,
Perhaps some day in years to come

The thread will be quite whole once more—
But always those rough knots will be
Mute symbols of a heart made sore.

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APR 28 1944



The Seattle Amateur

THE UNITED CO-OPERATIVE—FOR ALL SEATTLE CLUBS

Vol. 35

December, 1937

No. 1

Promotion Too Late!

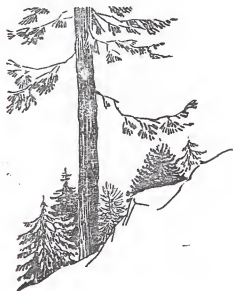
SERGEANT BRICKELL, tossed restlessly on his army cot in the temporary hospital dressing station at Daraga. Less than twelve hours before, while leading a squad of his Company, (47th U. S. Volunteers, stationed at Legaspi) a sudden fusillade from above the deep ravine through which they were making their way, had wrought havoc to the squad and Sergeant Brickell had been hard hit. Since the Fillipinos were stationed in the thick brush at the top of the ravine, it was comparatively easy to single out the Non-Coms, and the Sergeant's chevrons marked him plainly. The heavy Mauser rifle had thrown a slug as large as a man's thumb and, striking the butt of the Sergeant's own gun, had completely shattered it—filling his abdomen with splinters. The Major in charge of activities at this point had ordered a hasty examination by the com-

pany doctor, who had advised an immediate operation. With the meagre equipment that a small dressing station had at its command this was done and it was soon manifest that the sergeant would not live the sultry night through. He murmured fretfully of events in his life—of his little home in a small Tennessee mountain cove, of his days, when, as a lad, he would hunt and fish through the mountains, of his days in college, preparing for his future work as a teacher; of the small, poorly equipped mountain school, He had left to literally give his life for his country.

Among the first to volunteer when the call for troops was made, his company was rushed to the front without the months of training that the World War proved to be so essential. From the 1st, he was considered one of the best of the non-commissioned officers in the 47th U.S. V. S.

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Storm
Over the ~~Rock~~ ^{GMT}
Mountains



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SERIAL RECORD

#111

JUN 28 1945



The SOUTHERN SWAPPER 1938

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SOUTHERN SWAPPER

X-PN 4827

VOL. 2

SPRING ISSUE

NOS. 4-5

CALIFORNIA ?

NEW YORK ?



OR BUST ?



SPRINGTIME !!



The X-PN 4827
SOUTHERN

SWABER

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1945

Vol. 2

March-April 1938

No. 1

HOBBY COLLECTORS

by Richard Buhlis - H. S.

There are many kinds of collectors,
And some collect antiques
But the funniest of them all,
Is the one who hunts for freaks.

Old coins are for the numismatist,
The philatelist wants lots of stamps,
While the archaeologist digs for relics,
Till he almost gets the cramps.

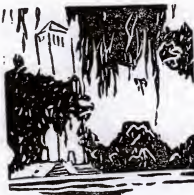
The ornithologist loves the birds,
And the botanist studies plants,
Then there's the entomologist,
Who hunts butterflies and ants.

The conchologist wants pretty shells
From other lands and sea,
And the oologist looks for nests
In every kind of tree.

It's a pleasure to know collectors,
Who have a natural bent,
But there's one we do not welcome,
The one who collects the rent.

Handwritten notes:
Franklin D. Roosevelt
Chit
1938

SOUTHERN SWAPPER 1938 #114
THE SOUTHERN SWAPPER 5¢
X-PN
VOL. 2 SUMMER 1938 NOS. 2 & 3



CHALMETTE BATTLE FIELD
New Orleans, La.

"He that does buy this little book,
Observe what you in it do look,
When you have read it, then may say,
Your money is not thrown away."

SPARE TIME 1-38

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

112

SPARE TIME

An Amateur Publication

"Leisure is the time for ~~doing~~ something useful."

—Benjamin Franklin.

Vol. V

January, 1938

No. 1

In reply TO BROTHER ERFORD

By WALTER W. HAMILL, National Organizer, CGAP.

For some weeks we of the Committee had been waiting for the inevitable pooh-pooh which Seattle always releases against anything that does not originate within its own inner circle. Frankly, Brother Erford's blast against the Committee was rather disappointing. It had none of the old "National scare" to rely on, none of the "You're a traitor" bunko which is usually shot from the rusty cannon.

I could say some unpleasant things about the evident failure of Brother Erford's boys to build up a national organization which is worthy of the hobby, but I shall not. I really want his co-operation, and if letting him suggest the idea himself would have helped I would not have hesitated to have done so. Rather, I shall try simply to answer his questions in as concise and honest a manner as I possibly can.

First, on the matter of recruiting. It is a matter of common knowledge that prospects are informed of the association by interested parties, after which the secretary has the job of supplying additional information and possibly securing their application. I know that as Director of Publicity during Hal Flint's administration I secured over 200 prospects through magazine articles, etc., and that

X-PN 4827

SPARE TIME

An Amateur Publication



**SPECIAL
EDITION**

Vol. V

No. 3



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3
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**STERLING AMATEUR
WRITERS' CLUB**

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THE LIBRARY OF
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SERIAL RECORD

#117

JUN 28 1945

NUMBER EIGHT ★ SEPTEMBER ★ THIRTY-EIGHT

COPY

OFF

The Scarlet Cockerel

PRESENTS in this issue a sketch by BURTON CRANE "From a 1928 Diary." According to WILLAMETTA TURNERSEED "It's a Small World," while from the EDITOR's home by the Long Island Sound drift "Echoes" of his return from college at the close of his Junior year. Reprinted from more ancient sources is an essay by RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN "Concerning Talk and Talkers. From an UNKNOWN pen we find a "Business Report for 1937." And ERNEST A. EDKINS concludes that "Urbanities and *Aperçus*," written over a year ago, "can't be any staler than some of the tripe lately published in amateur papers."

For the benefit of those who've not seen it before, THE SCARLET COCKEREL is one of several spasmodical unperiodicals printed by persons who derive satisfaction and diversion from writing for and publishing similar magazinelets. Its editor and printer, RALPH BABCOCK, has enjoyed nearly eight years membership in the National Amateur Press Association, 62 year old organization of such amateur journalists.

This issues from the press *At the sign of The Scarlet Cockerel and leaden slivers*, Great Neck, N.Y., 15 Oct. '38.

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#118

THE LIBRARY OF
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JUN 25 1943

COPY

GIFT



The Scarlet Cockerel

NUMBER TEN

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SEATTLE
JUN 1 1944

119

The

Seattle Amateur

APR 28 1944

THE UNITED CO-OPERATIVE—FOR ALL SEATTLE CLUBS

Vol. 86

Spring, 1938

No. 2

A VITAL HOBBY

For some time there has been considerable discussion over greatly increasing the size of amateur press organizations. Some would limit them to ten thousand members and to others the sky is the limit. Amateur journalism would be like a great army with generals, captains and what have you. I have been active in a. j. for thirty years and ten of these I was secretary of the UNITED and according to my humble experience amateur journalism is an unique hobby. In a. j. you don't just collect things without limit or pile things up for the dust to collect upon them. In a. j. you must use creative activity, careful analysis and thinking, constructive leadership. A J naturally does not appeal to the many but is a hobby only a few would enjoy. Most folks are just naturally lazy and desire if possible to shift responsibility to other shoulders and this type if they do join an a. j. association will not remain a member long. Many of our leading Americans have been members for many years and highly prize their membership in amateur journalism. The Prince of hobbies never grows old and whether seven-

teen or seventy the written page, the printed sheet, the club session and the convention rally still fires their blood and adds zest to their life.

The ideal press association should be limited to 300, most members only print 300 copies of their journals, and of course every member should receive all the papers. The small membership allows the officers and members to get well acquainted, and the secretary and mailer have some opportunity to do their work during their spare time.

Amateur journalists are not interested in having professionals or paid workers control their affairs, they are in the hobby for pleasure and not for profit. The solution lies we believe in co-operation among the existing groups. Let there be as many groups as needed, let each one have as many officers and regulations as they wish, let the members be politically active in only one group. Our aim should be more active members and not just numbers. More service to our members and not more card catalogues. Let us not emulate the ancient dinosaur and perish in the swamps of our ineffectual actions.

—C. F. NOEL

The Seattle Amateur

THE UNITED CO-OPERATIVE—FOR ALL SEATTLE CLUBS

Vol 36

SUMMER, 1938.

No. 4

THE CONVENTION

The UNITED AMATEUR PRESS Association of America will hold its annual convention July 2, 3, and 4, at Seattle, Washington. The headquarters will be at the new downtown Y. M. C. A., corner of 4th Avenue and Madison Street. Across from the Seattle Public Library and in the center of downtown Seattle.

The program will be as follows: Saturday evening at 8 p. m. opening business meeting on second floor of the Y. M. C. A. Speeches of welcome and replies. Election of temporary officers. Appointment of Proxy and Resolutions committees by presiding officer. Counting of proxy mail ballots.

Sunday July 3rd the members will journey out to famous Lincoln salt water park and a trip by all salt water sailors on the steamer Vashion across the Puget Sound to Vashion Heights where a short session of the convention will be rendered and a cultural program will be given.

July 4th will be the big day of the convention. In the morning at 10 a. m. a business session. Reading of all officers' reports and communications. Announcement of the laureate awards General business. Afternoon

at 2 p. m. election of officers. 7 p. m. annual colorful banquet at Y. M. C. A. banquet rooms on main floor. General speeches and the closing of the convention. Everyone should make a great effort to attend the Seattle convention. Seattle is the summer play field of the United States.

The scenery is of the best with sound, lakes, and rivers, mountains and great trees. A climate that is mild and invigorating. No wonder Pacific coast members want every United convention to be held out here. So please come.

THE TICKET

New York City, Jersey City, Boston, Louisville, Neon, Chicago, St. Louis, Milwaukee, Norwich, El Paso Seattle, Portland, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Vancouver, present The Coast to Coast Victory Ticket.

Our President, Maurice E. White
First Vice President, Sidney Cohen
Second Vice President,

Madge Pinson

Secretary-Treasurer,

Roy Erford

Official Editor,

Irwin Brandt

Historian,

Jeffrey Jennings

Laureate Recorder,

G. Bennett Adams

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APR 29 1944

The
Seattle Amateur

THE UNITED CO-OPERATIVE—FOR ALL SEATTLE CLUBS

Vol 36

JULY 1938.

No. 5

THIS AND THAT

by Dr. C. F. Noel

We always seem to find two kinds of folks in every association. The constructive and destructive type. The UNITED seems to have its share of the negative type. You can tell them easily. They are always seeking honors and favors, and grumble for more. They write poison pen-letters and carls. Do their best continually to scare up trouble. They are generally behind in their dues and they cause the secretary plenty of grief. They hardly ever issue a paper, but they can lambast others if given free space. They believe that people who sacrifice money for the UNITED, must surely be very crooked. They think anybody, who brings in new members or who tries to get renewals must be trying to build up a dictatorship. They are continually trying to divide the country up into jealous factions. The East against the West or the city against the rest of the country. Now to cap the climax, they seek to divide the UNITED into political and religious hate sections. The UNITED AMATEUR PRESS Association has always been democratic and free from all isms. It is the duty of the officers to see that

trouble-making folks are kept out of our ranks. Freedom does not mean license for rascals to prey on honest folks.

Fortunately, the UNITED has many real friends who do believe in actions and not in lip service. Members who are willing to give generously of their time and money for the cause. Who will encourage others to issue papers with their advice and articles. Who are willing to hold office for service, and not to stir up grief. Who will attend our conventions and promote harmony. Who will write words of cheer to our members. Who believe that all of our cities and sections of our country have their particular part to accomplish in building up the UNITED. And who really practice the brotherhood of man and sincerely believe that every religion and political party can accomplish a great deal of good for the people. We can be a happy and progressive positive association by keeping chronic kickers out of our membership and poison pen-letters from our mails. We do need constructive work and every member can do his part for our ideals.

Past president Roy Hastings recently had his home in west Seattle

The
Seattle Amateur

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APR 28 1944

THE UNITED CO-OPERATIVE—FOR ALL SEATTLE CLUBS

Vol. 37

Sept. 1938,

No. 1

Gladioli And Jim Hill Mustard!

The 42nd Annual Convention of the United Amateur Press Association of America, recently held in Seattle, was one of the largest—possibly the largest—in the history of The United. This was remarkable in view of the conspiracy that was under way to boycott the election, disrupt the convention and destroy the Association.

Heretofore the ladies had been in a small minority at all amateur press conventions. At the last convention there were present thirty-four of the fair sex; almost one-half of the total attendance. Picking the traditional convention belle had been comparatively simple at previous conventions; at this convention no attempt was made to chose a convention belle, as the competition would have been too keen. Such a display of feminine pulchritude never had been seen before at any amateur press convention and probably never will be seen again.

There are some members who, although their stay in Amateur Journalism may be long, never catch the fire of the true devotee. They come out to an A. J. meeting when it happens to be convenient and they have

no conflicting date. I have in mind a young woman who couldn't make up her mind to attend the first session of the 1937 convention because she had a date for the movies.

Miss Bessie Barnes, the first to travel to an amateur press convention by airplane, manifested the spirit of the true amateur journalist. She had planned to leave for Seattle Friday night, but, on account of an emergency at the office where she is employed, she was required to be on duty until Saturday noon. As it is a twelve-hour run by rail, from Spokane to Seattle, the train could not bring her to the Convention for the first session. Did she await the next train? No! she rushed to the airport and arrived in ample time for the session Saturday evening. That's the kind of spirit and enthusiasm needed in amateurdom but which only a few ever acquire.

A story is being circulated by the rebels that Doctor Noel and I have held office in the United for thirty consecutive years. The fact is that Dr. Noel has been a member much less than thirty years. It is true that I have been active continually for the past thirty years. However, during that period, I have been elected

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APR 28 1944

The

Seattle Amateur

MEMBER OF THE UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

Vol 37

NOVEMBER, 1938,

No. 2

Write A Letter!

IT'S ONLY A FEW STEPS TO the nearest mail box—write a letter!

Take a little chunk of your heart and spread it over some paper; it goes, oh, such a long way!

Write a letter to your mother or father, to your sister, brother, sweetheart, loved ones. Are they dear to you? Prove it with a letter! Write a letter and give them the same thrill you had when you last received that same kind of a letter.—Think of the joy of opening the mail box and drawing out a warm envelope enriched with old, familiar hand-writing! A personal letter—it's good to get one. So send one—write a letter.

Write a letter to the aged relative who hasn't many days to live, the friend of your father, the friend of your family, the one surviving link between your present and past. Do not wait for that dear soul to die until you act. . . . Sit down and start writing.

Write a letter to the author whose story gave you that delightful half hour last night. Write a letter to the cartoonist, whose strip you avidly devoured this morning, to the teacher, who inspired you twenty

years ago; to the doctor who saved your baby's life,—to your old employer to show him there was something more between you than a paycheck. Be a human being, write a letter now.

There's a man in public life that you admire, believe in, rave about. Write him a letter of praise—of encouragement. To be "with him in spirit" is not enough—show your spirit with a letter. We can't all be pioneers, crusaders, presidents—but we can help those brave men stay on the track and push through to a grand and glorious success if all we ever say is "Attaboy!" Write an 'Attaboy' letter.

The sweetest, gentlest, and most useful of all the arts—letter writing. Great, grand characters like Franklin Washington, Lincoln and the greatest men of all nations, have been regular letter writers. Write a letter! Write it with pen, pencil, or a typewriter; use any kind of paper, any kind of spelling, grammar. It does not matter how you say it and it does not even matter what you say; its beauty, its gold lie in the fact that it's a letter. Each mistake is another handclasp; and every blot is a tear of joy.

The Seattle Sun

No. 1

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

April, 1938

SEATTLE INVITES N. A. P. A.

Thirty Years Ago

AMATEURS URGED TO MEET HERE IF DEADLOCK OCCURS

SAN FRANCISCO SUN

NUMBER 1

APRIL 1, 1905

WOODEN SIDEWALKS

We take pleasure in talking over the grand plans we have made for new San Francisco, and we point with pride at the lofty structures that are arising from what was a pile of debris. Look at the process made; in two years the city is almost completely rebuilt!

We shake our heads with fear at the possibility of an epidemic of the bubonic plague, and take precautions against any such danger by exterminating the rats, which, we are told, spread the disease. Our city shall be a veritable ice town, so we say.

But at the same time we
Fleet by night

THE SUN at dawn. Here's the front page make-up of the SAN FRANCISCO SUN when it cast its first rays over the horizon of Amateur Journalism in April, 1908.

CINCINNATI PLANS NATIONAL SESSION

CINCINNATI, O., April 15—Cincinnati amateurs are rapidly completing plans for the National Amateur Press Association's sixty-third annual convention here in July.

The central location of the convention city is expected to draw a large attendance.

Literary Program

A literary program is to be one of the big features of the convention, Robert M. Dunlap, chair-
(Continued on Page 4)

Wesley Porter Claims Bride

LOS ANGELES, April 15—Wesley H. Porter, famed publisher of *Porter's Paper* and now in the advertising business, today revealed to his friends in amateurdom that he claimed Miss Jean Wright as his bride at a wedding ceremony in Ventura on December 16, 1937.

A honeymoon tour to Northern California and Nevada followed. Mrs. Porter's hobby, her husband disclosed, is bookbinding.

"Sometimes I get the itch to get out another amateur paper," Porter told reporters.

Seattle offers to entertain the 1939 convention of the National Amateur Press Association if a deadlock occurs between Oakland and New York, active claimants for the honor, at the Cincinnati convention in July.

"We favor Oakland for the 1939 convention," said a spokesman for the local group, "because the Oakland amateurs have earned the right to another convention. They demonstrated in 1935 that they know how to stage a successful session.

Deadlock Possible

"But New York is waging a campaign for the 1939 meeting and in the event a deadlock ensues in the balloting at Cincinnati, it might be desirable to break it by selecting another city. The National has never met in Seattle and a convention here would do much to restore the association's former prestige in the Pacific Northwest. Seattle stands ready to shoulder the responsibility of playing host in 1939 if the National membership can't decide between Oakland and New York."

Coupled with the invitation, which will be forwarded to the Cincinnati convention, will be a suggestion that delegates to the Oakland meeting, if that city is selected, route their railroad tickets through Seattle.

No Seattle Delegates

Seattle probably will not send any delegates to Cincinnati, but the Pacific Coast will be represented by a strong delegation from Oakland.

"Everyone in the club wants
(Continued on Page 2)

The Sports Chronicle

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
JAN 28 1945
JUN 28 1945

Volume 2

August 1938

COPY
Number 3

Yanks Favorites to Play Pirates in '38 World Series

At the writing of this article it looks as if the New York Yankees might meet the Pittsburgh Pirates in another exciting World Series.

Though we won't count our chickens before they hatch, it looks as if these two teams are almost cinches for the famous series.

The Yankees and the Cleveland Indians were putting on a close American League battle until early August but finally the champs put a hand on things and as a result it finds them coasting on top with a six or seven game lead over their closest rivals, the Indians.

In the National League the New York Giants, Pittsburgh Pirates, Chicago Cubs and the Cincinnati Reds were putting on a stiff race, but with the superb pitching of Cy Blanton, Russ Bauers and rookie Bob Klinger the Traynor men forged ahead in the pennant chase. The Reds, who have been troublemakers all year, and the Chicago Cubs, under the new leadership of Gabby Hartnett, are definitely out of it. But the Giants is another story. Of course Carl Hubbell won't be much use to Terry and his men but Bill's boys (as they are called) just keep plugging along. George Myatt, youthful third baseman up from Jersey City has been somewhat of a sensation along with 31 year old Bob Seeds, newly acquired outfielder. Both figure well in the Giant's pennant drive.

So it kinda looks like the Yanks vs. Pirates in this years classical series.

They Had Better Stick to Football

Sam Chapman seems to be the only famous football player to make the baseball grade. Sam plays right-field for the Philadelphia A's.

Sammy Baugh turned thumbs down on the game when turned down by Columbus. Dixie Howell was given his walking papers by Toledo and Detroit. Herbie Barna couldn't make the grade with the A's, and right now Arnold "Doc" Greene, former Pittsburgh fullback, is doing all right for the Durham nine at first-base.

And we can't forget either that Ace Parker is playing good ball for the A's at short-stop.

Patty Favored For National Title

Patty Berg, Minneapolis golf star, is almost a cinch to win the National title at Westmoreland in September. So far this year the little freckle-face dynamo has won close to 30 matches and has lost only three.

Minnesota Ready to Play Washington on September the 24th

The first game with Washington at Memorial



Stadium on September 24 ought to be a peach. Washington no longer has Fritz Wascowitz who was a very good "slinger" of the piggy. All-American Vic Markov is also graduated

as well as Frank Peters, graceful end.

Minnesota, however, still has Harold Van Emery and Marty Christenson in the backfield. Big Francis Twedell is captain and guard.

All in all it certainly looks as if the Gophers have a fine chance to win the first game of the year.

We of the Chronicle wish to thank the Minneapolis Journal for their fine help. If you notice the pictures of Ted Williams and Walter Tausher you must say it makes the paper neat. We thank the Journal for this neatness.

REGENT 9688

LOCUST 4952

LEHMAN'S GARAGE

Complete Motor Service

Body and Fender Repairing
Electrical and Acetylene Welding5431 LYNDALE AVENUE SOUTH
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNEAPOLIS

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SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

COPY

December, 1935

#126



Vol. 1 No. 1

GO Kc7N
S Scribbler



X-PN 4827



#127

Vol. 1 No. 1

December, 1938

G. O. K. A. Z.
Scribbler



MERRY CHRISTMAS HAPPY NEW YEAR!

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

THE
SOUTHERNER

OWARD L. L. F. J. J.

Volume 1

December 1938

Number 1

FOOTBALL REVIEW

The 1938 football season has finally come to an end. A torrid season, marked by sensational games and surprise upsets, is 1938. Only the various "bowl" games of January 2, 1939 remain. The football season was too short and seemed to end right when it began.

The ten leading teams of the past season were T. C. U., Tennessee, Duke, Oklahoma, Notre Dame, Pittsburgh, Minnesota, Carnegie Tech, Southern California, and Cornell.

My All-American team includes the following players: Daddio, Pittsburgh, and Wysocki, Villanova, ends; Boisor, Notre Dame, and Wolff, Santa Clara, tackles; Heikkinen, Michigan, and Suffridge, Tennessee, guards; Aldrich, T. C. U., center; O'brien, T. C. U., quarterback; Tipton, Duke, and Hall, Mississippi, halfbacks; and Goldberg, Pittsburgh, fullback.

"Who will win the 'bowl' games?" seems to be the utmost question in most football fans' minds. My predictions for the important games are: Duke over Southern California in the Rose Bowl, T. C. U. over Carnegie Tech in the Sugar Bowl, and Tennessee over Oklahoma in the Orange Bowl. This Orange Bowl game should be the best contest. Texas Tech should win over St. Mary's in the Cotton Bowl game.

STAMPS

BRITISH ISSUE: On November 21, Great Britain issued two new values of the King George VI series, a 4d gray and 5d light brown. The design is the same as that of the regular series. The issuance of which began a year, but an entirely different effect has been produced by printing the background in a light tone, and the features of the design in a darker tone of the same color. The design was made by Eric Gill, The King's head having been copied from a design by Edmund Dulac.

EARLY AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS

Our first American newspaper was Public Occurrences, published in Boston in 1690, but it was suppressed after its first issue on account of its political offense. The Boston News Letter was established in 1704 as a weekly, and continued publication until 1776. There were thirty-seven newspapers mostly weeklies, published in America at the time of the Declaration of Independence. The first daily newspaper in our country was The Pennsylvania Packet and Daily Advertiser, established in Philadelphia in 1784.

SPORTS CONTENTS

After his victory over Torrey Farr, The National Boxing Association rated Lou Nova next to Tony Galento as the leading heavyweight contender. Max Baer was rated as the third contender. The N. B. A. also rated Solly Krieger as king of the middleweights and Fred Apostoli as the leading contender.

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THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS

#129

SERIAL RECORD

Vol. 1 JUN 28 1945 No. 2

GIFT

DEDICATION

This issue is dedicated to
the two great Americans who
were born during February-
Washington & Lincoln.

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THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS

#130

Little but Big

Vol. 1 Winter 1939

APR 29 1944

DEDICATION

This issue is dedicated to
the two great Americans who
were born during February-
Washington & Lincoln.

X-PN 4827

#131

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS

SERIAL RECORD

Vol. 1 March 1939 No. 3

GIFT

BEHOLD THY MOTHER

On night
The angels
Wept. A mother
Sat alone
And prayed

--Michel Phelan

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS

#132

Little but Big

Vol. 1 March 1939

APR 29 1944

BEHOLD THY MOTHER

On night
The angels
Wept. A mother
Sat alone
And prayed

--Michel Phelan

X-PN 4827

SCRIBBLES

#103

Little but Big

Dol. 1 APR 1939 No. 4

APR 1939



Easter

X-PN 4827

SCRIBBLES

#106

Little but Big

Dol. 1 April 1939 No. 4

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SERIALS ACQUISITION

APR 28 1944



Easter

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SCRIBBLES

#104

Little but Big

Dol. 1 April 1939 No. 4

APR 1939



Easter

X-PN 4827

SCRIBBLES

#107

Little but Big

Dol. 1 December 1939 No. 4

WE DISAGRE

BY RAY F. DOUGAN

In the Spring issue of The Gray Gull, Director Robert L. Bates wrote a strange editorial. In it he said that mimeographs and hectographs are illegible.

Considering the very good work which some of our members have been doing on these two devices, we find it necessary to differ with Bob.

We will admit that a few four-

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SCRIBBLES

#105

Little but Big

Dol. 1 April 1939 No. 4

APR 1939



Easter

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H138

THE STAR

FEDERAL LIBRARY OF
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SERIALS ACQUISITION

Santa Rosa, Calif. Sept. 8, 1944

Treasure Island - Magic City

Located in the bay that separates San Francisco and Oakland, is Treasure Island, the Magic City.

The great mile square island expects to attract 20,000,000 visitors this year.

Three-fourths of the states of the Union and thirty-five foreign nations are participating.

In the court of Pacific Nations, the International Exhibits, and the fine and Liberal Arts Palace, people of foreign countries will display the arts for which they are renowned.

Industry too, will tell its story. The Hall of Science, Electricity and Communication, Mines, Metals and Machinery will show their contributions to the pleasure of living. Television is demonstrated at the R. C. A. exhibit. The National Cash Register Co. tower, which is the shape of one of their machines, tells the number who enter the grounds each hour. (Continued on page four.)

THE

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THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIALS ACQUISITION

#139

5c

JUN 28 1945

SOUTHERNER

Vol. 1

June 1939

No. 6

Thunder in the Sand

Bolt down the heavens!
Anchor fast the land!
The fascist hordes are moving
Like thunder in the sand.

Bolt tight the heavens!
Nail down that land!
The fascist hordes are marching
With a devil's evil wand.

Bolt, bolt the heavens!
Oh please screw down that land!
The fascist hordes come marching
With ever-grasping hand.

--Michael Phelan

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIALS SECTION
JUN 28 1945

#140

THE SOUTHERNER

Vol. 1.

July 1939

No. 7.

CORRIES

By Emil Tenyak

One of the most pleasurable hobbies a person can have is corresponding with others. Especially in the AAPA where there is sure to be at least one common interest. Through letters one may learn of activity of other members much sooner than if he would wait to read it in a paper of the monthly bundle. He may write to many of the editors asking for views on editing a paper. Contribute articles to the various papers and many times obtain from his editor friends valuable constructive criticism. Valuable printing tips are also easily thus acquired.

To get started in this interesting hobby, one should look in the last monthly bundle and pick out about five editors who request manuscripts or criticisms. He should then send them criticisms or manuscripts as the request might be. Though this is not necessary you'll find it helps heaps. Also included should be a nice long letter.

My personal experiences show that the newer editors answer your letters much sooner and enclose longer answers than do the others. Remember too, the more names you have on your corry list the more times you'll find letters waiting for you in the day's mail. To start the ball rolling I personally will guarantee an answer for each letter I receive.

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THE

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL ACQUISITION

#141

SOUTHERNER

Vol. 1.

August 1936

No. 8.

HEMPSTEAD MARCHES ON

By Norman S. Levine

Hempstead, N. Y., is one of, if not the largest village in the United States. It could have become a city long ago, but the residents, although it was put up to them many times, were against it.

Although Hempstead is not the county-seat, it is by far the largest city or village in Nassau County. It is known as—"the hub of the county"—as it is directly in the center of Nassau, and is its natural shopping center.

To realize the rapid growth of the village, one need only look at a few figures. In 1930 the official population of Hempstead was about 12,000. Now only nine years later, it has over 30,000 inhabitants, almost three times as much. Hempstead, by the way, does more business for its size than any other village in the country!

Hempstead is situated near Mitchel Field, one of the greatest army fields in the country, and Roosevelt Field, one of the leading private fields in the country.

Hempstead has seven grade schools, one junior high school, one high school and one college. It has three banks and three bus lines. It has fifteen churches which sponsor eight boy scout troops and four girl scout troops. It has a fire department of 425 volunteers composing eleven separate companies. Hempstead has three hospitals, four newspapers, and three parks.

I guess I could go on indefinitely naming Hempstead's assets, but I had better stop here.

Hempstead Marches On!!!

SEATTLE SPIRIT 1939

X-PN 4827

THE SEATTLE SPIRIT

Spring, 1939.

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

#142

JUN 28 1945

Seattle, Washington.

CHEERFUL COMMENTS.

Some one asks what papers does Director Noel publish. We are the editor of The Seattle Amateur, the material coming mostly from the Seattle club members. The Seattle News, made up largely of news items. The Seattle Life, greetings to the official boards. And now we break into print with The Seattle Spirit, for many years Seattle has been noted for its Spirit, to succeed where others fail, to never get discouraged, to hit the line hard. And this is the Spirit we are now injecting into the good United. So get busy members and print a worth while paper right now. We have fine printers and reasonable prices. It is your duty to print a journal for the cause.

Plans are under way to print the official organ every two months and mail out the bundles at the same time. Generally speaking about six bundles a year are sent out.

The short ballot and the long ballot have their strong and weak points. Our president should have more appointive power and less friction with other officers.

X-PN 4827

#143

THE SEATTLE NEWS

January, 1939.

Editor Dr. C. F. Noel.

1939 is now with us for better or for worse. Resolutions are now in order for the good of the United Amateur Press Association. Let us be really active next year. Bring in a new member that will be a credit to the United. Edit a paper and write to our fellow members. Let's be active. Second let us be loyal to our officers and our constitution. Politicians from other groups have no place in our group and should all be removed as soon as possible. Let us make plans especially if we live in the east to attend the United convention in July at Jersey City. Anthony De Marco will be in charge and a great convention is assured to all that attend. Now that we have a limited membership we have a wonderful opportunity to make the United the best of all writer groups. A limited membership will make it possible for everyone to get all papers. No more free memberships to sap our finances. We do need more printed papers and the very reasonable rates by our printers makes it possible for all of us to take an active part. Bundles will be mailed as often as enough papers are printed. So it is up to the United members to make 1939 our best year.

SEATTLE NEWS 1-39

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

#144

X-PN 4827

JUN 28 1945

THE SEATTLE NEWS

January, 1939.

Editor ^{DET} Dr. C. F. Noel.

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X-PN 4827

#145

THE SEATTLE NEWS

January, 1939. ~~SUBJECT:~~
~~TRIAL REPROD~~

Editor Dr. C. F. Noel.

~~APR 22 1944~~

1939 is now with us for better or for worse. Resolutions are now in order for the good of the United Amateur Press Association. Let us be really active next year. Bring in a new member that will be a credit to the United. Edit a paper and write to our fellow members. Let us be active. Second let us be loyal to our officers and our constitution. Politicians from other groups have no place in our group and should all be removed as soon as possible. Let us make plans especially if we live in the east to attend the United convention in July at Jersey City. Anthony De Marco will be in charge and a great convention is assured to all that attend. Now that we have a limited membership we have a wonderful opportunity to make the United the best of all writer groups. A limited membership will make it possible for everyone to get all papers. No more free memberships to sap our finances. We do need more printed papers and the very reasonable rates by our printers makes it possible for all of us to take an active part. Bundles will be mailed as often as enough papers are printed. So it is up to the United members to make 1939 our best year.

SCRATCH PAD 1939

#146

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THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

THE
JUN 28 1945
SCRATCH PAD

Winter, 1939



BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION.

The mogul of this unfortunate little journal is one, Ray E. Buckingham, a gent who is 31 years old, ten of these years being in a wedded capacity, the net result being three beautiful daughters. His education was garnered in UC high school and DePauw University, where he played too much baseball and basketball. He belongs to ATO, IOOF, LBT, LIF and UAPA. His politics is Democratic and his religion is Presbyterian. He is a grave digger by day and a printer by night. He hates to hang curtains and he always reads the sport section first. His journalistic ambitions sprouted back in the early '20s when he belonged to the Lone Scouts of America. Of such is your Historian.



* * * * *
*
* STAR-GAZING *
* * * * *

First Star Appearing at Springfield, Ohio,
Elizabeth L. Jordan & Alma Weixelbaum,
708 First National Bank Bldg., Kelly Bldg.
Autumn, 1939.

EDITORIAL!

AH! AT LAST! When "we" were but a young child, "we" thought that to write an editorial was to reach the very pinnacle of any writer's ambition. To be able authoritatively, to set forth what and how people should think, say and do was sure to attain the heights.

Whether the laws of heredity played any part in this is a question, because while at that time my father both edited and published a newspaper and while, before my entry on the scene, he had been a professor of languages, never have "we" known a man less inclined to tell the other man what he should - or should not do or say.

Right now "we" ourselves are not quite so thrilled as "we" had anticipated. For one thing, that editorial "we" is so confusing. Should one say: "when we were children, or when we were a child"? And then how can "we" tell others what to say when we can't think of anything to say ourself (ourselves)? Thirdly and lastly, brethern, does anybody, anymore read editorials?

JUN 28 1945

H145

THE SACCS AMATEUR

Official Organ of The Saccs Association.

VOL. I - NO. 1 UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY AUTUMN, 1939

ANATOMY IN ART

*Knowledge of Bodily Structure
Essential to the Artist.*

By Walter Klas

ABILITY alone does not make the artist a professional in the field. Through patient and extensive study of this subject of art can he only begin to realize the hard work involved in it. There are many fundamentals and techniques that can be learned in this broad field, but a few are absolutely essential. One of the required studies is anatomy.

The study of the human body is so very important to the artist, because the rise of the public's interest in art has reached such a point where the slightest disproportion, for example, of a figure can be detected by simply glancing at it. The public has become a critical organization, and this is as it should be.

By having a thorough knowledge of various parts of the human body, the artist is able to draw or paint a figure in its true proportions. In studying anatomy, the first step is to analyze the skeleton. The artist to know what is the size and shape of the different bones of the framework of the body. From this information he can develop a scale of the body which he uses in his daily work, that is, in drawing or

painting the body in any other position than standing up straight.

The Greeks, early masters of art, used 8 heads as their unit of measure for the standard height of the human figure. By "head" is meant that the size of the body was not to be more or less than 7 times the size of the head. Today, however, possibly because man may be said to be shorter, the standard measure is 7 1/2. Artists consider 7 1/2 more proportionate than the 8 heads. With the head as a unit, the artist can locate the eyes halfway down on the first unit of the scale, and the shoulders one and a half units from the top. By this method, the other parts of the body can be found and thus a figure can be built around these fundamentals.

Following this, the many muscles, large and small, can be placed on their respective parts of the skeleton with less difficulty. Here it will be learned why the shape of the torso and the appendages are the way they are, how they support the body etc. This will aid the artist immeasurably when drawing the figure in different positions.

(Continued on Page Three)

The
Seattle Amateur

MEMBER OF THE UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

Vol 37

JANUARY 1939,

No. 3

THE STORY OF "U. G."

KIND FRIENDS, WITH THEIR presence and with flowers, had paid their last respects to U. G. His spirit had departed in answer to a Higher Call; his body had been accepted by the silent keeper, Death. His obituary had stated that in 1865 loving parents had christened him Ulysses Grant for the hero who had kept the nation strong. His useful life had ended at the age of 73.

U. G's other name needs no mention, for not the name nor the form that was laid away, but the man within, determined what of him that is remembered here. I had known U. G. only in his later years and never had seen him at his work. He had been a fighter tho', a general of men and things. But his battles had all been fought for peace, in the role of a construction engineer. His had been the problems of plans, of materials and machines, of men and of mud. His had been the orders to build; his the glory to achieve.

During U. G's last years, before age had thrust him aside in the fierce competition of industrial strife, I had viewed something of this engineer's work thru the eyes of his wife.

His better half, petite, alert, and vigorous, to an extent that obscured her age, remained loyal behind the lines, while her husband was away fighting on some construction front. One day I stopped at their garden gate and found the active mistress industriously plucking weeds from a favorite bed of flowers. As we exchanged greetings, her eyes sparkled and her manner seemed unusually bright. The secret of her enthusiasm was not long in coming out. With hardly an introductory word, this woman behind her man on the job launched the subject that lay nearest her heart. Her glory beamed from an honoring article in a magazine for engineers. There, her husband's name was rated among the best. He had erected a pier in record time. U. G. had battled with coffer-dams and pumps. He had builded with concrete and steel; he had won amid cheers; and she was glad. Not only of that did the little woman tell me, but of many things more.

After U. G. had returned from his last engagement of importance, the building of an electric power dam, time hung heavy on his hands. Often when I saw him, flitting lonely shadows crossed his thoughtful face. This engineer, a master-work-

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THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

JUN 25 1945

#150

The Seattle Amateur

MEMBER OF THE UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

Vol 37

MARCH 1939,

No. 4

Railroads Key To Prosperity

SHALL AMERICA SAVE THE Railroads, or shall the Railroads save America? Will they break thru their own red tape and the hampering strings of legislation before it is too late? In the face of their failure to live up to the heritage bequeathed by those Builders of Empire who spanned a continent with steel, can they come back?

These are questions to which every American seeks an answer, for the destiny of our people and our country is irrevocably tied to the Rails. And in these questions, there is resentment also, for when Railroad management handed over a part of its heritage to Government, washing its hands as an advisory agency to Agriculture, Manufacturing and to Commerce, it laid the foundation for its present plight and lost the goodwill of its millions of adherents.

Our rapid expansion from a land where hardy people, by toil and perseverance wrested a meager sustenance from the soil, to a nation that sprawled across half a continent, with a population of one hundred and fifty millions, and a way of life that is a constant and recurring wonder to the rest of civilization, does

not date from the struggle and sweat of the pioneer but from the vision of those undaunted Builders of Empire who conquered its vastness with steel, unlocked its stored and hidden resources, and stimulated the greatest commerce that the world ever has known.

This Westward trek of steel was followed by a migration, that at its peak was like the march of armies. Its swift and rapid advance often reaching far beyond rail-head. The Empire Builders knew the value of those first settlers on the free lands of the West, and husbanded that root-stock of an empire that was to feed a world. But the oldsters passed on and the generation into whose hands the rails were given, missed the paystreak of all time, a mother lode that lay in the path of the rails.

East of the Mississippi tall spires and chimneys mark the sites of factory, mill and shop where untold thousands find decreasing and intermittent employment, because the Rails have shirked their responsibility and buried themselves in gloom. Every phase of American life throbs and ebbs with the blood of the rails and the gloom has spread, for the Rails are to Commerce as red blood

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SERIAL RECORD

JUN 23 1945

#151

The

COPY _____
OFF _____

Seattle Amateur

MEMBER OF THE UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA.

Vol 37.

MAY 1939,

No. 5.

Dr. Eduard Benes

EARLY afternoon, March 10, 1939 found a delegation of five young men and young women in the lobby of Chicago's Hotel Windermere. The purpose of the group, was an audience with Dr. Eduard Benes, former president of what was not long ago the republic of Czechoslovakia. And slowly the designated hour approached, two o'clock! A tall handsome man emerged from one of the score of swift elevators and introduced himself to us. He was the nephew of Doctor Benes. We found that Bohous Benes possessed a humorous nature and charming personality. In his study while waiting for Dr. Benes we conversed with him for several minutes.

Then a door opened, and a figure emerged into the room strewn with letters, books, papers, manuscripts. It was Dr. Eduard Benes! He welcomed each of us individually, and then bade us to sit down. Dr. Benes seated himself opposite us, and smiling asked us about the purposes of our organization, and its program, which was only too eagerly explained to him. I found myself engrossed in the study of this great man, who is one of the most brilliant diplomats and statesmen of Europe. Worry had finely wrinkled the kind features of Dr. Benes. His hair was prematurely

white. The eyes had a soft light that spoke of the ideals and aspirations. A very firm chin supported a delicate mouth. Here before me was the only statesman who emerged out of the crisis of last fall with undeniable credit and untarnished honor. Discouragement, I thought was mirrored not so profoundly in the face, as sorrow. What sacrifice he had made to create Czechoslovakia as a free country. How one must feel, to see the work that took so many years to build up, envied by most all Europe and then see it tumble down, within a few short months by a mad dictator who dreams of ruling the whole world?

I found Dr. Benes answering the questions, which our group was laying before him. He spoke intellectually, diplomatically, precisely. One could tell why this man was regarded as a glowing example of leadership. Under Dr. Benes as under the father of Czechoslovakia, Masaryk, that was the last outpost of democracy in Europe. Yes, Czechoslovakia was an outpost of liberty and peace-abiding peoples. Its domestic problems could have very easily been settled, if it had not become a pawn for international power politics. Dr. Eduard Benes, comes to a country, which still holds the bright torch of democracy aloft. The follower of Tomas G. Masaryk had been intelli-

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APR 28 1944

The

Seattle Amateur

MEMBER OF THE UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA.

Vol 37.

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The Seattle Amateur

Member of The United Amateur Press Association of America.

VOLUME 38.

NOVEMBER 1939

NUMBER 2

Tragedy of The Carrot Marionettes

BAD Luck clung to the coat-tails of Thomas Elexus Morgan, and there was never a sign the black scourge of eternity intended to look elsewhere for a new victim. And so one day the young actor, after wandering from hamlet to city and finally abroad where the promising theatrical stock company found itself without the means of paying the actors for their last half dozen performances and expired in the real sense of the word leaving each member to seek work elsewhere. As Thomas walked down a dusty road near the colorful city of Prague, Bohemia jingling several "krejcary" (pennies), a sigh escaped his lips and he turned frequently half expecting his companion, Bad Luck trailing in some repulsive form. Through the deep foliage of the lofty trees he noticed an inn and contemplated whether or not he should venture in, and get a bite to eat for the last few krejcary. Thomas entered the cozy inn, and found a table close to the open window. He knew the Bohemian language, for an actor must be a linguist. He called to the daughter of the innkeeper and told of his predicament, and laying the few pieces from his pocket he asked her to give him what she could for that small

amount. He received more than he had bargained for, a hot sandwich, a steaming cup of coffee, and white-flecked mug of beer. And besides this Thomas received gratis, a sweet smile from the sympathetic girl. Baruska sat opposite him as he ate and listened to his sad tale. Shadows had begun to lengthen outside when he prepared for his departure, and a distant rumble gave warning of an approaching storm. "Bad luck is at work again, see Baruska," he said in the doorway, "it pursues me, like a plague". "Perhaps my father will let you stay over-night", offered Baruska, and telling Thomas to wait, went to explain the situation. Her father appeared almost at once, a big stout man, almost bald, and a merry twinkle in his eyes. "Ah, you actor fellows, always getting into positions from which all your acting ability can't help you." At the mention of "acting ability," Thomas found a quick answer to his predicament. Quickly he explained. After hesitating a moment, the innkeeper assented and chuckling, told him to proceed. Baruska contributed to the cause, by furnishing Thomas with the carrots. The eyes of the actor lit with zeal, as he carved figures from the vegetables. All the surrounding people had heard that a performance was going to be given that night at

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Spokane Scribbler

Vol. II, No. 1

Spokane, Washington

March, 1939

EASTER

When tulip leaves have curled
From the warm brown earth,
And hyacinths unfurled
Its lavender and white,
It's Easter time!

When the choir is singing
Of the risen Christ,
And our hearts are ringing
With the joyous thought,
It's Easter time!

When fair ladies go shopping
For new spring gowns,
And robins go hopping
Over fresh green lawns,
It's Easter time!

—Bessie Barnes.



DO YOU KNOW?

That the area of the Inland Empire consists of approximately 100,000 square miles?

That Spokane, Washington, "THE FRIENDLY CITY," is situated almost in the center of, and is commonly known as, the "HUB" of this GREAT PACIFIC NORTHWEST INLAND EMPIRE and the EASTERN GATEWAY to the GREAT GRAND COULEE DAM?

That Spokane is one of the principal cities of the mining industry and is also known as the "Mining Capital" and "Convention City?"

That SPOKANE, with its wonderful climate, would be the ideal spot for the 1940 UAPA CONVENTION?

—Geddel.



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APR 28 1944

Spokane Scribbler

Vol. II, No. 2

Spokane, Washington

June, 1939

SOME DAY SOON

Some day soon the summer skies
will smile again
And flowers will bloom;
Some day soon the birch trees will
be green and then
Through the shadowy gloom
You shall walk down the trail
called life,
For not far off in June
You shall say the words that make
you wife;
And a wedding tune
Will fill the old church with
melody
For a little while;
And then out into life you and he
Together file.
No more alone, but always at his
side
You shall be happy; yes, I know,
With him the doors of life shall
open wide;
'Tis your heritage here below,
And you deserve the best of every-
thing
After that day in June--
Yes, you will laugh, and love, and
sing
With him some day soon!

—Laurence E. Estes.

DO YOU KNOW?

That Spokane being the Gate-
way to the Columbia River Basin,
it is anticipated that homes for
40,000 more families can be
created with the completion of the
Grand Coulee Dam?

That the Palouse country
stretches out for miles southward
from Spokane, "THE FRIENDLY
CITY," where hundreds of
thousands of acres of golden
waving grains greet the eye each
year on rich rolling plains where
crop failure is unknown?

That Spokane's transformation
from a pioneer trading post in
1872 to a city of the first class is a
record of growth that scarcely can
be duplicated in the United States?

That the city's development
has been on a sound substantial
permanent basis?

That there has been nearly a
100,000 gain in population in the
State of Washington in one and
one-half years?

That SPOKANE is the ideal
spot for the 1940 CONVENTION
of the UAPAA?

—Geddel.



APR 28 1934

Spokane Scribbler

Vol. II, No. 4

Spokane, Washington

December, 1939

TO LITTLE KAY

May your song of life, Kay, Always
be

One long sweet chorus of rhapsody;
So filled with joy and peace divine
That you may know harmony of
eternal time.

If sad music, Kay, should fill your
ears

Or harsh discord blind your eyes
with tears

Remember a lesson that seems hard
to learn

Is your chance of poise and serene
power to earn.

It is your chance, Kay, to prove
and know

That to master great trials is for
you to grow;

That to live each day to its fullest
measure

Is how you'll find life's greatest
treasure.

The highest note, Kay, is truth and
love

And to find yourself in a message
from above,

As a true child of nature in reverie
With God as Director of your
Great Symphony!

—Suzanne Daugherty.

TO EUGENE LIST

He played: This slender boy of
twenty-one—

His vibrant fingers scarcely touched
the keys.

Where from the music sprang to
meet them

Dancing in all sorts of melodies,
Like swarms of butterflies they
hovered—

Wings brushing keyboard in an
ecstasy;

The music of their soul sped thru
the silence

And filled an evening hour with
charm for me.

—Etta S. Johnson.

I LAUGHED AT LIFE

I laughed at life
Life answered back,

I laughed at love—
Ann lost its track.

I searched the hills,
The shady lanes—
The mountain rills;
And for my pains,

Above the hilltop high
A vision I could see,

I heard an empty cry,
And now, love laughs at me!

—Laurence E. Estes.

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JUN 28 1945

SONGS OF DIXIE

Vol. I

1939

No. 1

A HOBBY THAT PAYS

BY LYDA RUTH FARRER

Poetry - the voice of a thought crying in the darkness, crying to be uttered and brought to the light. It is the expression in verse of man's best thoughts and deeds, the record of his hopes, desires, wants, or his likes and dislikes.

The poet has in his power to move people. He says for them the things they have always felt but have not had the power to express. His is a gift not to be treated lightly. He can lift people out of their present surroundings and to place them for a time in a dream world where there is only beauty and peace.

The old poets were picturesque, writing in their garrets and existing on a crust of black bread. However, they have left for us some of the finest literature the world has ever known. Someone has said that a man's stomach must be empty before he can write poetry. If their poetry is a gauge some of them must have been starving, for the gems we now have are beautiful to the point of perfection.

Francois Villon, the most remarkable poet of the fifteenth century, was a poetic character. He was one of the most picturesque, sought after rogues the world has ever known. He wrote his poetry on any scrap of paper that came handy. He lived in starvation, in a garret from which he escaped by the window when his creditors besieged the door. Such was Villon, yet his "Testaments" are among the masterpieces of French poetry.

If poetry were used for nothing but description it would be worth all the time and effort it takes. Some of the most beautiful phrases and similies are to be found in descriptive poetry. Combinations of words or phrases which are pleasing in sound and beautiful in meaning are the essence of descriptive verse.

The word picture is the thing that can make or break a poem.

(Continued on Page 4)

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THE
SOUTHERNER
JUN 26 1945THE LIBRARY OF
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#158

Volume 1 May 1939 COPY Number 5

AJAY ON THE MARCH
By William Groveman

AAPA history has been made! What is believed to be our association's first chapter was started on April 8, 1939. Thru the co-operation of Helen A. Vivarttas, the meeting was held at her home at 452 Palisade Avenue, Weehawken, N. J. Beginning at 2:00 and with the following present: Helen A. Vivarttas, Bernice McCarthy, Peter Graegola, Byron David Mack, and William H. Groveman, the meeting began the business of organization by electing Helen A. Vivarttas President and William H. Groveman Secretary-Treasurer. Most of the afternoon was spent looking over Helen's collection of papers and discussing past and present ajay topics. At the suggestion of Mr. Graegola we officially chose Metropolitan Chapter of the AAPA as our name. As most of those attending were in doubt as to when a permanent meeting place could be secured, that detail was left to the two officers to arrange. As this is written, May 5, 1939, I have already contacted the New York Public Library and expect to close the arrangements whereby the chapter would be given the use of a room in a branch library one Saturday a month. At the meeting all attending contributed a dime to help defray expenses of the Secretary-Treasurer. Since then, both Miss Vivarttas and Michael Phelan have sent in contributions. Those attending agreed to secure write-ups on the chapter in their local papers and Miss Vivarttas and Byron Mack agreed to prepare a publicity sheet on the chapter for a future bundle. After a very en-

(continued on page four)

Volume 1

April 1939

Number 1

WHO WILL WIN THE PENNANTS?

THE LIBRARY OF
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SERIALS ACQUISITION

APR 28 1940

The American League

The same old story. The Yankees should easily win the pennant again. Detroit, Boston, and Cleveland might give them a battle for the pennant and they will be fighting for the other positions in the first division. Chicago and Washington will battle for fifth and sixth places, while St. Louis and Philadelphia will fight to keep out of the cellar.

Now for a quick glance at each team in the order that they will probably finish.

1. New York-The Yankees should be stronger and even harder to beat this year. The easiest way for them to lose is for them to beat themselves.
2. Detroit-With Higgins and Croucher fixing up the infield, the Tigers should be the Yankees strongest contender, even if their outfield and pitching staff are weak.
3. Boston-Plenty of power, if Foxx has another good season and rookies Tabor and Williams come through to make up for the loss of Higgins and Chapman. Many of the Red Sox players have already had their best years.
4. Cleveland-Pitching and infield workmances will handicap the Indians in 1939.
5. Chicago-The White Sox have suffered a big loss by Stratton's unfortunate accident, but they should slide into fifth place after a fight with the Senators.
6. Washington-The Senators are not strong enough to finish in the first division unless Cleveland drops out.
7. St. Louis-Good enough hitting and fielding to finish in the first division. If they had any other good pitchers beside Newsome, the Browns might finish in the

(Continued on page four)

JUN 25 1945

SOUTHERNER

COPY

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(Continued on page four)

Salt Lake Sun

No. 1

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

September, 1939

KEMPNER PAID Amateurs Shocked TRIBUTE ON HIS By Sudden Death GOLDEN JUBILEE Of Edward F. Suhre

(Picture on Page 2)

Louis Kempner, President of the N.A.P.A. in 1889 was feted at a reunion dinner at the Hotel Parkside, New York City, Sunday evening, Sept. 3, 1939. George W. Trainer was chairman of the committee in charge and Vincent B. Haggerly acted as toastmaster.

All Groups Represented

William Cogger spoke for the Fossils, Harold Segal for the N.A.P.A., Edward F. Daas for the United and Edgar Allen Martin for the American. Members of all these associations were present and all were called upon to rise and introduce themselves, stating their connection with amateur journalism and the papers they published. Mrs. Edna Hyde McDonald remarked that she had been recruited to amateur journalism thirty years ago by Edward F. Daas but had never met him until that evening.

Friends Share Honors

Michael F. Boechat, Mr. Kempner's opponent at the 1889 Convention at Buffalo, was present and shared honors with his friend. Both spoke of the campaign of 1889, the Kempner administration and their many years of friendship.

Those present were:

Connecticut: Edgar Allen Martin, Manchester.

Massachusetts: Will Bates Grant, Greenwood; Mr. and Mrs. P. C. McLaughlin, Malden.

New Jersey: Vincent B. and Mrs. Felicitas Haggerty, Jersey City; Mrs. Edna C. and Miss Evelyn Stoddart, West Orange; Robert Teleschow, Paterson.

New York City: Louis Kempner, Mrs. Elizabeth Kempner,

Called Beyond



Edward F. Suhre, that grand man of amateur journalism, who died August 28 at his St. Louis home.

Harry M. Konwiser, Mrs. Edna Hyde McDonald, Beecher Ogden, Miss Litta Voelchert.

New York State: John J. Apatom, Elmhurst; Michael F. Boechat, Buffalo; William T. Butler, Brooklyn; Homer M. Green, Middleton; William Groveman, Hempstead; George W. and Mrs. Lucia Trainer, Brooklyn.

Ohio: Robert M. Dunlap, Cincinnati.

Pennsylvania: Harold Segal, Philadelphia.

Virginia: Mrs. Nita Gerner Smith, Arlington.

Washington, D. C.: William Cogger.

Wisconsin: Edward F. Daas, Milwaukee.

END COMES TO EX-PRESIDENT IN ST. LOUIS HOME

Edward F. Suhre, 44th president of the National Amateur Press Association, died suddenly at his home in St. Louis on August 18.

The beloved amateur leader, who had attended 20 annual conventions of the organization he headed in 1910-11, was stricken by a heart attack.

News of his death, broadcast from coast to coast by his close friend, John D. Fursell, came as a severe shock to amateur journalists, some of whom had seen him recently at the Berkeley convention of the N. A. P. A. in July. He had planned to attend the New York gathering on September 3 to mark the golden jubilee of Louis Kempner's election to the National presidency.

Funeral services were held in St. Louis on August 21, with burial in beautiful Valhalla Cemetery west of that city.

Ill After Trip

From California Suhre had returned home via Texas. He seemed fatigued from the long trip and was forced to his bed, seriously ill. The end came at 1:10 o'clock on the morning of Friday, August 18. He was 60 years old.

Suhre lived for many years at 3641 Juniata Avenue, St. Louis, with his mother, who

JUN 28 1945

Salt Lake Sun

No. 1

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The Sports Chronicle

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#162

THE LIBRARY OF
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JUN 28 1935

VOL. 3

"The Sportsman's Review and Guide"

SEPTEMBER 11, 1939

NUMBER I

BY HALSEY HALL

Those two grand publishers, Dave and Jack, suggested something about the Millers and its nice, first of all, to report that here is one baseball club which honestly can go around the American Association circuit with "Millers" on their chest and feel that they are advertising the city.

Honestly, fans, you never saw such a bunch for enjoying the town they're representing and that's something unusual in baseball, too. I've often thought how strange it is that great civic pride can be worked up over a baseball team and yet not one, solitary member of that team lives in the city during the off-season.

Players like Minneapolis so well that quite a few stay here awhile after the season's end, a few spend the winter here and former Millers, who have gone elsewhere, come back to roost until another training season.

Ted Williams, now a Red Sox star, is getting to Minneapolis as quickly as he can when the season ends; Harry Taylor's with Toledo, but he is going in business here. Buzz Arlett, Yip Owens, Jimmy Williams, Wib Smith, Jess Petty are some who never leave for long and even Hub Walker, that solid son of the South, has made inquiries. Walter Tauscher has sold automobiles and insurance in Minneapolis, Harry Rice spent two winters here after being sold to Cincinnati and the same goes to Ad Liska, great submarine twirler of 1928. Whitey Hilcher now pitches on the Coast, but comes back during the winter, usually works for Rothschild's.

The boys are good ads in other ways, too. Let a few of them get together with rival players before or after the game and talk invariably switches to towns, jobs, surroundings, etc., and a Miller will always pop off about how swell it is to play in Minneapolis because "it's a darn pretty place" or "the fans sure treat you swell up there."

There isn't another place in baseball, outside the Yankees, where players would rather go, especially if they're headed downward. Time and again I have had players tell me, "And I told him (the boss) if you're gonna send me out anywhere, send me to Minneapolis."

Men like Lin Storti, Buck Fausett, Harry Smythe and others who have knocked around the minor leagues have thought of quitting baseball when they learned they were to be transferred. But then they heard they were headed for Minneapolis and life was completely rosy. You know Smythe thought he was booked for Indianapolis or Chattanooga and

Con't. on Next Column

SPORTS CHRONICLE PICKS

A. A. ALL STAR TEAM

Firstbase: Sturm (K. C.) We place Sturm because of his defensive ability and his timely hitting. He was chosen over Phil Weintraub because he is more feared in the pinches and is bound to make the big show because of his great defensive of which Weintraub is not blessed with.

Secondbase: Priddy (K. C.) No explanation needed.

Thirdbase: Gil English (St. P.) A veteran who can club any pitcher, anytime and anywhere.

Shortstop: Phil Rizzuto (K. C.) A great defensive shortstop and a brilliant batter. Bound for Yanks.

Utility: Johnny Hill (Mil.) Chosen over Pofhal because of his consistently hard hitting.

Outfielder: Abby Wright (Mpls.) Far ahead of the average outfielder in batting and hitting.

Outfielder: Hubby Walker (Mpls.) Picked solely for his defensive skill along with his ability to hit in a pinch.

(Con't. on Page 4)

CINCINNATI MAY PLAY YANKS IN '39 WORLD SERIES

At the writing of this article it looks like the Cincinnati Reds may face the New York Yankees in the coming World Series.

The Yanks have not much to worry about at present in holding the American League first spot, but it's a different story in that of the Reds and the powerful gas-house gang with a mere 4 games separating the two. With shakey pitching of late by Paul Derringer and 3 straight losses by ace national league pitcher Bucky Walters they have not much to lean against now that Johnny Vander Meer is taking a vacation with old Mr. M. D. However brilliant chucking by newly acquired Johnny Niggeling, as game saver Gene Thompson, is helping keeping the Reds in the spotlight. The cards are right on their heels though and have kept the Reds more than busy. But the Reds will probably end up in the first slot.

The Yanks have a 10 game lead over the Bosox.

he told his wife, down in Augusta, Ga., that he wouldn't stand for it. Then he re-read the papers and saw the Min instead of the In and told the little missus, "Well, say this is all right. This is a GOOD town."

Which is all a brighter spot on the local baseball picture -- even if the Millers don't win the pennant.

JUL 28 1935

The Sports Chronicle

"The Sportsman's Review and Guide"

VOL. 3

OCTOBER 21, 1939

NUMBER 9

The Baseball Year In Review

By Wayne Williams, 116 N.E. 8th, Abilene, Kansas

The 100th year of baseball is over, but the fans are as enthusiastic about the national sport as ever. The past season was a campaign of surprises. The astonishing Cincinnati Reds finally snatched the National League crown away from the equally astonishing St. Louis Cards in a race that was nip and tuck all the way. Aided by timely pitching from the arms of Paul Derringer and Bucky Walters, the Reds proved that pitchers do a lot to help a ball club in this day and age of powerful hitters.

Over in the American League, it was a different story. The New York Yankees jumped into the lead from almost the opening week of play and stayed out in front all the way. Powerful hitters like Bill Dickey, Flash Gordon, Red Rolfe, Frank Crosetti, George Selkirk and Joe DiMaggio made the junior loop's pennant race about as interesting as a four hour performance of MacBeth. . . . I'm sorry, Shakespeare, but a guy's got to think of a simile sometime, doesn't he? But this is an article on baseball, so let's get back to the point. DiMaggio was the outstanding Yank star in addition to winning the American League batting championship. The Ruppert Mound Corps with Captains Ruffing, Hadley, and Pearson in command, were overshadowed by the work of two sensational rookies, Steve Sundra and Atley Donald. Then, too, "Lefty" Gomez was a question from start to finish.

It was a rookie's year, too with Red Williams of the Red Sox winning the runs-batted-in race and hitting his share of home-runs. My choice for No. 2 freshman of the year is Atley Donald.

Bob Feller proved himself to be the fire-baller he really is and old Bob Grove showed that a number of victories was still left in his pitching arm.

All good things have their drawbacks and it was a disappointment to learn that Lou Gehrig was forced to retire from the diamond.

All in all, it was a grand year, topped off by a swell World's Series. We all know how the Yanks won their fourth consecutive World's championship with their potent array of batting talent. And so, until spring comes and the clubs go into pre-season practice, we'll set back and remember the days when there were other teams in organized ball besides the Rupperties!

1939---An Unquestionable Year For Once Mighty Gophers

By Dave Moore

After watching the Minnesota-Arizona game three weeks ago it made us think that those Golden Gophers will goldenize once again, for the score of 62 to 0 is nothing to be sneezed at. But then if you had gone to Lincoln, Nebraska, a different story entirely would flood about in your mind. The Gophers were defeated by a very surprising Nebraska team, 6 to 0.

In that first game, Bierman's boys were absolutely perfect. They had power, were fast, their passes clicked the kicking was beautiful, this was topped off by a wonderful line that stopped the fighting Arizona thrusts time after time. The new Sophomore stars were brilliant. Joe Mernik kicked five extra points and time again kicked balls into the end zone on kickoffs. Joe Hirscher, a young end, made a touchdown and played good defensive ball. Bob Sweiger, a towering fullback, looked good on two touchdown thrusts, as did Bruce Smith. Hal Van Every's passes were a beautiful sight to watch, and Marty Christensen played the type of football that distinguished mid-west football from that type played in the east. Everybody was good, just about perfect.

But back to Nebraska, the Gophers played a game that was a great contrast to that of a week before. Some they "stunk" when the breaks counted. The line wasn't quite so well fortified as it should have been, but it held up. In fact Minnesota played good ball, but the Cornhuskers were so much better. A guy by the name of Harry Hopp skipped all over Pederson and Co. Every time Minnesota got past the opposition's twenty yard line, they were stopped cold by a merciless forward wall. Van Every could not get his passes going. The punts were poor. Marty Christensen was just about the only Gopher who could really pick up any yards, with those line bucks of his. George Franck, while he was in there, played good ball also. The Nebraska touchdown was a reverse that caught the Gophers completely off guard, everyone agrees that it was a deserving victory, but both teams played real football.

Thus, Bernie Bierman's boys are facing an unquestionable year, with Northwestern and Michigan to face, followed by improved Iowa and Wisconsin elevens. 1939 will be no snap for those Golden Gophers.

JUN 28 1945

The Sports Chronicle

"The Sportsman's Review and Guide"

Vol. 3

DECEMBER 21, 1939

Number 3

Minneapolis Enjoys Fine

High School Football Year

A few unexpected surprises turned up this year as Minneapolis enjoyed a very good high school football season. Marshall, under the able tooting of Cappy Jones, occupied a last place position in the minds of pre-season forecasters, but by overcoming many obstacles brought itself up into second place. They had, in Ted Ramlet, an all-city end, who was changed to that position after he had marked himself as a very fine tackle. They had the smallest backfield in the city, which was lead by Ken Flakne and Novis Trickey. Pete Guzy's Edison boys were somewhat a surprise as they romped off with the city title. The Tommies had three all-city men in Capt. Bill Robertson, tackle, George Rosar, a guard, and the great triple threat Tony Jaros. They were tied with West High School, but defeated the Cowboys earlier in the season, 35 to 19. Their only defeat came at the hands of Central, who were trouble makers all season.

West, sparked by Bob Bradford's passing, Dave Thomas' running, and the great defensive end playing of Roy Lilja, also had a wonderful eleven.

Central, Roosevelt, and South did better than expected. Washburn and North had very poor seasons, neither victorious in a single game.

Below is The Sports Chronicle's idea of an all-city team:

L.E.: Roy Lilja, West
L.T.: Bill Robertson, Edison
L.G.: George Rosar, Edison
C.: Arne Johnson, Central
R.G.: Larry Schima, Marshall
R.T.: John Peterson, South
R.E.: Ted Ramlet, Marshall
Q.B.: Himbo Held, South
L.H.: Tony Jaros, Edison
R.H.: Frank Goodwin, Central
F.B.: Bob Bradford, West.

Experts Cast An Eye Here

And There for All-Americans

The fading of November and the beginning of December finds the all-around football expert, snooping here and there to find material with which to introduce a few candidates for All-American honors.

Star backfield men come at a "dime a dozen" this year but nobody can equal the feats of Michigan's Tom Harmon, Paul Christman of Oklahoma, Kay Eakin of Arkansas, Nile Kinnick of Iowa, and of course Tennessee and their George Cafego. Harmon and Eakin are the nations leading ground gainers. Ken Kavanaugh is, in this writers opinion, the greatest end in America. He is closely followed by Eric Sarkkinen of Ohio State and "Bon-Boo" Perdue of Duke.

In general, here is the nation's best in everything:

Ends: Kavanaugh, L. S. U.; Sarkkinen, Ohio State; Perdue, Duke; Prasse, Iowa; Cifers, Tenn.; Krueger, U. S. C.; Bob Curf, Oklahoma.

Tackles: Stella, Army; Coon, N. Car.; Boyd, Texas A & M; Duggan, Oklahoma; Tie-ney, Princeton; Enich, Iowa; Savilla, Michigan; Maag, Ohio State.

Guards: Suffridge, Tenn.; Smith, So. Cal.; Rockenboch, Michigan State; Brewer, Illinois; Worth, Princeton; Hooper, Syracuse; Turner, Holy Cross.

Centers: Harmon, Northwestern; Cox, Alabama; Buck, Colgate; Schmidt, Carnegie Tech; McIntire, Notre Dame.

Backs: Harmon, Michigan; Eakin, Arkansas; Cafego, Tenn.; Kinnick, Iowa; Christman, Okla.; Boell, N.Y.U.; Eshmont, Fordham; Cordill and Lain, Rice; Kimbrough, Texas A & M; Hutchinson, Dartmouth; Butler and Barthblomew, Tenn.; Franck, Minn.; Cassiano, Pitt; Hopp, Nebraska; Condit, Carnegie Tech; Cahill, Holy Cross; Brock, Purdue; Zontini, Notre Dame; McCullough, Cornell; Washington, U. C. L. A.; Matthews, Oklahoma; Lansdell, So. Cal., Scott, Ohio State, and Clement, S.M.U.

X-PN 4827

THE STAR

Santa Rosa, California December , 1939

ST

MERRY CHRISTMAS

ENTERPRISE

**

If it's worth the time, if it's
worth the cost,
If all is gained and nothing lost,
Of all things you do, do well this
one;

For it's worth the doing, and it's
best well done.

---Robert Edson
(A.A.P.A. Hqs. Bureau.)

FLAPJACK

During the spring of '38 I had the good
fortune of capturing some young crows.

The task began with feeding the up-
starts, and each morning found me up
at six, digging for angleworms. The
young were fed by imitating the cry
of an older crow, and then dropping
the worms in the mouths which would
open to the reply.

Three died before the third week,
I made up my mind to do my best to
keep the last one alive.

Through good fortune he survived
and I named him "Flapjack"

His feathers now took on a jet
black hue, and mischief was in his eyes.
His first flight was this way; first
I placed him on a post and peered 20
feet from him calling his name and
motioning him on. He made one leap and
flipped his wings and landed 5 feet
in front of me. He looked at me as much
as to say "How'd I do?"

Perched on my shoulder he would
take long jaunts. He served as a decoy
too. He liked shiny objects and many
needles were missed.

An old apple tree served as a
roosting place for him.

By Ted Payer (A.A.P.A.)

BURBANK TREE TO BE LIGHTED

Luther Burbank is buried under
the giant fir tree. In keeping with
an old tradition this fir tree
will be lighted during the holiday
season. The lighting of this tree
will take place December 14. A
musical festival will be held on
this occasion.

His home and experimental gar-
dens are in Santa Rosa.

* ***** *

Teacher: Aba, are you fond of Al-
gebra?"

Aba: Yes, I'm stuck on every pro-
blem.

"I shall miss you while you are
on your hunting trip," said a wife.
"And I shall pray the other
hunters will too",

**** * ****

**** *

The gloomy and rainy weather
in sunny California is beginning.
Things are beginning to get green
now. That wet water was needed.

Thanks Smith for the fat bun-
dles. Lets see, there was 23
papers in it.

I hope amendment No. 4
passes, it's fair enough.

On to 1940 A.A.P.A.

What we need is a shoe string
that will last as long as the
shop.

The STAR published by Bob
Sondergard. 2510 Redwood Hwy.
South.

HAPPY NEW YEAR

The SCOUTER

PUBLISHED BY TROOP #1, CANTON,
BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

ROBERT KELLE
-EDITOR-

MAY 12th, 1939.

VOLUME-1 NUMBER-4

SCOUT CAMPOREE MAY 26-27 AT BLUE HILLS

200 AT ANNUAL SUPPER.

A large crowd of parents and friends turned out to see the Boy Scout Exhibitions and enjoy a delicious supper.

The entire program was based on life at Camp Child.

The program was as follows:

Incidental Music - Op'ry House Gang
Soupy - Wadsworth Winslow
Welcome-Frank W. Briggs S.M.
Scout Oath - Theron Briggs
Invocation - Rev. J. Lonsdale Dowson.
Supper
Retreat

Scoutercraft exhibits-by various scouts.

Scout Games and Skits-Bruce Phelps
Camp Fire- Indian ceremony with
W. Edward Bryant as chief
Taps.

The main event of the evening (as usual) was the supper. Those on the supper committee should be congratulated on the excellent job they did.

Thanks should be given also to all committees and others helping.

One of the outstanding scout activities will be the Camporee which is to be held at the Blue Hills Reservation on May 26th and May 27th.

The Camporee starts on Friday at 3.30 P.M. and closes with a final inspection at 2.30 P.M. on Saturday.

Every troop will be divided into patrols and the patrol leaders will have charge of each unit. Each troop will be given a section to camp on by the District Commissioner.

The field events will open at 9.30 Saturday Morning and finish at 11.30 on the same morning.

All supplies should be brought with the patrol as no scout will leave the camp site unless it is absolutely necessary.

The points for field activities and the points for patrol camping will be counted separately.

All patrols will want to go on a hike before that date to get practice for the events and camping or else patrol leaders should teach it at every patrol meeting.

THE SOUTHERNER

Volume I

January 1939

Number 2

The Southerner is published monthly by Walter P. Crews, 1122 E. Wood Avenue, Jacksonville, Florida. Member of the American Amateur Press Association. Free to all members (distributed through the monthly mailings). To all others the price is 2¢ a copy or 15¢ a year. Advertising 1¢ a word. Contents of this paper, unless otherwise specified, are by the editor.

THE EDITOR SAYS

APR 29 1944

I am trying to stick to it and publish The Southerner monthly despite the fact that I need a new ink pad for my duplicator. I hope to have it by the February issue, but until I get it I will have only one page in each Southerner. I have definite plans for improving the Southerner and making it one of the better amateur publications, but these will have to wait awhile. I hope you readers will excuse this issue and the first one and will bear with me until I get that new ink pad. Thanks.

I want to repeat below the announcement I made in the first issue concerning contributions.

CONTRIBUTIONS WANTED: For various reasons some A. A. P. A. members do not publish their own journals. I will welcome all contributions from members and other readers and letters of comments or criticism. I especially want poems, short or long!

AMATEUR JOURNALISM: Not much this month as I have not yet received my January bundle of A. A. P. A. amateur papers. Well, the A. A. P. A. election is over. I wonder who won! There can't be much doubt as only one candidate was running for each position and write-ins don't usually receive enough votes to win. We need more competition in our elections.

GOLDEN GATE STAMP

The Post Office Department has announced the details of the new 3-cent stamp which will be issued in San Francisco, Feb. 18, on the opening of the Golden Gate International Exposition. The new stamp will be of the same size as other recent commemoratives, arranged vertically, not horizontally as printed in purple color and issued in sheets of fifty. The central design will picture the 400-foot high Tower of the Sun, the outstanding natural feature on the fair grounds on Treasure Island in San Francisco.

SPORTS COMMENTS

I missed two of my "ocwi" game predictions. I picked T. C. U. and Tennessee to win all eight, but I missed the Rose Bowl and Cotton Bowl games. Now I will make another prediction, this time on a fight. I predict that Joe Lewis will KO John Henry Lewis in their fight on January 25. John Henry is a good boxer, though, and may defeat Joe like Schmelling and in his first encounter with the Brown Bomber. However, I hardly think that this will happen.

The six leading heavyweight boxers, in my opinion, are Joe Louis, Max Baer, Lou Nova, Tony Galento, "Red" Burman, and Tommy Farr. Watch Patrick Knowles Comiskey, the 18-year boxing prodigy. If he is brought up to the big time right, he may turn out to be one of the greatest boxers of all times. Another prediction! I pick Fred Apostili to defeat Billy Conn in their return match. So much for boxing.

Besides boxing, hockey and basketball are holding the spotlight in the sports world. As there is no hockey locally, I can't become very interested in it. Basketball is not very popular here, but its popularity is gaining rapidly.

X-PN 4827 THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS #169

SCARLET RECORD

Vol. 1 Oct. 1940 No. 1

SCOPES

Rumors that Fran (Avilac) Caliva collapsed from overworking on his press are untrue. He is now recuperating from an attack of rheumatic fever.

F. Bersania, Fran Caliva, ex-president, and the editor of this paper
(Cont. on page 4)

X-PN 4827 THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS #171
The Scarlet Cloak

Vol. 1 JAN 1940 No. 1

BOOKS R. L. Smith, Jr.

What's good to read in the literary world today? There is so much trash on the market. So many dime novels, detective stories, wild westerns. Adventure is in the old books as well as these three for a dollar books. Some good books to read are: "The Three Musketeers" and "The Count of Monte Cristo", two untiring novels that keep your every sense alert. The many books by Zane Grey are good clean adventure books to read. They keep the imagination keyed to a high pitch.

The many dog stories by Albert Payson Terhune are fine books to read. Some of these are: "Buff, a Collie", "Lad of Sunnyhank", "Treve", "Wolf", and many others that are too numerous to mention here.

Humor is present in almost all of Mark Twain's books. "Tom Sawyer", "Huck Finn", "A Connecticut Yankee", and many others combine humor with adventure.

X-PN 4827 THE SAN DIEGO AJAYER RECORD #170

Published sporadically in the interest of the A. A. P. A. by G. H. A. W. J. A. J. E., 8836 Utah St., San Diego, California.

NUMBER ONE SPRING 1940

Here's the first edition of that anemic paper called THE SAN DIEGO AJAYER. I'm a newcomer in the publishing game, so don't expect me to do a masterpiece. Although I'm not known to you ajayers, I have been Gabby Gabaree's right hand man for the last two years. My age is 23, in case you all want to know. Yes, and I'm single - just an old bachelor like Gabaree. As for journalistic experience, I've been pen pal editor of Liberty Stamp & Hobby Journal for about three

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The Scarlet Cloak SERIAL RECORD

To begin with, it is not a serial, but whatever is printed in it is not a serial. PRESS AGENT must be either a pack of lies or some illiterate scoundrel from a madhouse's imagination.

I think the best journal the A. A. P. A. has ever produced is AMERICAN DAWN. It's stories, poems, and articles are of highest quality and the journal itself is representative, to say nothing of the fine printing which Uncle Kay does on it.

Who is the up and coming amateur? The best editor? Best printer? Journal? Such

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SERIAL RECORD

#173

The Scientist's Clerk

JUN 28 1945

ADA CHARACTERISTICS

617

LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?

RECHAR PAGE

WOM school seniors - will? be job hunting or higher education after graduation? We're taking especially to our four journalists, who are continuing to publish in their chosen field. We then ask one question: "Little man, what now?"

WITTING is the same as solism-ship. If an author can sell him-elf, he is "witted" BUT... If he doesn't, well... he's lost among the many unemployed.

THIS writing may be done for magazines, newspapers, or syndicates, but CONT ON PAGE THREE

1

X-PN 4827

#174

The SCOPE

Vol. 1 March - 1940 No. 1 LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

SPECIAL PR 28 1944

This issue is being printed special for the exhibit at the East Branch of the Brooklyn Public Library.



U.S. LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

#177

X-PN 4827

THE SCRATCHPAD

Third Issue, Day 10 October, 1940

AIRING AJAX AFFAIRS

We heartily endorse Mike Phelan's opinions as recorded in the August O. O. It is high-time we concentrate more on quality than on quantity, lest we become topheavy and topple over.... Irwin O. Brandt, after a decade of noble service in the "dis-United", was purged by the high command for circulating his Bard in the American bundle and printing a few papers included therein. A critical situation, we'd say.

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SERIAL RECORD

Ray Buckingham's

THE SCRATCHPAD

Second Issue,

JOTTINGS

Preponderance of youth on its rolls is a fine omen of a healthy future for the AAPA--and a plausible alibi for the mediocrity of half the journals.... Ira Swindall's cartoons appear regularly in Graphic Arts Monthly.... We know of one famous United member who was bowled over by a "northwester" for mailing out his mag in a late AAPA bundle.... In-a-word picture of the Reminder--free air.

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SCRIBBLES

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JUN 28 1940

MAY
1940

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Ray Buckingham's

THE SCRATCHPAD

Second Issue,

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#179

THE LIBRARY OF
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SCRIBBLES 1945

Vol 2 January 1940 No. 1

QFT

EVE AT ATHENS

Dusky velveteen of chasmic skies,
Endless tragedy of ruined pillars
Scratching the heavens; the silent cries
Of toppled cornice, splintered idol,
All painted by dead sighs.

Chaos smeared and unsubstantial,
Touched by the soft lush lucent
Of night, infinite and eternal,
Wrought from order into disordered
symmetry,
A beauty more essential.

-George R. Hahn,
725 Amberst St.,
Buffalo, N.Y.

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H180

THE LIBRARY

CONGRESS

SERIAL RECORD

SCRIBBLES

LITTLE BUT BIG

JUN 28 1945

Vol. 2

March 1940

No. 3

GFT

VALOREM

by

Emil Tenyak

Oh why must it be
That a bleak, cold, grue-
some battlefield
Shall be the trying field,
Of the bravery of man.

X-PN 4827

Scarlet Cloak

Vol. 1

August 1940

No. 3

PROPAGANDA
by Francis W. Miller

(Reprinted from "THE CALCULATOR" May 1940)

"Once bitten, twice shy." Most of us at one time or another have heard this saying and have found that it applies verp well to our everyday activities. We feel that only a fool fails to profit by experience.

Yet, we have permitted the long tentacles of propaganda to again reach out, grasping our imaginations and pulling us down the same path to war. Having forgotten the bitter experience of the double-crossing handed out to us in the last war, we find ourselves not only sympathizing with but also aiding and abetting the same old crowd of gangsters.

To some of you this may seem an exaggeration but you refuse to open your eyes. The newspapers, moving pictures and radio are all being used to influence our opinion in favor of the same greedy imperialists who caused the last was and are promoted the current conflict.

X-PN 4827-66

#182

Scarlet Cloak

THE LIVING
ORIGIN
SERIAL RECORD

Vol. 1

August

JUN 25 1946

No. 3

PROPAGANDA

by Francis W. Miller

(Reprinted from "THE CALCULATOR" May 1940)

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A183

JUN 28 1945

The SPORTS GAZETTE

"The Complete Sports Paper"

GIFT

Vol. I

August, 1940

No. 1

Where Merrily Flows The Gowanus

By Bill Grovesman

Brooklyn is probably the last outpost of the old-time fan, and you should see those kids in the bleachers! Ebbets Field is a royal palace, the king is the current Dodger star. Originally called the Superbas, they were later renamed the Dodgers owing to the numerous trolley cars surrounding Ebbets Field that fans had to dodge in order to reach the park. 20 years ago Uncle Robbie was mgr. and Brooklyn was tops, but it began to slide and in the early thirties became a resident of the nether regions of the National League. Here enters Babe Herman, press agents delight. He is the one who got the team named the Daffy Dodgers.

Today a young and serious team has come up to take the place of the once daffy-ness boys. Fans all over the country are flocking to them; this year the Dodgers are the "peepul's cheerce." Plugging from the start with 9 straight wins, Brooklyn seems on its way to a pennant for the first time in 20 years. And the battle cry in Flatbush is "THIS IS NEXT YEAR!"

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#1184

"Salt Sprays from Salt Lake"

JUNE 1940

Published in the interests of Amateur Journalism by the
Utah Amateur Press Club of Salt Lake City, Utah

THE SALT LAKE TICKET

—Vote for It!—

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CONVENTION SEAT

SALT LAKE CITY

The Sentinel

STRICTLY A. A. P. A.

Vol. 1

JULY, 1940

No. 1

THE BREAK

By Earl Floreth

With tires screeching the car careened around the corner and sped onward into the still night. The sound of its roaring exhaust had hardly died away when a huge black sedan came tearing along the macadamized roadway, snaked around the curve, and wizzed into the darkness.

The occupant of the leading car seemed harried as he forced his auto onward, trodding ever heavier on the already depressed accelerator. Prison! Prison! Could he ever escape that hendi-dish place. Already in the short two weeks he had been there he felt he had lost something; some inner spark was gone. The shrieking cries of the convicts! It was driving him mad, but now- now he was leaving it all - forever.

As his car shot onward he glanced at the car's dash and found the gas gauge read almost empty. With a shrieking of brakes he jammed the car off the road onto the drive of a nearby station.

In the big black sedan the two occupants were quiet, seemingly searching the narrow ribbon ahead for a car.

Then they saw the car for which they were looking, parked in a lonely gas station.

—Continued on page 3

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The Scarlet Cockerel

No. 12



July 1940



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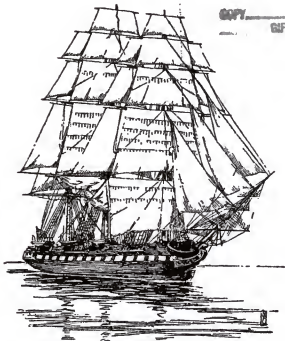
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GIFT



**The 13th
Scarlet Cockerel**

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STAR-GAZING



Second Star: Appearing at Springfield, Ohio.

SPRING, 1940

Alma L. Weixelbaum and Elizabeth L. Jordan
32 Kelly Bldg. 708 First National Bank Bldg.

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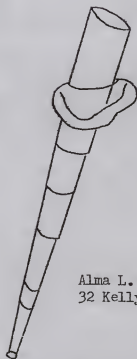
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* ASSOCIATION *

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Editors

Alma L. Weixelbaum & Elizabeth L. Jordan
32 Kelly Bldg. 708 1st Nat'l Bk. Bldg.
Springfield, Ohio

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December, 1940

Alma L. Weixelbaum
Editor

Member National
Amateur Press
Association



THE SPOKANE SCRIBBLER

Volume III, No 1.

SPOKANE, WASH.,

MARCH 1940.

GOODBYE!

By CLARK ROTT

(Entered For Laureateship—Story)

I was trudging to the beach in the blowing rain when I glanced up and saw her standing on the shore and looking out to sea. When I came nearer, I noticed her long hair whipping, her hands jammed into her sweater pockets. The tide was coming in and the waves would sprawl, and occasionally surround her feet, but she made no effort to lift them, or to jump back; she just kept staring out at the clouded sea.

Why it was Helen! I started running toward her. "Helen," But she didn't turn around. I guess she did not hear me.

I came up to her. "Hello, Helen." She never moved. "What's the matter?" I stepped close and touched her arm. "Something I did, Honey?" She didn't yield one bit, and the sand and the sea and the sky, all seemed to change places.

"Gosh, what's wrong? Hon! Why don't you answer? Can't you hear me? Come on back to town with me." I tugged at her sleeve. She wouldn't face me; she gave not the slightest attention. I felt like crying but that wouldn't answer my question.

"Please!" I grasped her arm. She didn't shrug me off, so I held both. Gradually I slipped my arms around

PR 281644 and hugged her close. "Have you forgotten that long ride that we took? We got out by that stream and sat close together under those trees and it got dark? We did not care what anybody thought did we?" I gave her a squeeze and kissed her on the neck.

She turned her head and seemed to look directly at me; yet I saw no expression of recognition. She acted like I didn't count — just as if I wasn't there at all.

I couldn't understand. I could not think. We were so happy last time we parted. She had come down to wave me good-bye on the last boat-trip I was going to make before we were going to be married. Yet when I came back she didn't meet me and now she wouldn't even speak to me. "Darling," I sobbed, "Darling" but not a move, not a sound from her. I felt so very alone. I, too, stood there: blinked out over the ocean.

Out there under the black clouds it was dark. The wind was increasing; the boats would have a rough time of it. Suddenly it dawned on me why Helen had been gazing out over the water, why she hadn't paid any attention to me.

There had been a ship — the ship from which I had waved her "good-bye." There was an explosion — a fire and a hissing with the sea. All hands were drowned, including me.

#192

THE SPOKANE SCRIBBLER

Volume 3, No. 3

Spokane, Wash.

September 1940

CONVENTION DIARY

On the opening day of the convention, due to the arrangements of Suzanne Daugherty, Miss Daugherty, George Platteau & Willette King, were the guests of Mr. Sayre at a round table discussion broadcast over KFPY radio station at the convention city. The discussion concerned the history of the United, its progress, prominent members and highlights of the international convention held at Spokane, Washington. Letters of invitation for the 1941 convention sent from Joseph D. Scholtz, Mayor of Louisville, Kentucky and Keon Johnson, Governor of Kentucky were read. According to Mr. Sayre, The broadcast and copies of the Mayor's and Governor's letters are entered in the KFPY radio log.

Etta S. Johnson, our artistic & versatile member, painstakingly designed and painted, 50 individual place cards for the convention banquet. Each card was in the design of an Indian tepee, with even the poles protruding from the top, and each was a new and startlingly orig-

inal design of the Navon, buffalo, Indian Chief, etc. Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. C. Schriver arranged a most attractive flower display which made the delectable and the bountiful food of the Spokane Hotel unsurpassed.

The Spokane banner was on display. It is a creation of a rich purple and gold satin. The design consists of five stripes representing the five charter members of the Spokane Chapter which stripes are of the purple and gold club colors. The upper-left hand corner contains a friendly bright orange sun, which is symbolic of the "Friendly City"---SPOKANE, Washington. The inscription under the sun is "UAPAA" in small letters of gold felt. "SPOKANE CHAPTER" in larger gold felt letters graces the middle purple stripe. The designing was the work of Willette King and the expert seamstress was Bessie Barnes.

Clark Rott painstakingly arranged a most un-
(See Page 3)

THE SPINNING GLOBE

SUPPLEMENT No. 1. VOLUME No. 1.

Jersey City

October 1940

APR 28 1944

The World of Today: And Tomorrow?

Arthur F. Harrison

Can Great Britain resist the German invasion? How many people will starve to death in Europe this winter? What part will Russia play in the later stages of the war? And where does the United States fit into the picture of international affairs? As the year 1940 draws to a close, these questions and many others are uppermost in the minds of men throughout the world.

It is possible to answer a few of these questions with some degree of accuracy, but it would be a futile procedure, because after we solve any one problem, two more would be created. The net result of all these problems and the manner in which we cope with them, will be written in the future pages of history. We who live in the World of Today will never know whether our particular chapter closed on a pleasing note or ended in a turmoil.

This much we do know. One hundred years from today, the present population of this planet will have ceased to exist. The four hundred million people in China will be quite as dead as the 'Four Hundred' of the Social Register. Hitler and Churchill, victor and vanquished, you who read these words, and I who write them, will have passed into the 'Great Beyond', leaving behind us the faint echo of a lingering note in an unfinished symphony that is being played while the Great Composer is still writing the notes.

A Symphony of Humanity that goes on forever. As it sweeps over the centuries of infinite time, we become aware of some of its component parts. The clash of power against power, the beat of drums and scream of shells: Discordant notes of struggle and strife, with overtones of pleading poverty and strident chords of greed and avarice blending into a great cacaphony, so incessant that at times we cry out for relief.

X-PN 4827



*Without or with offence to friends or foes,
I sketch your world exactly as it goes.*

OCT 28 1944

Lord Byron

VOL. 1 JERSEY CITY OCT. 1940 NO. 3

Full Speed Ahead

Now that the Fall season has come upon us and summer vacations have been left behind, the usual seasonal upswing in a-jay activities becomes more pronounced. The two-by-four office of the Spinning Globe is at present a hive of activity as the Hudco Amateur is being set up here as well as the third issue of the S.G. This necessitates additions to the staff and we are pleased to announce that Roger Williams, a very active member of the H.C.A.P.C. and the club critic has been cajoled into joining us as associate editor. The Editor's 'Better Half' has been conscripted as a part time typist, and we are now ready and equipped to turn out our paper on a regular schedule of four issues a year. (And perhaps a supplement occasionally).

We must admit however that our contact with other members has not been up to expectations. The blame can be placed on our own lack of initiative, because although we have answered all mail within a few days after receiving it, we have not written to anyone who did not write to us first.

During the next few months we plan to add many more names to our list of correspondents. Eventually we hope to get around to you, you, and especially you who are going to beat us to the punch and write first.

The U.A.P.A. of A. has built up an enviable reputation, and one of the reasons for its success can be traced to the lively letter writing between members. It is with this thought in mind that we start off to what may prove to be a memorable year of a-jay activity. The road is clear. LET'S GO! FULL SPEED AHEAD!

The SCRAP BOOK

Vol. 1

JANUARY, 1940

No. 4

Dear FORGET ME NOT Members:

It is with the deepest regret that I must tell you I am forced to give up the club. Failing health has brought me to the place where I can no longer do the work necessary to the successful operation of the club, so with this issue, I am placing the club in the very capable hands of our former secretary, George Wilkinson. I am sure you will all find him a loyal friend and capable club manager. From this date onward, he is the sole owner of the club. Go to him for advice and help, and he will not fail you, I am sure. I shall still do all I can for the club, in any way that I can, but my strength is very limited, and I have been ordered to take a complete rest.

With sincere good wishes for the health and happiness of every one of you.

Forget me not,

—Olive Stainsby Tidwell

Grace D. Lane has called the 103rd Psalm the "FORGET ME NOT" psalm. Remember it? "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits." She wants to know how many forget me nots there are in the psalm, and also how many names Christ is known to have used. Send her your lists, and we will send a little prize for the one who has the most complete list.

Margaret Underhill has Christmas cards for sale, at \$1 a box.

Kenneth Argust has been ill this summer, and has missed his pen pals. He is better now, and working again with his beloved pastels. He made one picture and donated it to his lodge as a Keno prize.

Estelle Knight asks some special attention for her little girl during the holidays. Cards or little gifts would be appreciated. The youngster is not well, and needs cheer. Estelle has a number of fancy work patterns to trade with other members.

Will H. McMains makes some of the most beautiful tatted pillow slip edgings I have ever seen. His prices are most reasonable. He is confined to his wheel chair, but between himself and his loyal wife they are getting along. Let's remember this brave couple, help them in any way we can.

DREAMS

"Just so long as beautiful dreams are conceived within the mind, the soul will dwell aloft in places of heavenly beauty, in the realms of romance and idealistic enchantment. Oh, how wonderful such dreams are, that probably emanate from space beyond, like an invisible ray from the heavens at night. Even the visible rays of

the moon, and the twinkling of little stars, high in the heavens affect us here on earth. If you don't think so, just go out and watch the heavens some night, all alone, and you will surely receive direct rays of inspiration." —Joe Moore.

Mary V. Brown has her extra stamps mounted on sheets for exchange, and any one writing her, and enclosing a 3¢ stamp may receive a sheet of 35 to 40 stamps. They may take off any they want, and replace with their own extras, and return the sheet to her. Here is a good way to fill in those blank spots in your stamp album.

Prof. Wolfram, of Los Angeles was married to Florence M. Curtis since our last issue, and also our beloved Frances Belle Delzell was married to I. L. Mitchell just recently. Happy days to these dear friends of ours in their new life. Let's not forget to send them our good wishes in tangible form.

Edith Barlage wishes to exchange stamps, handkerchiefs and souvenirs, and guarantees a fair exchange with all who write.

FORGET ME NOT.

Forget me not. Amid the round

Of daily duties, we are bound

In all life's variegated lot,

By this sweet tie: Forget me not.

Arthur Rakestraw.

Ann W. Thomas has a lovely hobby. That of flower-raising, and she is especially proud of her Gladiolus. Get acquainted with her, those of you who share her hobby.

Iona Karkmeyer will give a first prize of \$1.00 cash to the person sending her the most Associated stamps. (They may be

The Scrap Book

Official Organ of

The "Forget - Me - Not" Club

March-April, 1940

George O. Wilkinson, President

P. O. Box 25, Carlyle, Ill.

THE LIBRARY OF
DOCUMENT
SERIAL RECORD
APR 28 1944

Carlyle, Illinois

G-R-E-E-T-I-N-G-S!!

After much work, worry and delay I am getting your Scrap Book to you again. Sorry, but the delay has been unavoidable because I have to do all the work myself and I seem very slow. However, as I get things to running smoothly I can do better and get the Scrap Book to you oftener. I sure will try.

Let's see if we can't each one do something to cheer another, I'm sure that we can help each other in many ways. As you know, it is not possible for me to correspond with each of you regularly, but I am always happy to hear from any of you at any time.

Those of you that have handwork you wish to place in the gift shop should write to. . . Lorena Marshall, Blawnox, Penna., tell her what you have and await her reply before sending anything, being sure to enclose a stamp for her convenience. This service is free to our shutin members, but we need your full co-operation in giving us full information about what you wish to send to the gift-shop.

Will those of you that are listed

on the FIRST club-roster please get in touch with me at once? None of you have your B. D. hobby etc., listed you know.

Hereafter the membership fee for shutins and those handicapped to such an extent they cannot earn anything will remain at fifty cents per year. But to those that are employed, or have an income, the dues are one dollar per year.

To each shutin that sends me two new members at one dollar each, I will extend his (or her) membership one year free.

While it is impossible to grant all requests, I am ever ready and willing to do anything I can. I would like to have each of you write and tell me your B. D. hobby circumstances etc. Nothing will be published except that which you request me to print. As soon as possible I will get out new club-lists, and I want to have everyone listed correctly, so won't you please co-operate?

Thank you!

Cordially,

George O. Wilkinson, President
P. O. Box 25 Carlyle, Illinois

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#197

TIME LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIALS ACQUISITION

THE SOUTHERNER

FIRST ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

JUN 28 1945

Vol. 2

March, 1940

COPY

No. 1

Woman

By Richard B. Dunlop

My wife is like a boiling tea kettle -- always letting off steam. In considering such an analogy, however, I find one rather redoubtable fallacy. It is apparent to all true judges of the female sex that men's better halves, unlike the tea kettle, do not need any external heat to warm them up. They are quite hot enough -- especially in their own opinion -- to accomplish the remarkable results of boiling. This can be easily attested too, for who has not observed the tendency of women to boil upon the slightest provocation. We may consider the water, newly poured into the tea kettle as the inception of the boiling process. Unfortunately for man the inception of the process in women usually starts with her marriage. Even more unfortunate is that man must constantly live and associate with his tea kettle. What an infernal time he has getting her on and off the stove and fires of her own internal nature. The water, or the essence of love, which fills the female kettle is very valuable: and sad as it may sound it is wasted promiscuously. Much as a tea kettle boils away its water women boil away in petty, absurd disagreements and feminine foolishness the very substance of her love. Her husband constantly replaces it, until she either calms down with old age, or he gives up in disgust. As a rule a husband does give her all the love he can, and she, being a

true tea kettle boils it; and it steams. Then we men sadly shake our heads and observe, "She is merely spouting at the mouth."

Jacksonville's
Newspapers

Jacksonville's first newspaper was the COURIER, which was established in 1835. It was rapidly succeeded by the EAST FLORIDA ADVOCATE, the TROPICAL PLANT, and the FLORIDA STATESMAN. On December 31, 1864, J. K. Strickney issued the FLORIDA UNION, a four-page war news sheet, which upheld Northern views. It changed hands a year later, became a tri-weekly, attempted to become a daily, and finally it passed in 1873 to Walton Fowle and Company, a printing firm, who turned it over to W. W. Douglas and the Reverend H. B. McCollum. These men switched it from Republican to Democratic, marking the end of the Reconstruction influence. The present FLORIDA TIMES-UNION first appeared on the morning of February 4, 1883. It is the State's oldest surviving daily and still bears its original masthead. Today the TIMES-UNION, with a Sunday circulation of over 90,000, is one of Florida's leading papers. Jacksonville also has an afternoon paper, the JACKSONVILLE JOURNAL, and several small weeklies. --- W. C.

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#193

THE SOUTHERNER

An Amateur Journal

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

JUN 23 1945

Vol. 2

June, 1940

No. 2

Those Terrible Turbulent Thirties

By Robert E. Kunde

The New Year bells proclaimed the departure of 1939 and with it another decade has come to a close. The Nineteen Thirties are now listed in the deceased column along with the Elegant Eighties, the Gay Nineties and the Twitching Twenties.

Those terrible, turbulent, thoughtless thirties are now history! That phrase aptly describes the last decade for all the woes and cares of the world and humanity in general took place during the last ten years. The cause of the death can be ascribed to depression, scare of war, hatred, loss of money, and other serious ailments of long standing.

Let's look at the period and I will prove to you that the thirties were cruel, rude and carried on with little thought or planning. The stock market crashed in 1930 and a grave depression spread over the country in the next ten years. No longer did factories hum, did the workmen whistle or were time clocks punched! Strikes and riots spread havoc throughout this once fair land. The Democrats came into power and a smile crossed the faces of a great many as we saw the return of beer and liquor. There were talks of inflation, the NRA, the gold-standard, and the public nuisances, gangsters, racketeers, and kidnappers. Hitler came into power in Germany and painted all Europe red with human blood. The rise of the New

Deal in our own country was hailed by all peoples as a return to a higher level of prosperity --- but billions are still unemployed. Hitler menaced the Poles. The war came --- Warsaw destroyed, and you know the rest of the sad, sad story. Millions were engaged in war. In the last few years these thoughtless thirties began to think in terms of guns and cannon for playthings. The decade ends with the world and each nation on the verge of something or other.

Those terrible, turbulent, thoughtless, thirties are now bygone memories. And, aren't we glad?

Flame

We keep a statue by the sea,
Which holds a flame above,
The cherished flame of liberty
To which we give our love.

But if we fail to keep it bright
And allow it to burn low,
We shall depend for our light
On its ashen after glow.

-- Richard B. Dunlop

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#199

The Service Bulletin

Keep for reference

OCTOBER, 1940

The National Amateur

PR 281944

SINCE 1878 OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE NATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

VOL. 63.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., SEPTEMBER, 1940

NO. 1

Boys' Herald

The BROOKLYNITE

Vol. XXX.

MONROE, N. J., JUNE, 1940

Number 1

QUALITY
NOT
QUANTITY

The Chatham Chatter

Published Bi-Monthly by The Mill Wood Printing Company at Chatham, Mass.

TIME & TIDE
WAIT
FOR NO MAN

LIBRARY NEWS

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE LIBRARY OF AMATEUR JOURNALISM

The Brooklyn Sun

WE'LL BE
SEEING YOU
Pioneer 14

The New Times

Philadelphia, January 3, 1940

PUBLISHED
JULY 4, 1940
Circulation-200NITA GERNER SMITH
PRESENTS

The Passing Show

Beginning

THE FRIENDLY QUILL



Scarlet Cockerel Interlude

AN OCCASIONAL JOURNAL OF OPINION AND COMMENT

Leisure Hours

NUMBER 27

JANUARY, 1938

The Spectator

Issued as Impulse
To Creative Amateurs Friends

The Tryout

Vol. 19, Haverhill, Mass. April-1939 No. 1



The Bay Stater

Spring New Bedford, Mass. 1940

THE TURNER INQUIRER

Vol. 2 Summer Edition, 1940 No. 1

Summer



The Victorian

Number Eight Great Neck, N. Y. December, 1939

Once More I find myself with a competing stick in hand,
launched over a, and of creating another issue

Volume 6 Spring, 1939 Number 1

O-Wash-Ta-Nong

The Printer's Pet

HAPPY DAZE

A FEW OF THE MANY AMATEUR PAPERS THAT THE MEMBERS GET FREE

THE STAR

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS

VOL. 1 NOV. SERIAL RECORD NO. 1

JUN 28 1945
PROPERTY

O God, in these ~~dark~~ ^{angry} days,
When Goodness, garbed from
the slow growth of years,
Falls again before the savage
horde.
Keep Thou this people strong!
Bind Thou our mouths to aim-
less boast;

(To page 2)

PAGE 1

X-PN 4827

A201

THE SEATTLE PADDER

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, OCTOBER, 1941

PR 28 1941

THIS ISSUE IS NOT EXPECTED TO
RECEIVE THE APPROVAL OF THE CRITICS.
IT IS VERY CRUDELY DONE, FOR THIS IS
THE FIRST TIME THAT I HAVE FUSSED
WITH TYPE. IN THE MATTER OF PUT-
TING OUT A PAPER. I ALWAYS HAVE
WISHED TO DO THE COMPLETE JOB MY-
SELF, AND THIS IS THE RESULT.

217 327

#202

THE
Story Paper Collector

Printed and issued occasionally by Wm. H. Gander, P. O. Box 60,
Transcona, Manitoba, Canada.

THE LIBRARY OF
UNIVERSITY OF
WISCONSIN
APR 28 1944

No. 2.

APRIL-JUNE, 1941

Vol. 1

The "Magnet" Library

This poetical appreciation from a youthful supporter of the popular "Magnet" Library appeared in No. 249 of that paper, dated November 16th, 1912. Such enthusiasm among the readers accounts for the very long runs enjoyed by both the "Magnet" and "Gem" Libraries.

You ask me why I never find
The labour of the day tires;
Because, good friend, my youthful mind
Is with the chums as Greyfriars.
I love St. Jim's, so full of glee,
I revel in Tom Merry;
But all the same I'd rather be
With Wharton and Bob Cherry.

I've great regard for Johnny Bull,
Mark Linley and Frank Nugent,
They take me back to my old school—
Frank Richards, you're a true gent!—
Oh, that your Greyfriars really
really was!
Then Harrow School and Eton
Would bow their lordly heads,
because
By Greyfriars they'd be beaten.

For me, each single working day
Is fraught with one or two fights;
Not physically, I may say,
Like those of the Removites,
But battles which I often fear
Are awkward to contend with;
I then recall the words of cheer
Frank Richards' stories end with.

Dear Editor, if you but knew
The thoughts of each supporter,
And how your book thrills through and through
The globe in every quarter!
'Tis read by many a boy and man
On train-rides, trips and tramways;
And I'll support it all I can
As sure as my name's Samways!

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4204

The Statistician

Vol. 1

April, 1941.

No. 2

APR 28 1944

Dear Friends:

This is the second issue of THE STATISTICIAN and as stated in the first issue, this publication is here to STAY.

Needless to say, the first several issues will be a losing proposition rather than a paying one with us but as we grow and receive more ads the publication will, in time, pay.

Right now, we are making a special offer on display advertising. See our limited offer on the back page of this issue.

This magazine is YOUR magazine and we will give you dollar for dollar value on all advertising you place with us.

Yours very truly,

G. J. LINTON & COMPANY

By:



MANAGER.

The SPOKANE SCRIBBLER

Vol. IV, No. I

SPOKANE, WASH.,

MARCH 1941

Ben Franklin

Patron Saint of Amateur Journalism

Honors are still being bestowed upon those men of greatness who left an indelible mark upon the pages of man's historical life.

The title of Patron Saint of Amateur Journalism has been justly conferred upon Benjamin Franklin. This means that he is our pattern by which we follow our literary endeavors. He is protector and guardian of the art of amateur journalism.

His whole life was a true example of his worthiness of this title. At an early age, he founded the first amateur writer's club - the Junto Club meaning a self-appointed council of wise men who discussed politics and philosophy, and which also promoted their literary abilities. The first library was also established by Benjamin Franklin, in Philadelphia; and in Philadelphia, today, there stands the great Franklin Memorial Library, in which all Amateur papers are filed.

To me, amateur journalism takes on new meaning - deeper and more profound. May we all uphold and respect the high ideals of Amateur Journalism as originally designed by our Patron Saint, Benj. Franklin.

—SUZANNE DAUGHERTY

SELF WRITTEN EPITAPH

"The body of Benjamin Franklin, Printer, (like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out, and stripped of its lettering and gilding)

is here, food for worms Yet the work itself shall not be lost, for it will (as he believes) appear once more in a new and more beautiful edition, corrected and amended by The Author."

EDITORIAL

Fame Is the Spur

By LAWRENCE E. ESTES

The other day I was browsing about in a book store, and I noticed in particular a certain title of a book that started me to thinking. The book was called 'Fame Is The Spur' Now I don't know what was inside the covers of that volume, but I do know that fame is a spur. It is a force that causes one to work to the end wherein he can build a better mousetrap, pen a better line or tell a better story than his contemporaries.

Life would not be worth living if there were no compensations along the way. Whether you are rich or poor; sick or healthy, there is some thing for you to do while you are sojourning upon this earth. He who finds his place in life and loves what he is doing, can be nothing less than a success, be his work menial, or of high estate. Kings are no happier than peasants, and oft times live in dread of losing their crown. And he who is spurred on to new endeavors must have some-

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THE LIBRARY OF

SPokane

LIBRARY

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The SPOKANE SCRIBBLER

Vol. IV, No. 2

Spokane, Washington

JUNE 1941

"ON TO LOUISVILLE" let it be the cry
 Of each and every amateur, this July
 Whether it be in person or in spirit,
 Don't let our master minds forget it.
 If it be impossible for you to be there
 Send messages by wire, letter or by air.
 San Francisco, 1942

Writers' Conference

By BESSIE BARNES

Poets and writers took over the city for a day this spring at The Inland Empire Writers' Conference in Spokane.

A "Poets' Breakfast," at eight o'clock began the eventful day. At this meeting, awards were given in a local poetry contest, the first prize being a gold cup. The winning manuscripts were read aloud, which was appreciated by those of us who were anxious to know the theme and style chosen by the winners.

After the breakfast, there was the "Poets' Parade," which was a short walk to the Civic Building, where we had the pleasure of hearing a panel discussion by five successful writers. The varied opinions of the speakers, as well as those in the audience, added real zest to this program.

Several points brought out in this session seemed to me to be good advice to amateurs. "Write of your

own locale; do not imitate either style nor language of those already famous;" "Be a strong poet, not a sentimental versifier." "Poetry is ageless; it has as much appeal today as it ever did, if you write the human kind that people can understand."

Christie Lund Coles, who has sold nine poems to Good Housekeeping Magazine, gave pointers on marketing verse. She estimated that there were about 780 poems bought by about 156 publications in the United States each month. She advised us to study the markets we wish to sell to. She said a poem has not achieved its purpose till it has had an audience.

The highlight of the day was James Hilton's speech at the noon luncheon. Mr. Hilton is a charming, unassuming, and entertaining speaker who lived in England until six years ago. He told of his life in England, and the circumstances under which he had written "Good-bye, Mr. Chips," "Lost Horizon," and "Random Harvest."

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VOL. IV, No. 2

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Several points brought out in this session seemed to me to be good advice to amateurs. "Write of your

own locale; do not imitate either style nor language of those already famous;" "Be a strong poet, not a sentimental versifier." "Poetry is ageless; it has as much appeal today as it ever did, if you write the human kind that people can understand."

Christie Lund Coles, who has sold nine poems to Good Housekeeping Magazine, gave pointers on marketing verse. She estimated that there were about 780 poems bought by about 156 publications in the United States each month. She advised us to study the markets we wish to sell to. She said a poem has not achieved its purpose till it has had an audience.

The highlight of the day was James Hilton's speech at the noon luncheon. Mr. Hilton is a charming, unassuming, and entertaining speaker who lived in England until six years ago. He told of his life in England, and the circumstances under which he had written "Good-bye, Mr. Chips," "Lost Horizon," and "Random Harvest."

The SPOKANE SCRIBBLER

Vol. IV, No. 2

Spokane, Washington

SEPT. 1941

APR 28 1944

To Your Health

The most important thing in the world to you is yourself. Because you are the most important, you should consider your health as the next thing in importance, and take the best of care of yourself, so that your self can take care of you.

Commercially speaking, the chemicals that compose your physical body have the market value of about ninety-eight cents. And yet one says, he is priceless. Wherein lies the value? The uncomputable value lies in the construction and combination of these chemicals in their exacting way so as to permit physical, mental and spiritual life to perform through them.

To become aware of your own value is the first step in maintaining your health. Respect your body; take the utmost care of it, study it, understand its main functions and construction. In other words, get acquainted with your self.

We shall consider these main points in future articles. Now, I wish to repeat a former publication:

Health is your greatest asset. Regard it as such. The best rules for health are those that your own body dictates. They are the simplest most natural rules of life.

Your body demands plenty of fresh air, and sunshine and sleep; moderate exercise, sufficient water,

and natural live foods; a satisfying business position; a balanced social life, and an inspiring religion.

This combination is its own guarantee for your physical, mental and spiritual health.

Look -- to your health!

— SUZANNE DAUGHERTY

Driving Up The Sound

Driving up the Sound on a care-free
honeymoon,

Is a little jaunt to Eden by the sea
this afternoon,

Where the cowbells tinkle gently,
and the meadows open wide

To let in the rain and sunshine and
the salt air of the tide,

And horizons soar to grandeur in
the glaciers blue and white,

Where the misty cloud veils whirl-
ing drape them partly from our
sight.

Within a narrow channel pass are
eddies now and then

Where tides and whirlpools wait to
catch unwary boats and men.

Now the night is deepening and
spreads her counterpane

On sleepy sea and islands, on moun-
tain top and plain.

We are happy by the beach fire
when the moon is on the sea,

And all the shining ripples dance
their way to you and me.

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#210

The SPOKANE SCRIBBLER

VOLS. 4 & 5 Nos. 4 & 1

DEC. 1941, & MAR. '42

Spokane,



Washington

PRINTER: C. F. COPELAND.

HOLDREGE NEBR.

Editorial

The Constitution: Guarantee of Liberty of the Individual

FOR LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIALS SECTION
APR 28 1944

Have you, a citizen of the United States, ever lessened the speed of your personal activities to consider the nature of the source of your protected freedom? What have you done in return for its guarantee of your personal liberty?

We have all read and heard that great document, which never fails to arouse a feeling of loyalty and a glowing spirit of patriotism within us as we realize that you and I are included in its famous words:

"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union; establish justice; insure domestic tranquility; provide for the common defense; promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, we do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

Now when we consider that it was the people as a whole who drew up the Constitution, and not as separate states drawing up the Articles of Confederation, we may realize that in this way the nation took

its first step toward a more perfect union. This great feat was accomplished because the ideas set forth were in accordance with the interests of the people and thus bound them together with links of common interests and like aims.

Our government has prospered by meeting and overcoming its many perplexing problems. Thus the United States of today is an example of the most perfect union in the world. In striving and attaining that name, its accomplishments have been for the welfare of the people, so that it now meets the various needs of the people to the highest degree. It protects the individual's property rights, and their personal rights by means of the laws, made by themselves. He reaps the benefits of all public improvements. He enjoys the rights of freedom named in the Bill of Rights. And last, but of equal importance, let me remind you that he takes a free part in the government in as far as he may vote for his president, and help to choose governors and officials.

Think of the hosts of men who have freely and willingly devoted

SECTION LEADER



"We Lead Others Follows"



Vol. 1.

MARCH 1941

No 1.

LEXICONED EGG-LAYING

BY RALPH BRANDT

● Along the arboreal corridors of the pultry habitations we sauntered. Through the mesh we made cognizance of the external deportment of the feathered bipeds as they carped at sporadic particles of nutriment.

From the floor bedecked with herbage devoid of moisture, a female barnyard fowl winged into a niche appropriated for depositing the produce of the species.

My companion scrutinized the phenomenon with perplexed curiosity. The observandum sojourned in a pacific posture. Its sustained immobility was prolonged over a considerable duration of minutes.

In a dilatory manner it heaved its hinder anatomy to an elevated position. Amid accelerated contraction and expansions of the area beneath the protruding termination of the vertebral column, An object of chalky spectrum ominously emerged.

My friend gaped half in astonishment, half in horror. The object advanced unhaltingly from the bowels of the winged animal. As it reflected from

Page 3

HIT AND MISC

By Keith R. Mower



● You may have a suit (a non-union suit,) one which you may wear on Sundays, so as to keep your social position up, and your bank roll down. Maybe you've got a blue one, or maybe its' red, (I don't know much about styles,) but anyway you have maybe perhaps got one. A nice one or maybe or a "stinko" in some outlandish color it maybe, hot but you've got one anyway—we know! We had some too. Gradillas had a nice funeral parlor gray, and I a "hashed up" green that looked like a new lawn with tire tracks in it, reduced several diameters for the fitting of the pattern to the cloth. Yes, we had some too poor innocent, defenseless, dear, little trousers pants, and vests, (Desmond's \$25.00,) but comes that uneventful day (no dates), and also comes Ernest R. "I'd like to take them with me" Araiza—suits, coats, lingerie, and dog blankets cleaned and pressed 49c—who under a sly blanket of cheerfulness and with unusual persistence convinced us that our respective close-filler-moth feeders be entrusted to his care, for what he claimed would be a thorough de-dusting and a few placements.

Page 3

★ LOS ANGELES IN 1942 ★

THE SPINNING GLOBE

Special

Edition

NO LARGER IN
SIZE THAN
THEY WERE
APR 28 1944
RECEIVED



The United Victory Ticket

The list of nominees for 'United' office (printed on page four) has been selected after months of correspondence and conferences between many individuals and groups of UAPAA. members.

Most of the names suggested were those of the same loyal and active ones presented here. It was necessary only to decide on what office they could best fill. We are proud to present them for your consideration in voting for officers in July 1941. May we suggest to vote early, or better—VOTE AS SOON AS YOU RECEIVE YOUR BALLOT.



*Without or with offence to friends or foes,
I sketch your world exactly as it goes.*

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
APR 28 1944

Lord Byron

VOL 2 NO. 1

JERSEY CITY

FEBRUARY 1941

One Man's Opinion

John S Lynch

The desire to know the truth is one of the strongest driving forces in' erent in human nature. Even those who make lies peculiar to their own tongues search diligently to discover facts in the words of others. We may not tell the truth ourselves but we want to know the truth from others. This may be neither just nor logical but it is a part of man's makeup.

Today, trying to unravel the true from the false in the world of affairs as brought to us by the newspapers and the radio is a task requiring more than intelligence. One needs the divining power of a mystic to be able to get at the facts hidden in the welter of conflicting reports.

The American press is free from governmental censorship that plagues foreign news, but it has in modern times become surrounded with certain circumstances that interfere with honest and accurate reporting. Not the least of these forces is the press-agent, that outgrowth of high pressure salesmanship applied to newspapers and radio. It's a lowly man, corporation or society nowadays that does not have it's own press-agent -- whose duty it is to present a favorable picture of his employer to the world, even if it is necessary to obscure or confuse the truth to do so. Whoever first said "a man is only as good as his press-agent" turned a neat simile.

The consequent skepticism of a public jaded by ever fancier and subtler publicity stunts has led to a general let-down of faith in the newspapers. Somewhere along the way, the power of the press has had it's Samsonian locks shorn.

If there is any moral to be drawn from the foregoing it is that those of us who reflect the newspapers and radio in our opinions ought to take a less dogmatic stand. We ought to remain calm when talking about things on which we cannot possibly have precise information. Discussion and debate add intellectual spice to life, but it might help us keep cooler under the collar if we remember that one man's gospel may be another man's press release.

THE SPINNING GLOBE

*Without or with offence to friends or foes
I sketch your world exactly as it goes.*

JOHN BYRON

VOL. 2 NO. 2

JEFSEY CITY

JULY 1941

Nuts To Editorial Policy

The Spinning Globe has always held to the opinion that everyone—both his beliefs!—has the right to speak his mind on any subject whatsoever. We still retain that opinion with but one condition; that whatever is said in conviction must have at least an essence of common sense.

As Amateur Press devotees we are interested in complete, unedited (in the sense of fact twisting) freedom of expression. And in seeing the bald, flagrant manner in which "Editorial Policy" decides the printing and interpretation of news in the Daily "Docile" press, our belief in free expression is greatly strengthened.

As a little brother to that mastodon, professional journalism, the Spinning Globe states emphatically its aversion—as witness the succinct quotation italicised beneath our masthead—to such a policy of partiality regardless of the patriotic, moral, esthetic or business reasons behind it. In other words we believe that "Editorial Policy" is nothing more than a euphemistic way of saying, "We'll print what we're told to print".

And in these days when men are forced to veil and stultify their words and ideas for the sake of explosive "patriots" and "true" Americans who see in everything outside of the Star Spangled Banner an element subversive, such a stand is worthy of all the honor freedom of thought can lay upon it.

We are attempting in this issue to open our pages to members of the H.C.A.P.C. in which they may say what they please, the way they wish to say it. And it is hoped the effort will meet with the undivided approval of our Amateur Press compatriots throughout the country.

R. Williams

X-PN 4827

#215

THE SPINNING GLOBE

*Without or with offence to friends or foes
I sketch your world exactly as it goes.*

Byron

Vol. 2 No. 3

Jersey City.

October 1941

TEA KETTLE TUNES

Tarry awhile

For a cup of tea

Boiling hot water

Is ready you see

A spoonful of tea

In a little pot

And in five minutes

Its ready and hot

A cup of tea

Cheers a weary soul

A cup of tea

And a buttered roll

Fit for a king

Are these simple things

And contentment reigns

As the tea kettle sings

Charlotte F. Dakin-White.

AS LIBRARY OF
SOUTHERN
WEST VIRGINIA

APR 28 1944



X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

SCRIBBLES

AN AMATEUR JOURNAL OF OPINION AND COMMENT

JUN 28 1945 4216

Volume 3

August 1941

Number 3

Printed by hand at 427 Saint Marks
Avenue, Westfield, New Jersey.
Ted Conover is the editor.

Member-

American Amateur Press Association
National Amateur Press Association

●THINGS AMATEUR

The growing fear of destruction from within deems it, we believe, time for the American Amateur Press Assn. to stop its mad rush to disintegration for a moment and do a little sensible thinking.

The general attitude of isolation is not, and cannot, be the ideal state for the perpetual life of the hobby, or for the cultivation of literary talents. When active members concern themselves with attack and counter attack upon brother organizations, rather than with the development of new recruits in their ranks, what can we expect of the future?

When a member of another association joins the American why must he immediately be dubbed a "fifth columnist"? This is as logical as to insist that all Germans are spies. If a person is capable of being active in two associations, well then, more power to him.

The fear that all "two association" members are only interested in drawing little Willie amateur into their dungeons must be dismissed as folly. Instead of protecting little Willie why not develop him so he can protect himself?

●THINGS INTERNATIONAL

The most difficult problem facing the American citizen in his interpretation of world events is to form an unbiased opinion of the groups, their aims, ideals, and justifications. Flooded with propaganda, originating both from abroad and within our nation, it is little wonder that he is gaining a polluted

view concerning the conflict.

At the risk of being branded a Nazi and a "fifth columnist", we should like to suggest that Britain is not completely innocent and that she is not only the knight in armor defending God and democracy. The past performances of Britain in India, South Africa, and Ireland lead us to wonder if she is not simply defending the greatest imperialistic empire ever accumulated.

This thought seems to indicate that America, by helping England, is simply aiding in the holding of an empire. If we continue to help Britain and are thus able to defeat Germany, will we have a say in the peace settlements?

Every indication seems to point towards another colossal blunder similar to Versailles, in which the desire for revenge overran sanity. Winston Churchill's utterances indicate him to be far from the ideal person to create a lasting peace.

●MISCELLANY

And now comes word that Boss Roosevelt has moved United States troops to Iceland. With gross disregard for public opinion, our president is forcing us into a war which in no way concerns us.

Although SCRIBBLES has joined the National Amateur Press Association it has no ideas of abandoning the American. This journal will continue to be circulated through the mailing bureau of the American and a few copies will be mailed privately to members of the other groups.



The SEATTLE AMATEUR

Member of The United Amateur Press Association of America

VOLUME 39

MARCH 1941

NUMBER 1

Record-Breaking Convention Planned By Louisville Members

—By Ed Reed, General Convention Chairman
2415 Dumesnil St., Louisville Ky.

PR 29 1944

THIS IS A SPECIAL MESSAGE to the Seattle members of the United Amateur Press Association. It is an urgent plea from the Louisville members for each of you to pay us a visit July 4, 5 and 6. We personally solicit your attendance at the 45th annual convention of the United, which will be held at the Brown Hotel, Louisville, on the above-mentioned dates.

As yet, the convention committee has not definitely decided on guest speakers. Several nationally-prominent editorial, educational and business men are under consideration, and a decision will be made shortly.

It is planned to have James Tandy Ellis, well-known Kentucky humorist and author, scheduled as luncheon toastmaster. We hope to have Paul Sullivan, well-known G. B. S. radio news commentator, from Louisville, serve as banquet toastmaster.

Each member of the Louisville Amateur Press Club has been given a specific branch of work in connec-

tion with preparations for the convention. Reports are turned in to the convention chairman weekly, and progress recorded. We can assure you that the Louisville members are working in close co-operation with the convention committee and are very much interested in making this 45th convention the most outstanding one on record.

In selecting the Brown Hotel as headquarters, it is believed the best local hotel was chosen. It is centrally located in Louisville, close to shopping and amusement centers, as well as transportation depots. It is well known with convention men and women from coast to coast, and the rates are most reasonable.

In order to balance the business sessions with entertainment, several interesting items are scheduled. An evening is planned for the entire delegation at Louisville's beautiful outdoor Iroquois Amphitheatre, with a first-class musical comedy or operetta furnishing the entertainment. An informal "mint-julep" get-together is being arranged between business sessions.

The SEATTLE AMATEUR

MEMBER OF THE
UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

VOLUME 40

FALL

NUMBER 1

Editorial Publish That Paper Now

RECEIVED
APR 28 1944
UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

The fruit of Amateur Journalism is our journals.

Last year a splendid record was reached of over one hundred papers by our members. This year, it will be a considerable effort to maintain this record.

It is the duty of each of our officers to issue a paper during the administrative year, and so far, they have done well. Secretary Erford and Directors Barnes, Gwin and Harrison have issued journals. Chief of Publishing Remignanti and Chief of Publicity Smoot have both issued nice papers.

Our main effort is to assist our general membership to publish papers. Some of the older members may know all the ropes, but to the bulk of our membership, getting out a paper seems a terrific job.

HOW TO DEBUNK THIS ERRONEOUS IDEA!

First, write Gene Remignanti, 1325, 86th St., No. Bergen, N.J.,

our genial Publishing Chief, for detailed information on how to tackle the problem. Write C.F. Copeland, of Holdrege, Nebraska, and Irwin Brandt, of Greenville, Ohio, for printing rates. They will be reasonable.

The main idea is to make the start: Your articles may not be perfect, but it is foolish to wait for perfection. It never comes for many.

You will love the glow that comes with being the creator of your own journal. You will enjoy receiving letters from all over the United States and many foreign countries, commending you on your efforts. Your name and address are then known to all the amateur writers in writerdom. One new publisher tells me he got over thirty letters and cards from his first paper, and he has made many fine friendships.

No longer will you think of being on lists of names, for you will know that being on any list is

The SEATTLE AMATEUR

MEMBER OF THE
UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

WINTER 1941-42

VOLUME 40 No. 2

CLUBWAY 51

APR 28 1944

The Tale of Two Clubs

APR 28 1944

In his last message, Ed Reed states that he will investigate The Seattle Amateur Press Club. We thought we might help Reed in the arduous task he has voluntarily assumed, for the purpose of promoting peace and harmony within the ranks of the United.

The SAPC was founded in 1903 by a few literary-minded young men one of whom was Roy Erford, then a student at the University of Washington. The Club has been active continuously since that time; and it now is the oldest amateur press club in existence. Through the efforts of this Club, hundreds of fine writers have come into the United. A number of the Club's members have distinguished themselves as official editors, secretaries and presidents of the United. Throughout the Club's existence, its members have done yeoman service in recruiting for the United. Not hot air, but lots of hard work, for the cause is, and always has been, the contribution of the SAPC.

More papers have been published by members of the Seattle Club than by the members of any other club; THE SEATTLE AMATEUR since 1903. THE AMARANTH since 1907: THE CENTURY, ZENITH,

IRISH LUCK, THE UNITED COOPERATIVE, PIONEER, KLA HOW YAH, THE COAST COOPERATIVE, ORACLE, WESTERN RESERVE, WESTERN AMATEUR, SEATTLE PADDER, SEATTLE PADDLER, NEW ERA, HUSTLER and many others. The Club members are serious students of literature, and not dance-hounds or theatre-going addicts.

Seattle members have been most generous throughout the years in their contributions to the United's mailing and official organ funds. During the first World War and the recurring depressions, Seattle members have made many sacrifices to keep the United alive. Some have gone without overcoats and without meals to save a few dollars for the funds. The SAPC never has wavered in its loyalty to the United. Its members always have refused to belong to any organization competing with the United. They have fought and kept at bay all the NAPA bosses who sought to ruin the United. Perhaps this explains why Reed does not approve of or enjoy Seattle activity.

Now let us consider briefly the Amateur Printers Club of New York

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#220

THE SPAN

RECEIVED
SERIALS
APR 28 1944

Verse and Prose

Volume 1 • Number 2

JUNE - 1941 - JULY

THE SEQUEL

Vol. 1., No. 1

August, 1941

Edited by MARION BLODGETT
93 Mercer St., New York City

APR 29 1946

THE SEQUEL is a follow-up or sequel to VALEDICTORY and THE FINALE. VALEDICTORY told the story behind the suspension of HODGE PODGE and the LITERARY RECORD, and retailed some of the performances of the lamentable Andersen of Jersey City and other glory printers of the NAPA. So many letters came in to the Editor telling of others who had suffered at the hands of the clique-ridden NAPA, that the Editor was impelled to get out the magazine called THE FINALE for the purpose of publishing some of these letters. THE FINALE brought in a veritable barrage of letters . . . each one a human interest story, each one an indictment against the unfair practices of the NAPA. Probably, some of you have wondered from time to time, what happened to various writers, editors and papers of merit. You'd receive one or two papers in that mailing "bundle". You'd remark that this or that writer showed great promise, that the editor seemed capable and the paper was interesting, well-printed, well-balanced. Then you'd see no more of that paper, hear no more of that editor and, search as you may, you'd find no more samples of that author's work in any of the papers that did get into the mailing "bundle". If you took the trouble to write to any of the officers of the NAPA, inquiring about these matters, they'd simply give you the "silent cure" and that would end the matter. But here are the answers to some of your questions. And here's hoping that we have more letters and more answers for you at a later date.

The Editor

THE SEQUEL

Vol. 1., No. 2

September, 1941

Edited by MARION BLODGETT

NEW LIBRARY 93 Mercer St., New York City

APR 29 1944

In Vol. 1, No. 1, of *THE SEQUEL*, I said "I am fully prepared for the barrage of 'amateur' sarcasm with which they (the NAPA's) handle matters like my comments. It is time somebody took these mud-slingers and back-biters to task and I am well-qualified to become the self-appointed avenger of all innocent amateurs who have suffered at their hands."

Well it looks as if they are starting a mud-slinging campaign against me, now. Of course, I knew that the minute I championed the cause of Margaret Nickerson Martin and other persons whom they were persecuting, I was letting myself in for a dose of their back-biting attentions.

But I am well able to deal with these hard cases. Someone suggested that there must be some decency among the members and that the recent unfair attacks upon Mrs. Martin, would be resented by some members and that she would find other champions within the ranks of the NAPA. It is, of course, their job to clean their own house. There is decency among the members, especially among the women members who resent the treatment accorded to Mrs. Martin. But the decent members are quite powerless to do anything about the situation. For one thing, no one would print their material defending Mrs. Martin or any one else who is being persecuted. And for another, they would draw upon themselves the unwelcome attention of the back-biting coterie. Also, many of the decent members are at this writing upon the verge of quitting the Association in disgust. No, there is no hope of reform from within the association, at present. Publicity is the best cure, and *they are going to get plenty of publicity.*

THE SEQUEL

Vol. 1., Nos. 3 and 4

October and November

 Edited by MARION BLODEGTT
 93 Mercer St., New York City

THE SEQUEL No. 1 brought a few protests from NAPA's and many letters of congratulations from former NAPA's and others who are interested in seeing the truth come out at last. The most important letter from a NAPA is that from Louis Kempner, the grand old man of the Fossils, who is well known to all of you. We give Mr. Kempner's letter ~~here in full~~, together with our reply to same.

APR 28 1944

 New York City
 October 1st, 1941

My Dear Marion Blodgett,

I have received and read with interest Vol. 1., No. 1 of your unique publication—THE SEQUEL. The letters you print and your replies to them, are something new in amateur journalism. I sum it all up by declaring, emphatically, "That there is nothing wrong with the NAPA".

Most of us declare that there is something wrong with the individuals and office-holders in the NAPA., but so far as the NAPA is concerned, there is nothing wrong.

A president or an official editor of the NAPA may be a derelict in his duties and may be the cause of a set-back in the affairs of the NAPA, but then the time comes when all is well again and the good old NAPA goes on and lives again. This year, it has reached its 65th year. It is safe to say it will continue to live for all time. No one can kill it. I joined it in the year 1881 and in that year I attended my first annual convention. It was the greatest event of my life. I made it my first and only hobby and believe it or not, on my next birthday, I will be 80 years old.

The friendships formed among the NAPA's are well worthwhile. Take, for example, your friendship with Margaret Nickerson Martin. It is one of the most beautiful events in the history of the NAPA. Where would that friendship be today if you had not formed it in the good old NAPA? Stop

condemning the NAPA, because some of the members deserve condemnation. Would you condemn the Statue of Liberty because time and the elements cause it to rust and corrode? Notwithstanding the rust and corrosion, it is still the greatest statue ever erected.

I hardly think that anyone who knows me, would class me with the tribe of mollycoddles, in proof of which I send you under separate cover, a copy of the January, 1934, UNION LANCE. It consists of 48 pages and shows the weapons I use to fight those who wish to put on the gloves with me.

You may believe me when I tell you that I have no axe to grind for Ed. Hadley Smith, but I will declare that Hadley will not bar an amateur paper, issued by you or Margaret Nickerson Martin, from his collection in Franklin Institute. On the contrary, just try and prevent Hadley from getting these publications and you will be surprised to learn the ways and means Hadley employs to get a copy. Your publications must become part of the Smith Collection. This collection must be complete, and no one knows better than E. Hadley Smith how to make it complete.

In conclusion, I advise you to stop condemning the NAPA. There is nothing wrong with the NAPA. Put on the gloves with those individuals with whom you disagree and then consider the NAPA all right and well worthwhile but dont try to form a so-called Literary Society . . . it cant succeed.

With best regards,

LOUIS KEMPNER

THE SEQUEL

COPY

COPY

Vol. 1., No. 4

December, 1941

New York City

There is an old saying which some of my readers have heard that it is a woman's privilege to change her mind, so no one should be surprised because I have changed mine.

I read the explanations of Mr. Spink and Miss Weixelbaum in their amateur papers PARENTHETICALLY SPEAKING and RUSTY'S COMET. They opened my mind to their point of view and I realized that I had done the National Amateur Press Association an injustice.

Well the Christmas spirit of "Peace and Good Will" has made me feel that I ought to make amends for what was printed in my papers, so I am offering my apologies just as publicly as their names were used to Burton Crane, George Trainer, Hyman Bradofsky, Ralph Babcock, Margaret Nickerson Martin, A. M. Adams, Hadley Smith, Harold Segal, Vincent Haggerty, Edna Hyde McDonald, Bernice McCarthy, William Groveman, Helen Vivarttas, Sheldon Wesson, Matilda Schabruker, and Bill Haywood.

I realize now that my quarrel with George Anderson was a private matter and that the NAPA had nothing to do with my affair with him. I just lost my head over his indifference and neglect, but it's not the first time that a man has made a woman act crazy.

But in these awful war days we must stand together against our foes, so as General Grant remarked once "Let us have peace" among the amateurs. I am cutting down this number to two pages so as to rush out this CHRISTMAS RECONCILIATION.

THE SEQUEL

Vol. 1. No. 5.

DECEMBER, 1941

 Edited by MARION BLODGETT
 600 Mercer St., New York City
 "7144-87227"

APR 28 1944

A FRAUD HAS BEEN COMMITTED!

The NAPA nit-wits, outsmarting themselves, got together and committed a fraud — by printing and circulating a fake December "Sequel". In this fake "Sequel," which imitated, to some extent, the format of the genuine, I was supposed to apologize for telling the truth about the NAPA's.

On the reverse side of this broadside were fake letters, supposed to have been written by celebrities — a most astonishing collection of nit-wit "literature" imaginable. The whole performance was frightfully childish and shows to what extent these NAPA's will go. These are the very antics of which I have been complaining in my series of magazines.

NAPA HYPOCRACY

It is quite evident that these people do not believe in free speech. Not only do they interfere with the publishing of papers by editors who are sincere, they actually resort to printing up fake papers . . . this is their idea of free speech.

And what hypocrites they are! They would not lift a finger to help a brother member, but they will all band together to injure one. They are all expert belittlers and name-callers. Should one of the members gain a little notice, either in or out of the association, ten or twelve members immediately arise to pull him down to the general level. But to get back to the letters in the fake "Sequel" . . .

Not only were these letters silly, they were actually vicious. They tried to make it seem as if, now that I had made up with NAPA's, I was turning against the United and was making trouble for Dr. Noel. Of course, most of the old-timers recognized at once that this "Sequel" was a fake and just about what these people were trying to do. This is not the first fraud which the NAPA nit-wits have com-

mitted. It is common knowledge that whenever they are cornered they turn and fight like the rats they are and generally get out some kind of forged and thoroughly rotten paper. In the past, they have been guilty of other fakes and frauds, some of these now famous and part of the history of Amateur Journalism.

But a great many of the NAPA members and even some of the United members mistook this December fake for the genuine article and wrote me letters detailing their various reactions. It is odd how easily fooled some of them were; and how hypocritical were the letters of some of the NAPA's. Of course, I know that I got under the skin of many NAPA's and they banded together to get back at me. Like most people who live in a dream world, they hate truths, especially unpleasant truths. It seems, that many of them belong to one of those vague religions built around "Will-Power". So they and their friends all got together to force me to do as they willed. They all "think" in unison at one time. They willed that I should apologize to the NAPA. But the combined power of all their intellects was too feeble to reach me. Since "Will-

6-1027

#226

The Steam Roller

FIRST HISS

Wason introduced Josephine to me, what a dame! The only way you can get around her is by using a wrench. Sure will miss her now that Wason has decided to handle tougher machinery.

I betcha Joe Gudonis knows it is much more simpler to print black on white, than white on black. Number fifteen made a hit in The Pamphleter's shop.

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SCRIBBLES

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CONGRESS
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THE U.S. CONGRESSIONAL SERIAL RECORD

#228

JUN 28 1945

Vol. 1 October 1942

Edited, published and printed for
members of the AAPA only by:

F. C. "LUD" STEELE
1717 Myrtle Street
SIOUX CITY, IOWA

REMEMBER PERMITS

LYING

X-PN 4827

#229

THE SPANNING GAME

Without or with offence to friends or foes
I sketch your world exactly as it goes.

29 1944

Byron

Vol.2 No. 4. Jersey City. December 1941

We Want Peace, But - - -

Cards and letters are still coming in commenting on the poem "SOLLOQUY", which was published in the July issue. Unfortunately many readers are under the impression that I am an out and out pacifist, and frankly I must admit that the poem would tend to confirm this idea. This supposition is however not quite true insofar as it reflects on my attitude toward the present world-wide conflict.

The poem intended to convey the writer's feelings in respect to the underlying causes of all war since the beginning of recorded history. True, in this respect the present war can be traced to those same lusts for power and greed that I wrote of in "SOLLOQUY". Nevertheless, protestation against the causes of war cannot stop this

Continued on back page

SCRIBBLES

"LITTLE BUT BIG"

Vol. 4  September, 1942  No. 3

What of the Future?—

In our mad efforts to win the war quickly and thoroughly we should not overlook the fact that we will eventually be faced with the problem of creating a peace that will enable ALL men to live together in a world of equality.

We cannot fail, as our fathers failed twenty-five years ago. We must forget all hates created by victory mad propagandists.

It has been admitted that if the United States had joined the League of Nations and if that body was enabled to use the power that Wilson proposed to invest in it we might have been able to avoid many conflicts.

If the members of the peace council which will follow the present conflict do not realize that the world will remain at peace only if every nation forgets its greedy nationalisms and vigorously cooperates toward an international governing body we will not have a world in which peace is insured.

(over)

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#231
THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945
SCRIBBLES

"LITTLE BUT BIG" — GIFT

Vol. 4 ~~XXXXXX~~ October, 1942 ~~XXXXXX~~ No. 4

Announcement of Aspirations—

The aspirant to a position on the 1943 official board of the American Amateur Press Association must consider several unusually significant factors. Primary, of course, is the question of the candidates position in regards to the prospects of entering the armed forces. The amateur who is not certain that he will be able to finish his term of office would do well to forgo his aspirations for an office until after the conflict.

Then, too, the amateur should consider his qualifications emphasizing several points. An amateur who will not be able to secure enough spare time to handle his official duties promptly and thoroughly should not apply for candidacy. It is almost imperative that the officers of the association be active publishers for they are the ones who guide and assist the remainder of the membership, new and old.

Lastly, an amateur should thoroughly understand

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SERIAL RECORD

#232

JUN 28 1945

**Siamese
Standpipe**

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

Number 1

April, 1942

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

#1237

Siamese Standpipe

JUL 21 1945

NUMBER THREE

COPY AUGUST 30, 1942

GMT

Hempstead Holocaust

August 22

Dear Diary:

Ten amateur journalists signed the register in the historian's scrapbook for the first day of the Hempstead AAPA sectional convention. The first person to show up was Paul Jackson. Bill Haywood and Matilda Schabruker came in on the 11:46 a. m. Sundry comments were passed by Haywood on the "Long Island full stops" and why driving licenses should not be granted to persons under eighteen years of age. Walter Strombach arrived on the 12:16 and the gang rushed up to the Garden City station to nab him. No accidents occurred.

President Haywood tendered official greetings and Gabby Garabee, who arrived after lunch, delivered a 4-hour spiel. Pictures were snapped throughout the day and the amateurs could never be reasonably safe from Strombach's prying candid camera. Norm Levine came in about five o'clock.

Elizabeth Nelson, new AAPA member and Williard Smith's coeditor, came in the morning and left when the fun was beginning. She was back, however, for the picnic supper which was held on the Smith lawn.

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#234

THE LIBRARY OF
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SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

**Siamese
Standpipe**

COPY
— COPY

Autumn, 1942
Number Two

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#235

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

COPY

GIFT

Siamese Standpipe



WINTER, 1942
NUMBER FOUR

The X-482S Star

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIALS ACQUISITION

VOL. 1

JUNE, 1942

JUN 28 1945

NO. 3

WRITING THE MURDER STORY

Or the Good Old Formula

By Geo. H. Kay

Maybe you won't believe it, but a murder story is the simplest thing in the world to write.

First you must have the victim. Just any old victim won't do at all. He must be old, and wealthy no end. As for the dastardly deed, it must be committed in the library. No good, first-class murder ever takes place anywhere else in standard stories.

Who committed the deed? Well, you must have no less than six different individuals who called on him in his room during the evening before the murder. One of these must be his ward. Don't overlook the ward: she must be young, beautiful, and desperately in love with some man the aged victim hated. Thus the young ward has a strong motive: she wanted to get her guardian out of the way so she could marry the man she loved. Her lover is also a grade A suspect; he called upon the old gent that fateful evening and was heard exchanging loud and heated words. Don't forget this, it is very important in making your reader believe this man is the guilty one. Of course, he won't be.

Another very important character is the wayward son --oh, this isn't so important, maybe he is a grandson, ne-

(Con't. on page 3)

ONE

4827

The

Star



THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS

SERIALS ACQUISITION

JUN 20 1942

#237

COPY

GIFT

VOL. 1

SEPTEMBER, 1942

NO. 4

Sand And Sea

At times I think my hopes must be
Like sand upon a shifting beach.
I know the sea must feel like me;
The sand is always out of reach.
In days of calm the hungry waves
Come washing on the pebbled shore,
But even as the water laves
Upon the beach, the wind once more
Arises from the peaceful day
And moves the dunes of restless sand.
Perhaps by fate, perhaps in play
It heaps it higher on the land;
And as the sand escapes the sea,
My hopes are ever cheating me.

By Richard Dunlop

ONE

Siamese Standpipe inside and outside

Dere Mable . .

(Excerpts from *Pvt. Editor's Communiques*)

November 1942

14th. . So the corporal comes striding into the tent at 5:45, screeching: "Fighting men of Upton, ARISE!" And then to a couple of birds, like me, who completely ignored him, he asks: "You guys are still alive, aintcha?"

I'll be here for a few days until they can find size 13 shoes for me. I was relieved of afternoon fatigue duty to get my pants, believe it or not, cut down. But I put them on, and the corporal squints at me, and then sez:

"Brother, in the Army, that's a poifect fit."

This whole business is just like an airplane assembly line. . . it was one line after another, from building to building, following the sergeant. At each building something happens that makes you more a soldier and less a civilian. Shots in the arm, uniforms, lectures, tests.

Aaah, woolen underwear—for physical warmth, mental distress, and itchy feelings in the damndest places!

17th. . After four days of searching, I found a bird who plays backgammon. *Bien*. We made a date to play every evening at 7. *Bien*. Next morning he is on the Shipment Line.

20th. . The radio in the recreation room here has been playing love songs for half an hour, and the bird opposite me just asked: "How do you write mush to a girl?" What, I howled, how long do you know her? "A year," he says, "and I could do much better if she

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#239

Siamese Standpipe

NUMBER 5

OCTOBER 21, 1942

E X T R A

REVEAL EDITORIAL BOARD TO HORRIFIED PUBLIC

Story on Pages 2 and 3

LATEST BULLETIN

7,500,000 Men Under Arms in 1943--Wesson Still Dilly-Dallying

FOREST HILLS, N. Y., Oct. 21 (PU).—It's still a toss-up whether Wesson winds up in the Army or the Navy. While the Government plans to have 7,500,000 men under arms by 1943, Mr. Editor still dallies, and his address for the duration and six months won't be decided until the week of November 2.

At the moment the Army has the edge, since it offers better opportunities for advancement to the young

To Page Four, Please

The Spectator

*Issued on Impulse
To Circulate Amongst Friends*

PR 28194

ALICE

THE SPECTATOR was watching the falling rain. His composing-stick was held idly and the Caslon types lay untouched in the case. Alice was reading the final issue of *The Stylus*, recently off the press.

'I don't see how you could do it,' she said. 'It must have been a task to set all those pages and print them on the little press.'

'It was,' declared THE SPECTATOR, 'and I'll never do it again.'

'I like the poems a lot. They are all so beautiful. And the papers, too. There is so much to be remembered!'

THE SPECTATOR agreed. So much to be remembered! There were the names of contributors to the old issues. Charles Lamb's verse came insistently to him,—

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

First, let me do penance for the insertion of that wretched apostrophe in the word *its* on the opposite side of this page.

FOOD For THOUGHT

Patron: "Take this coffee back, and bring me tea."

Waiter: "It is tea, sir."

Patron: "Then take it back, and bring coffee."

Customer in bookstore: "Have Lamb's Tales?"

Clerk: "This ain't no meat-shop."

#241

X-PN 4827

The Sciolist

Published Sporadically By
The Pagan Press

H. E. Fuller, Loxley, Alabama, Editor

Vol. 1 1942 No. 1

Upon acquiring printing equipment, I set out to publish a brochure of fifth-rate verse, as the theme of my novitiate. An inquiry as to the best method of procedure, particularly the binding, brought suggestions that I join the N.A.P.A., which I did forthwith.

The edition is now complete, but it has not been widely mailed to members because it was not so intended, as I knew nothing

The SPOKANE SCRIBBLER

VOL. 5 No. 2

JUNE 1942

Spokane, . Washington

PRINTER: C. F. COPELAND, HOLDREGE, NEBR.

Parts of a Speech, Given Before A Hundred Curriculum Students at University of Idaho

MARCH 29, 1942, BY SUZANNE DAUGHERTY

In my position as Literary Director of the Spokane Chapter of the United Amateur Press Association, I have had the opportunity to observe the results of different methods of study. The most satisfactory one is the outline which I shall present to you. This plan has grown out of the common interests and desires of the Spokane club. Each member has been instrumental in planning this outline which has been accepted, and is now being used by the Spokane group.

OUTLINE of STUDY

I

Literature.

1. The Short Story.

a. Fundamental Working Principles (mechanics):

b. Read essays on the subject by great authors:

- c. Read famous short stories;
- d. Lives of authors;
- e. Group discussion.
- f. Suggestions for stories.
- g. Further references.
- h. Write short story.
- i. Criticism of group.

(Study outline to be applied to each type of literature.)

2. The Prose Tale.
3. Ballad.
4. Metrical Ballad.
5. Episodes from famous novels.

6. The Romance.
7. The Epic.
8. The Drama.
9. The Fable.
10. Parables, proverbs.
11. Legends, Myths.
12. The Essay.
13. Lyric Poetry.
14. The Son.
15. The Sonnet.
16. The Ode.
17. The Elegy.
18. The Letter.
19. The Diary.
20. The Biography.
21. History.
22. Oratory and Debate.
23. Character Sketch.
24. Journalism.
25. News Items.
26. Editorials.

II

Authors

The SPOKANE SCRIBBLER

Vol. 5 No. 3

SPOKANE, WASH.

SEPT. 1942

PRINTER: C. F. COPELAND, HOLDREGE, NEBR.

Controlling Destructive Emotions

IT HAS BEEN PROVED that over indulgence in certain emotions has a very devastating effect upon physical or mental health. No body apparatus can work well under the influence of fear, worry, anger or jealousy, for these are destructive emotions.

Fear is one of the first emotions we experience. Even tiny babies have an instinctive fear of falling or loud noises. Therefore courage, as an antidote of fear, is something to be cultivated for it is a constructive force that gives us confidence in meeting difficulties.

Akin to fear is worry. Worry paralyzes the will and destroys our assurance, and is man's greatest sin against the mind and body. The control of worry requires an analysis of the circumstances causing the worry and a recognition of the fact that it is useless. The worrier must understand that if it were possible for him to worry a thousand years about something, the facts would still remain as they are. The very energy spent in worrying could be used to better advantage in trying to forestall the catastrophe which the worrier feels is impending. Nobody ever worried himself to success nor out of a difficulty. Courage carries him to real poise and achievement.

Fear and worry are not the only emotions which can do us deadly harm. Jealousy and anger are also "killing" emotions. Anger destroys appetite, checks digestion, unsettles nerves for days or weeks. Jealousy, can upset the system, and even unbalance the mind. Add to these, self-pity, over-indulgence in grief etc. All these, besides being harmful to mental health, can actually affect the secretions and excretions of the body, the pumping of the heart, the creation of nutritive tissues, and other physical functioning. By proper training and self discipline, destructive emotions can be practically eliminated from our lives, a change can be effected in personality, and a mental equilibrium established which will result in more normal functioning of the body. Where once we lived in the darkness of fear and gloom, we will emerge into the daylight of cheerfulness and hope. By cultivating joy and courage, we will increase our self-respect and share the benefits of the large brotherhood of those who seek the pleasure and welfare of others before their own.

All this requires conscious cultivation of good emotions. We must replace brooding memories with happy ones. We must face intelli-

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The SPOKANE SCRIBBLER

VOL. 5 No. 4

SPOKANE, WASH.

DEC. 1942

PRINTER: C. F. COPELAND,

HOLDREGE, NEBR.

Star of Hope

BY NEVA LAMBERT

DEC 29 1944

"You advise me not to tell Jennie about Paul, because of her condition, but I don't feel just right, keeping things from her. You see we have always talked over everything together." Jim Young's gnarled hands twisted his battered old hat, and his faded blue eyes looked into the sympathetic ones of his old friend, the doctor.

The word had come last month about Paul, very brief, very cruel, "missed in action." It was enough. Jim did not need to read more. He had read such a message after Pearl Harbor, only the name had been James. It didn't seem fair, that his and Jennie's boys had both been taken.

Jim drove back to the farm, wondering how he would be able to tell Jennie. When Jimmie had been taken, she had almost died, and now that she was getting better, he would have to tell her about Paul. Why, she had sent off Paul's Christmas box long ago, so that he would be sure to get it. It was the first time the boys had ever been away from home.

It would have been a lonesome Christmas, under any condition, with the boys away, but now — it was too much to ask.

Jim sent up a wordless prayer to give him strength in this terrible trial. When he got home, Jennie was trimming the tree with the toys and baubles she had put on the tree since the boys had been little.

As he entered the room, she held in her hand a very soiled and much worn 'Santa Claus.' "You remember, Jim, how Jimmie used to kiss this old Santa? He kissed it so much that it was just about worn out, yet he insisted that it be put on the tree each year. And this Star, — Paul always wanted to put it on the top of the tree himself, and how many times he almost fell doing it."

The tears fell softly from her eyes and dropped gently on the worn toys. Jim's heart contracted. How could he tell her about Paul? She looked so white and thin, and her work-worn hands trembled as she placed the toys on the tree.

Someone was knocking. A neighbor bro't in a yellow envelope, — Jim tore open the cablegram. The letters danced up and down as he tried to read, but soon cleared:

"Dear Mom and Dad: Feeling fine; wish I could be home, Christmas. Put toys on tree for me. — Paul."

The date — the date was three days after the one on the report.

THE SPINNING GLOBE

APR 28 1944

Without or with offense to friends or foes
I sketch your world exactly as it goes.
Byron.

Vol. 3. No. 1 Jersey City, N.J. Mar. 1942

CLEAR THE DECKS & KEEP 'EM CLEAR!!!

It is strange that practically nothing is vitally important until it happens to you. We were literally wide-eyed with surprise and horror that the perfidious Japanese could have the colossal nerve to bombard Pearl Harbor at a time when peace negotiations were still in progress.

And yet how many times in the past seven years have we not seen nations attacked without the slightest previous notice of a state of hostilities? How long did it take the little peoples of Europe to understand that a fervent hope for peace backed up by strictest neutrality was no armor against the steam-roller of relentless force that is on the march today? How long did it take the Allies even once they had started fighting, to face the absolute gravity of their situation? How many of us until a few short months ago felt that the state of the world was none of our business, and that if we were "cautious" we would not become "involved"?

And now we are "involved"; and are wide-awake. But how long will we remain on the alert through the days and months of comparative inactivity?

(cont. on page 2)

THE SPINNING GLOBE

ESTABLISHED BY
JOS. J. JOSEPH
JAN. 1942

APR 28 1944

Vol. 3 No. 2 Jersey City, N. J. June '42

NO PRIORITIES ON PENCILS!

Now is the time for all good members to woo the best of hobbies, Amateur Journalism. With gas rationing and crowded transportation facilities, hie thee to the nearest park bench for nature's inspiration, or the back porch for comfort's sake, and dash off that long postponed epic.

Or perhaps you've been hoarding unanswered letters. Busy yourself and once again anticipate the postman's knock on your door.

What became of that sparkling bit of humor you cooked up while you tossed and turned in the early morning hours?

If you haven't the wampum to print, have printed, or mimeographed a journal, gladden the hearts of our manuscript managers by sending them your articles.

Why be a recluse? Resign your silent partnership and rejoin A.J.'s active ranks.

E.M.G.



THE SPINNING GLOBE

Without or with offence to
friends or foes,
I sketch your world exactly
as it goes.
Lord Byron.

VOL. 3 No. 3. Jersey City

Oct. 1942.

FROM THE EDITOR'S DEN.

The lady who signs her articles E.M.G. holds the position of assistant editor of the Spinning Globe, and in her official capacity she has informed me that I have a duty to perform. To wit, the front page must be decorated by a super-colossal article from my pen.

Well today being Sunday, I do not feel in the mood to write an epic. Even if I had the ability, the inclination would be lacking for I believe that Sunday should be a day devoted to the art of being lazy. I bow to no man in my ability to indulge in this art; altho there is no truth in the story that I once lost a five dollar prize- because I was too lazy to collect it.

So I would advise all of you to start on page two and allow me to sink back in my arm-chair for another couple of hours snoozing.

If it be your good fortune to find anything of interest in the rest of this paper, please do not bother to write and tell me so. My wife has to open my mail, and my daughter has to answer it. I wear myself out pleading with her to answer that last letter you sent to me.

MAY I GO BACK TO SLEEP NOW ?

A.F.H.

BUY BONDS AND STAMPS TODAY.

W 4 4827

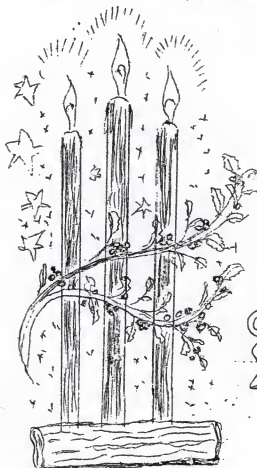
#248



Vol. 3. NO.4 Jersey City. N.J. Dec. 1942

IN LIBRARY OF
SCHOOL

7 29 1944



THE
Season's
Greetings

SOCK

an
EYE OPENER

For Saints, Sinners and Screwballs....Feud for Thought?!*
First Strike November 1942 First Round

UNITED AMATEURS PRESS ASSN.
WRATH DESCENDS ON ED REED;
But look out for the heel!

APR 23 1944

The Five
Little Porkers?!

* * *

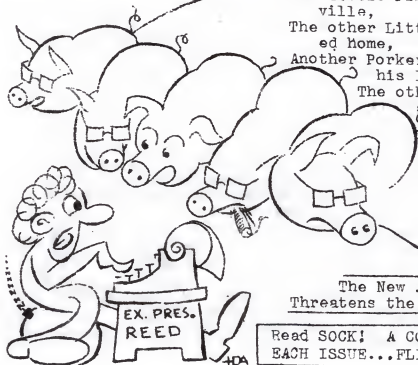
One Little Pig went to Louieville,

The other Little Piggie stayed home,

Another Porker just flapped his little ears,

The other just puffed and said nothing,

But one little Southern Porker
Cried--Oink !!!
Oinkle Roy subsidize me!



The New Alumni Assn.
Threatens the U.A.P.A. Itself?

Read SOCK! A COMPLETE FEUD IN
EACH ISSUE...FLINT vs The DEAN

X-PN 4827

#250

SLAP



STICK

A Slap could be a Pat on the Back

Or There, where you Sit on a Tack

LASH Number One

FIRST SLAP

With Mallets Aforethought

AS one of the founders of the UAPA, I received an invitation from former President DeMarco of the Jersey City Group to attend the Celebration of a "Greenfield Day." If possible to contribute something to the memory of the young boy, who is honored as the founder of that organization.

In attending I brought the First Convention Photos, my own Laureate Certificates, formative literature, and many pertinent and interesting Souvenirs for display before the meeting.

The gathering was in all respects a fine and large affair of interesting people. I was surprised that it was composed of men and women, intellectually an acquisition anywhere. The UAPA during my own activity from its inception to 1901 was composed of boys and very few girls.

During a brief talk with President Ed Reed who was the honorary guest, I voiced my regret that the United had neglected the valuable asset of its traditions, by failure to honor its Past Presidents and Official Editors. And had failed to provide the background of an Alumni Association, where Old Timers, like the Fossils in the National would form an imperishable bulwark.

I was agreeably surprised during President Reed's speech, after he had been accorded the Freedom of Jersey City by the representative of Mayor Hague, that he alluded to this conversation and considered some of my suggestions for these omissions worthy of official action.

Considerable time after the foregoing event

I was apprised that my visit had occasioned a scathing comment from a certain Dr. Knoel of Seattle; who it seems is at odds with the amateurs of Jersey City and Louisville and used my presence to color his pent up spleen in that peculiar manner. I sent this individual a courteous letter, requesting a copy of this denunciation, enclosing a 3c. stamp to defray its postage. As I never received an answer, I presume the stamp was kept, because it was an old Commemorate and of special value to a Philatelist. A stamp collector's ethics for a cheap theft of that kind is: "That such a contemptible person, would not hesitate to steal his little sister's lollypop, or sic his dog on a sick cat."

As this cheap one-sided diatribe mimographed sheet of Doctor Knoel, [which I finally obtained from another source] is only the stooge vaporings, that his task master, Roy Erford wrote for him, or dictated, who in *Amaranth* repeats exactly the same thing, we reprint to increase that paper's small, exclusive circulation, the choice literary morsel dedicated to us:

CHARLEY PUTS IT OVER

In September, the Jersey City group held its Greenfield Day celebration with the United's president as the guest of honor and Charley Heins as the featured speaker. Heins was the president of the first mess of rebels the United had to contend with. The movement did not last long, but apparently his conduct impressed the NAPA very favorably for in due course, he was made president of that organization.



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The

SLAP

A Slap could be a Pat on the Back

LASH Number One


 #252
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JUN 28 1945

STICK

Or There, where you put a Stick

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In attending I brought the First Convention Photos, my own Laureate Certificates, formative literature, and many pertinent and interesting Souvenirs for display before the meeting.

The gathering was in all respects a fine and large affair of interesting people. I was surprised that it was composed of men and women, intellectually an acquisition anywhere. The UAPA during my own activity from its inception to 1901 was composed of boys and very few girls.

During a brief talk with President Ed Reed who was the honorary guest, I voiced my regret that the United had neglected the valuable asset of its traditions, by failure to honor its Past Presidents and Official Editors. And had failed to provide the background of an Alumni Association, where Old Timers, like the Fossils in the National would form an imperishable bulwark.

I was agreeably surprised during President Reed's speech, after he had been accorded the Freedom of Jersey City by the representative of Mayor Hague, that he alluded to this conversation and considered some of my suggestions for these omissions worthy of official action.

Considerable time after the foregoing event

I was apprised that my visit had occasioned a scathing comment from a certain Dr. Knoel of Seattle; who it seems is at odds with the amateurs of Jersey City and Louisville and used my presence to color his pent up spleen in that peculiar manner. I sent this individual a courteous letter, requesting a copy of this denunciation, enclosing a 3c. stamp to defray its postage. As I never received an answer, I presume the stamp was kept, because it was an old Commemorate and of special value to a Philatelist. A stamp collector's ethics for a cheap theft of that kind is: "That such a contemptible person, would not hesitate to steal his little sister's lollypop, or sic his dog on a sick cat."

As this cheap one-sided diatribe mimeographed sheet of Doctor Knoel, [which I finally obtained from another source] is only the stooge vaporings, that his task master, Roy Erford wrote for him, or dictated, who in *Amaranth* repeats exactly the same thing, we reprint to increase that paper's small, exclusive circulation, the choicest literary morsel dedicated to us:

CHARLEY PUTS IT OVER

In September, the Jersey City group held its Greenfield Day Convention with the United's president as the guest of honor and Charley Heins as the guest of honor. Heins was the president of the United. Heins rebels the United had to consider the movement did not last to the end of the world. His conduct impressed the group. Heins was for in due course, he was elected president of that organization.

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#253

The SLAP STICK



A Slap could be a Pat on the Back

Or There, where you Sit on a Tack

LASH Number One

SECOND SLAP

PADDLED PADS



TRICK of fate brought us in contact with some present day United members. In the long years of our absence of once boyish activity in that Association, no one had ever taken the trouble to revive the former interest. The reason being that the United never has featured an alliance with its past members. Once these dropped out they were entirely forgotten by incoming administrations. In consequence no United Convention is able to play up the past or their past officials or their achievements. No oldtime members ever dwell on the past glories of the United. The short sighted policy is to simply forget the whole past and have no pride in its achievements or members who in many cases have risen to prominence. All the old members—Presidents, Official Editors, etc.,—are forgotten and never looked up for local affairs, or attendance at Conventions or banquets. This gives the United, no background, no concrete history, for the new member to enthuse about or feel that they are attached to something of more than transient importance. The sad penalty for all this, like a two edged sword, is that present day active amateurs will in turn be engulfed into obscurity. No matter what sacrifices they may make; or the faith they keep, oblivion looms as an ultimate end. No wonder that petty disagreements,

factionalism and boss rule, could many times split the Association. It is easy to break away from transit membership or misrule, when there is no other sentiment involved. When the anchor that posterity gives to tradition and history are not at stake. Or the allegiance to the Association has not entwined its roots with the past, and therefore owes it nothing.

There is something radically wrong, when after forty years one finds that all the things that make an Association great are lacking in the United. That a quarter's century of misrule are contributory to that fact. That in one far flung city, almost out of the confines of the U. S. A. a pint size Journalist like Erford sits like a black spider to spin the destiny of an Association almost from his inception to membership. To create by intrigue the duplex office of Secretary-Treasurer wherein by just going through the motions, those who believe it can't be done, are beautifully fooled. That greed for office could so stunt a man like Erford, who seems to be enjoying himself the most when he indulges the Association and himself in self deception. To hold an apparently minor office, wherewith his puppet can come to office as he pulls the strings. As there is no activity requirement, his political machine can easily roll up any size vote necessary, merely by dues being paid as a close election may demand. A

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JUN 28 1945

#254



PADDLED PADS

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LASH Number One

WEIGHTY WHACKS

IT is still some time away from the United San Francisco Convention. Yet there appear abundant signs on the political horizon, how this affair like many of its predecessors held in the West is going to be manipulated. We will ignore completely the suave paragraph voiced in the *Oracle*, a tiny single page sheet of soothing syrup decoction, wherein the great Knoel predicts: "That it is already known that some Amateurs, if their candidates are not elected are again going to Split the Association." But will turn our attention to one of the abundant signs that will stand no contradiction. Should that be even attempted.

The membership as given in the *United Amateur*, September 1941, lists 167 names. Since the Secretary-Treasurer furnished this list it is presumed to be correct. The Winter edition 1941-2 adds 41 names in an official upswing of newly proposed members, while the recently obtained, March 1942 *United Amateur* add an additional 42 New Members. Here then are 350 names. Despite the fact that all the three Official Organs specifically state: "That membership is limited to 300. Also that anyone who publishes, edits or contributes to an Amateur publication is ineligible."

The question, in whose custody is the limitation of only 300 members, and which of their literary qualifications (if any are required from certain favored applicants) is not

guess work at all. In the last two *United Amateurs* there are submitted 83 New Names of which Erfort proposed 24, Knoel 23 and White, an admitted partisan of these two proxy wholesalers, ten new names. Making a total of 57 New Names with plenty of political flavor, ready and able to vote, without having performed any service in the Association, leaving only 26 names to be accounted for. Conceding the five proposed by Gwin and McLaughlin as Simon pure Convention material, though these applicants, by their vote will knock out some active member or publisher's vote in the election of officers, there are just 21 names left without the taint of manufactured machine savor.

It stands to reason that a Secretary-Treasurer empowered to have this strangle hold on the Association, by accepting new members according to his vim, and to be the sole judge of their literary qualifications, will pass lightly on those proposed (wholesale) by himself and his cronies, and that the five claimed to be on a Waiting List as stated in the March *United Amateur* are none proposed by them. Furthermore, this appears to be only a dummy ruse. If someone was to have the audacity to inquire: "How come you have 350 members listed and 300 is supposed to be the limitation of membership?" A ready reply is instantly on tap. "Well some of the oldtimers did not renew, and we filled up the

The SLAP STICK



A Slap could be a Pat on the Back

Or There, where you Sit on a Tack

LASH Number One

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FACTIOUS FACTS

APR 28 1944

THIS is a serious and vital message directed at the 57 New Members proposed by Erford, Knoel and White, solely for political voting purposes. With possibly a few exceptions of renewals, these new members—if the purpose and aims of the United Amateur Press Association is new to them—should be informed, that unfortunately their application for membership came through a beclouded source. That it is the intent to use them as the pliable tools, by whose supposed innocent vote, their sponsors design to continue their nefarious and stealthy control of the Association. Which with all the years back of it should have been the unfettered institution for self culture of Journalism and Literature, to which the active Amateurs of today wish to perpetuate it. Instead of the unholy and under-handed attempt, for sinister interest to again hog-tie it for their personal control.

The new member should know, That this notorious trio, who persuaded them to join the United, callously maneuvered at various times to split the Association, and threatened it again this year when the publishing Amateurs resented the Hitler dictatorial powers obtained only by gross election frauds, and the sly use of a wholesale influx of new manufactured members, who know the purpose of their induction, or are innocent victims.

The newly proposed member by these aged cohorts are to be the burglar jimmies, who by their influenced vote, are expected to aid these political porch climbers to regiment and control the present resentful membership. Who this year have exposed and disclosed in their true colors the Erford-Knoel combine in their tricky political machinations.

The New Member, without being conversant with the aims, history or even the fine tradition of the United, is expected to nullify by their expected vote, the literary advancement and labor of the year. To fling back to scratch a National Association to be privately owned, dominated and controlled by a few.

In a word the New Member has been netted by clever intrigue, of which they could know nothing, to render an instructed vote, that if delivered, will forever ostracize them, by the rank and file who have given their utmost to bring back, honesty, decency and self-rule, to make the United worthwhile and useful.

Of course a few who are already known as convenient stooges, won't let a little thing like ethics or honor matter. They are lending their obliging names, with the 50 cents paid by them or someone else, just to be—as they are—Floater Voters. One who with such a deed done will not be heard from again. And with that sneaky favor behind him, will abide in that oblivion into which with their

The SEATTLE AMATEUR

MEMBER OF THE
UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA
VOL. 40, NO. 3 SPRING 1942

Erford Elected President

APR 28 1942

THE SEATTLE AMATEUR Press Club met with Mr. and Mrs. Gourman, 1517 Seventh Avenue for the annual election of officers March 14th.

Only five ballots were required to elect five officers. That is a record. Never before was there such unanimity in an election in this Club and from the beginning, the Club has held to a peculiar procedure in its elections. Nominations are not permitted. Ballots are distributed for each office in turn, and the members continue to ballot until some member receives a majority. In this way, the popular choice cannot fail to be elected, although it sometimes takes many ballots to determine that choice.

The new president is Roy Erford, Secretary-Treasurer of the United. Formerly, he served as president of the United for two terms and official editor for three terms.

D. Z. Gourman, the new literary director, has been a member of the United for thirty three years. In that organization, he has served as secretary, official editor, and vice-president. He attended the conventions of 1934, 1935, 1936, 1937, 1938, and 1940. Besides a half dozen earlier conventions.

Dr C. F. Noel, re-elected official editor of the Club for the tenth consecutive year, has attended more United conventions than any other person with the exception of Mr. Erford. During his thirty years of activity, he, at some time or other has held virtually every office in the United, including president and Secretary-treasurer.

Mr. Guy C. Wincapaw, re-elected as vice-president, and Miss Fanny Hooper, re-elected for a fifth term as secretary, also are veteran members of the United.

Miss Cohen, president of the Club for the past five years and now Chf of Local Clubs in the United, will be unable to attend meetings regularly as her present employment is with one of the state departments in Olympia. The Club voted to present her with a testimonial of its appreciation of her services as president.

The new board of officers is composed of members of long standing, and is considered to be one of the strongest in the Club's history; the members look forward to a year of unabated activity.

39th Annual Banquet

The Club members were delighted to have with them Miss Bessie

The SEATTLE AMATEUR

MEMBER OF THE
UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA
VOL. 40 No. 4
SEPTEMBER, 1942

Chief Seattle

The Seattle Amateur Press Club held its annual outing on July 26th, when the members traveled by steamer "Illahee," to Suquamish in Kitsap County. Upon their arrival, the members enjoyed a repast at the local Inn. The consumption of the meal, was wild blackberry pie; and the orders for that dessert were repeated until the supply had been exhausted.

The members then viewed the great bronze plaque, provided by the Daughters of the American Revolution, in honor of "Chief Seattle, friend, counsellor, and protector of the pioneers." Chief Seattle, head of six Indian tribes on Puget Sound was a great orator. History records that he saved the early settlers from destruction at the hands of hostile tribes.

Thence members proceeded to the old Indian burial ground where stands the monument to Chief Seattle. He was eighty years of age when he passed away. The great age of many of the Indians was noted from their quaint tombstones. Chief Wahlahshi, the last chief of the Suquamish, lived to be 112. Several of the old Indians rest surrounded by their wives. One old warrior has the name of a different wife on each of four sides of his tomb.

The members then journeyed to the beach where a literary program was conducted by Literary Director Goutman. Among those participating was Dr. Noel who gave a review of the San Francisco convention. This was followed by bathing and swimming, and then back to the Inn for another meal. The crowd took the late boat back to Seattle.

Islands and woods and other picturesque scenes greeted our eyes. A beautiful sunset on one side, and a full moon on the other. Thus a perfect day was completed, and it was resolved to make the same trip next year.

A NICE CHECK for MISS BRACE

When the Seattle Amateur Press Club was organized, its membership was restricted to the masculine sex only. Yielding to pressure, it was voted a few weeks later, to extend the membership to the fair sex, and immediately four young women were admitted, one of whom was Blanche Brace who remained an active member of the Club, and of the United for many years.

On July 28th of this year, Miss Brace received two thousand dollars in payment for the motion picture rights of a story written by her and which appeared in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST twenty years ago.

The SEATTLE AMATEUR

VOL. 40 No 5

DECEMBER 1942

What Can I Do?

This question is heard from many, since our country folks have been shot, tortured and imprisoned by the enemy. Too many of us are still refusing to be stirred by the news of our nation's activity in world events. We hate to admit that we're in danger. We rave and rant as we realize that many of our accustomed commodities are off the market, or else that we cannot afford them. The situation really hits home when word comes of the death of one we've known, whether it be a friend or relative. The destruction abroad also causes us to shudder. We want to do something — anything, that will make us proud that we've a hand in the struggle. Perhaps the activities entered into by my friends and myself, can suggest thoughts that will lead to your seeing where best you may serve.

We have attended classes held by Red Cross instructors and have graduated from the standard and advanced first aid courses. Now some are learning home nursing, while others are becoming nurse's aides. After that, we hope to have a class in first aid problems so as to really make first aid a part of ourselves. We realize that emergencies can occur anywhere and at any time. We are going to be prepared to assist regardless of whether the situation is caused by nature or by a human.

Even now we are stationed by Civilian Defense at casualty stations at base hospitals, and as block wardens

Some of us have been trained by the state patrol to handle any make of car: auto, truck, ambulance etc. A knowledge of each machine and its various functions, plus training in making minor repairs are all studied. Thus we shall be able to help in evacuation, in air raids, in floods, etc. Others are studying signalling. This means by flags, by radio, by flashlight, and by battery sets. We can then relieve at the docks or any other necessary spot.

The Civilian Defense Department has listed some of us for messenger duty. We must have a thorough knowledge of the city's districts, streets, fire alarm boxes, hospitals etc. Cars, bicycles and feet are the facilities used.

We attend the dances and other programs at the U. S. O. Hall, as that is one way to help entertain the men in the armed forces. Beside that, we invite them to our homes for dinner and relaxation. We write to many who are now our friends. We plan to gather articles together so they may be sent to those men who have no families and who thus would have no Christmas. Meanwhile we bake cookies and cakes, which we donate here or mail; a recipe for fine candy taking no sugar is given elsewhere in this paper.

— ROSE COHEN

The
Salem Echo

SALEM ECHO

VOL. 5

PUBLISHED AS AN IDEA FOR A PLEASANT PASTIME

NO. 3

Plainview Farm

JULY 1942

Lynchburg, Ohio

On July 4, 1776 our Declaration of Independence became a Declaration of the people. No longer was Independence only a whispered hope or a wild dream but it had been proclaimed from the house-tops. The people were to be free and they were fighting with all their hearts to make that Liberty live not only in ink on that priceless proclamation, but in life and even in death.

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Those people were the simple people, and they did fight, and they did die. The farmers laid down their plows and picked up their old muskets, the same which had fought Indians, and wild animals to build their homes now they were going to

THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA



fight for their homes and their heritage. The little shop-keepers closed their doors and went to suffer at Valley Forge. The craftsmen turned out guns and swords instead of tools and artware. Those early Americans heard the Liberty Bell ring out the message and they answered with action. Today again in a peoples' war we are all fighting for that same Liberty for which they died, the life, the freedom, and the independence that is America. Many of us will die too, we will lose battles, we may lose much more, but we have the assurance that in the end, this (continued on page 10)

~~Sample~~

In Amateur publications

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The SALEM ECHO

Vol. 5 PUBLISHED AS AN IDEA FOR A PLEASANT PASTIME No. 6
Plainview Farm SEPTEMBER 1942 Lynchburg, Ohio.

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WE MUST
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KNOWLEDGE IS POWER

the truth about the "Shadows of the past" Page 2
"The Bluebird Sings" Word picture of the
Bill Robinson, famous tapdancer Page 9
"The Minister's Message" by
Edwin R. Errett Page 6
PLUS Duke's Column, Did you Know, &
Jes Joaz, and other features



#262

THE SECOND AF-FRONT

A BLUDGE-IT HODGEPODGE, WITH WHICH IS COMBINED THE SQUEAL

Series of 1942

Shangri-La-La

Buy War Bonds

marion shy \$10,000!

CHARLES W. HEINS, a United organizer in 1895 and its Alumni founder, electrified the NAPA banquet with the latest BLODGETT fiasco. He said, "She served me with a court summons for alleged libel, but my lawyer refused its acceptance unless she deposited \$10,000 as evidence of good faith and for counter suit and costs when she lost the case. Nothing further was ever heard from her."

For LA BLODGETT'S information of the high-class legal service available to the NAPA, if she be so foolish as to try to sue another member, the White House has not yet announced an appointment of Charlie's lawyer to the Supreme Court vacancy from Justice Byrnes' resignation.



FOUNDER HEINS

COOP 851.



"SARGE" BABCOCK'S SCARLET COCKEREL is interned in a concentration coop for the duration. The S. C. (Sick Chick) is in the left foreground in a downcast attitude.

Is MARION quiet because she's laying an egg? Look out for a Squeal. Littera lapsa (let 'er slide).



TO LIBRARY OF
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APR 29 1944

#263

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TTTTT U U L I PPPP A
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 T U U L I PPPP A A A
 T U U L I F A A A
 T U U L I P A A

APR 28 1944

No. 1 Satis eloquentiae, sapientiae parvum.

1942

Mimeographed. The one and only open door an A.A.J. (an amateur, amateur journalist) can pass through to later printing. It also helps to prove that an A.A.J. is trying to be something more than a mere name on the membership list. The writer does not wish to be inactive. How can that be remedied? Surely not by sending out manuscripts and receiving rejections and non-interest, but by mimeographing. In as much as the value and cost, and the fire of printing is being lighted by "Stir", the average writer who has whole-heartedly and willingly joined the A.A.J. desires to produce his or her own work himself or herself.

Having a longing to become active, having a desire for the benefit of the joy of labor, and having no printing press, I mimeographed.

A NIGHT IN MY CITY--

George H. Freitag

It was winter and the streets were covered with snow. The wind had died down and where there was a street lamp I could see the snow falling. I could feel it on my face. My shoulders were white with snow. I walked beside my father and my father was smoking a cigar. Our feet made a screeching noise in the deep snow, and in the air, high above us I could hear the sound of church bells. The city seemed to rock with the swinging of the bells. The bells rang all the while my father and I walked in the snow. I was seven years old and I held to my father's large hand.

A Night in My City Con'd

It seemed we had been walking for a thousand years that night. In reality we were crossing the width of our city; we were on our way to a midnight mass. My father was not a church goer. My mother was ill and my father had promised her he would take me. My mother was a Catholic. It seemed to me my father was doing a great thing. He had come out of a warm house; had taken off his comfortable house slippers, had put on a heavy overcoat, and gone out into the snow simply to see that I got to church. I have never felt as close to a kind of God as I did that night. I don't know why. I had been to church before but always under convenient circumstances. But that night was different. I had seen my father get comfortable in the house and then come out of the state of comfort and go with me to church. He seemed very great and very honest that night. His voice, when he talked, was soft and kind, and its overtones were absorbed by the white snow. I knew that my father's voice lay sleeping wherever we walked. I knew that in the springtime his voice would rekindle itself with the thaw, and come up with the growing things. I knew that when I got to church and sat besides my father he would leave his voice on the outside, and walk into the church with snow on his coat, and that I would sit close to him, closer than at any other time.

I sat in the seat with my father knowing that there was still the walk home before us, holding



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#265



ecretary

December 25, 1942

N. A. P. A.

Alma L. Weixelbaum, Secretary

And that title's NO JOKE!! Once more I am enjoying (?) that instrument of torture devised by the Inquisition and adopted by present day surgeons. Do not know just what the Spaniards called it - My doctor calls it a "cast." I have several pet names for it but alas, there are laws in this country about what goes through the mails. If "arrogant" is the proper word for "stiff-necked", what is the correct one for "stiff-kneed?"

I want here to say "Thank you" from the bottom of my heart to all who sent me such lovely Christmas cards and wishes. It was impossible for me to send to all the individual members, but I hope each one of you will accept this as a personal expression of my appreciation and good wishes.

On top of everything else that went wrong with my December Comet, the stencil for the cover got lost and a new one had to be improvised at the last minute.

Do you know the most quoted man in NAPA? Right! It's Ernest A. Edkins. That reminds me of the woman who said she didn't care to see "Hamlet" played - it was so full of quotations.

Had a cheery letter from Chas. Austin "somewhere in Australia." He hasn't seen Guinnane yet - tho they have corresponded - but is still hoping. A nice card from Harold Segal too, from England. But don't ask Ralph Babcock what he thinks of the "heart of Texas."

In addition to my last list the following new members have been added to our list. I have written each one personally, but I should like here to express the official welcome of the NAPA through me as Secretary. We know if you are active in the Association, you will not only add greatly to the enjoyment of the other members, but you too will find your life greatly enriched.

NEW MEMBERS:

Mrs. A.H.Kendall, 409 Hazelwood S.E., Warren, Ohio;
Miss Alice M. Cosins, 143 Carbon St., Paterson, N. J.
Richard Greenleaf Adams, Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio (re-in.)
Robin McConnell Denton, Caulfield Cove, British Columbia;
Mrs. William B. Kelley, 212 Garden St., Pawtucket, R. I.
Miss Betty Bird, Lane Hart Hall, Lindsborg, Kansas;
William Johnson, 1067 Peralta Ave., Berkeley, California
Demetra Bacas, 7700 Alaska Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C.
Francis P. Early, 55 Oxford St., Newark, N. J.
Dr. Charles R. King, 467 Spitzer Bldg., Toledo, Ohio
Luther Watson, K. A. House, Athens, Georgia
Jack A. Young, 2401 N. Madison, Saginaw, Michigan

NEW ADDRESSES:

Paul & Willum Jackson, 121 East Chester St., Long Beach, N. Y.
Willard Thompson, 541 E. 5th St., Los Angeles, California

RESIGNATION

Dean Rea, Sparta, Missouri

THE

SPARKPLUG

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

JUN 26 1945

Vol. I

September 1942

No. I

My Platform

I am seeking the office of director in the American Amateur Press Association. I have decided to take this step after much deliberation. My record, although not one of outstanding activity has shown constant publications for 2½ years and I have always given my all to the American.

Furthermore I have some knowledge of the way things are handled by the board, what its specific duties are and how I can best fit into my chosen position. For these reasons I am asking for your support in the coming election.

VOTE FOR WILLARD F. SMITH AS A DIRECTOR. Your vote will be appreciated.

-W.F.S.

Introducing Me

A girl of thirteen, beginning amateur journalism. I have blonde hair, blue eyes and a fair complexion. I hope to remain active in the association and am looking forward to hearing from you all.

My friend, Willard Smith, has told me all about you, my dear readers, and I know you will live up to his descriptions. I enjoy writing and I hope you will like my "whirligigs". We'll try to keep our "SPARKPLUG" interesting.

Elizabeth-----

Comment

This being our first issue and also the first paper of the mimeo type ever tackled by either editor, we don't expect much and ask your tolerance.-----My co-editor was quite brief in her introduction and forgot to mention her love of sports and the fact that she is very easy on the eyes. Bigger and better things next time.--Bill

Shanghied

Outside the New York Apartment of John Crane, wealthy young business man, nature was in an uproar. The gloomy night was pierced by lightning and thunder. The rain, whipped into a frenzy by the wind, pounded against the deserted streets.

Inside his study, John Crane was aware of a persistent ringing of the doorbell. He laid thenbook he had been reading on the table and switched off the light. A flash of lightning illuminated the title momentarily, "THE PHANTOM MURDERER". As John laid his hand on the doorknob, a sudden premonition of evil overcame him. Shrugging it off he opened the door. Dimly he saw shadowy figures--then a flash of pain and inky darkness overcame him.

When he awoke, John was aware that he was seated at a table about which were grouped three figures. As his vision cleared the awful realization of his fate aroused him. He uttered a wild shriek and resigned himself to his fate.

What made this powerful man tremble and cringe?
Ah, you've guessed it----HE WAS SHANGHIED for a fourth hand at bridge.

-F.A.N.

THE SPARKPLUG is edited and published jointly by:
Willard F. Smith & Elizabeth Ann
111 Andover Pl. Nolson
W. Hempstead, N.Y. 92 Westminster R.
W. Hempstead, N.Y.

All correspondence and comment will be appreciated.

OCTOBER, 1942

#267

SPRINKLED sparingly
with wisecracks, a

fair order of poetry, a good bit of commentary and a little dash of anything else to make a Piquant and Pleasing Publication for National Amateur Press Association members by Matilda A. Schabruker, 163 N. 3rd St., Paterson, N.J.

SPIECE

IN WHICH FOUR APCers COLLABORATE TO
BRING THE TRUE FACTS OF THAT APC MEETING
OCT. 4 AT THE APARTMENT OF PETER WALLACH

First arrivals: Paul Jackson, that Long Beach man; Tillie Schabruker and Bill Haywood, AAPA prexy. After listening to two innings between the Yanks and Cards (1-0 - 2:30 PM, Allee popped in. Around the fourth inning (still the same score), Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Bernstein, Peter's friends, arrived.

At this point host Peter announced that a surprise would be forthcoming in the form of ??? to Paul Jackson, who celebrated his "sweet" sixteen natal day. A knock on the door admitted Jack Callahan, who was delayed on his way to the meet all because of smoking a "fag" in the subway. (Score 4-1 favor Cards--long faces.)

Adding to his misadventures, Jack got into the wrong apartment, asked for the 10th floor, was taken to the 8th where the elevator man told him: "This is as far as we go, bud". It was only then that he found out he was on West 55th and not West 56th street.

(Score now 6-1 favor Cards---Lee looks like a desperate man.) But what does he care? While ye host was telling the cheerful ? news, Lee was figuring how much he would lose. (Hey, Pete that's POETRY!)

Vondy phoned during the fifth inning to say that she would arrive at six. (The World Series outcome must have been too much of a shock, 'cause she never arrived.) The Haggertys arrived half an inning later. (Cards still in the lead, only by one point.) Allee is positively radiant now.

Everybody was jubilant when the SS Editorial Board arrived-----the score was tied 6-6.

At this point host announces that the drinks are being saved for tonight. It is now 3:46 PM, and the score is 7-6 favor Cards, 7th inning. They're making it a 7th inning "stretch" says Haywood.

Now it's 8-6 and Lee is having a relapse.

After berating Wes for wearing an American pin, he being the National treasurer, Vincent Haggerty announced with customary gusto: "He's been a National treacherer since Trainer took office 1940."

From here on things that happened are rather vague at this writing. All I know was that we got rid of Wesson as prexy, elevated deserving Allee and shanghied Peter Wallach into the secretary's job. The latter calmly pointed out that he was the man for the office since he had an efficient Mother to do all the work.

Outstanding feature of the whole meeting was the delicious spread the Wallach's put before us hungry wolves. Sometimes I wonder whether we meet to eat, or what..... After dinner we had the pleasure of listening to a second Crane, (is that possible someone queried), Joseph Bernstein who related his adventures as a newspaper man while covering the Ku Klux Klan in the mid-west some years ago. He also discussed with us printing in all its phases which interested all press-owners as well as mimeographers present.

Gosh, almost forgot to record that HAV brought along her friend Vivian Chatfield of Riverdale, N. Y. Another recruit????

ANY MONTH

Have you heard the geese a-calling
In the old N. A. P. A.?

Have you heard the poets squawling
Without anything to say?

Have you read all versifying
Read each limping measure through?

Then there's really no denying
The Marines should collar you.

For that foolish kind of hero
Is just right to face a Zero.

....By Burton Crane

S N A F U

Number 1

February, 1944

AMATEURIA

Army duties, particularly an intensive course of study such as I am embarked on, allow little time for any hobby, and I have many. The hour and a half I have for myself each week-day must contain many things, and some are of a rather vital nature. I'll admit that I have let amateur journalism slide since coming into the Army, but the receipt of papers from amateurs overseas has been somewhat of a shock and makes me want to promise a fairly regular publication as long as I'm on this side.

To Wes Wise: My appreciation for such a live bit of writing as the recent overseas **American Eagle**. I think this is as fine a piece of spot writing as I have seen in an amateur journal. Some of the sentences seem almost inspired.

To Morris Gerber: Congratulations on your recuperation from malaria. I value your **Brochure** issued while you were in an Australian base hospital.

S N A F U

Number 2

May, 1944

AMATEURIA

I learn indirectly that Harry Young objects to the name of this paper. He claims that **Snafu** has a meaning to Army men that makes it improper in polite conversation. I can hardly agree with him. "Snafu" means two things that I can see, one is merely a nonsense term while the other is a soldier's expression of disgust at Army confusion. I intended the former. The word has appeared in several newspapers and magazines lately beyond being used in such strictly GI journals as *Yank*, which incidentally is sold to the members of the WAC. If one wants to read something obscene into this journal I'd be amused to have him write me on what he thinks he has seen.

One of the interesting things about the military service is the great number of shoulder insignia that soldiers wear, a mystery to civilians but full of meaning to all servicemen. I recently started a collection of these patches and as I look them over am pleased by their wealth of color. Someday they should make an interesting covering for a quilt or blanket.

Yank, the Army Weekly, has one of the largest circulations of any publication in the world, yet I doubt

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THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

The Skyrocket

<i>Vol. 1</i>	<i>Autumn, 1943</i>	<i>No. 1</i>
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Issued by Tom L. Powis, Steger, Ill. Member U.A.P.A.

The Skyrocket rises without apology and is symbolic of, if anything, life today; and especially symbolic of the hopes, aspirations, ambitions of those once dewy-eyed boys who, often frightened and bewildered, don't know where they are going nor how a catastrophe could have been thrusk upon them. Life, after the war, should offer them something more than a dead stick falling in the night.

Still, there are wishful thinkers who believe that the future will take care of itself. It will not. What is to come rests upon the shoulders of a few men, just as the results of the past. May they have the strength to crush the enemies within as well as without, neutralizing the poisons of the McCormicks, the Hearts and their like, and the incidious works of the Sun Flower Sues and their like, and those in Congress whose hatred exceeds their intelligence.



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4271

THE SKIPPER

SERIAL RECORD

Volume 1.

October, 1943

Number 5

JUN 28 1945

AN AMATEUR SPEAKS

By Linton Clark

The nucleus of human progress is dissatisfaction; it has been the basic incentive when men seek a better method. Thus, inventions are not designed from necessity—unless necessity also means the desire to accomplish more by less effort or sweat. Can you think of any invention that is not labor-saving—or inversely, time-saving? A wheel is more free-running than a drag; a pump is easier to operate than a well.

While the chronically dissatisfied human is a trial to live with, yet his genius has contributed more to civic welfare than the "bear-the-burden-in-meekness" fraternity.

Before he can prove he is right, he is called a radical; when his invention proves workable, he is declared a genius. Maybe Emerson was thinking of this when he talked of "a better mouse-trap." What he probably meant was catch more mice in one trap.

--A. P. Prentice.

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SERIAL RECORD

A272

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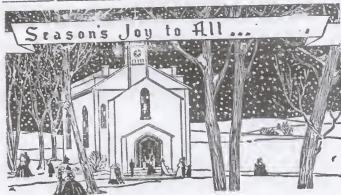
THE SKIPPER

1945

Volume 1.

December, 1943.

Number 3.



Peace On Earth, Good Will Toward Men

It's snowing heavily outdoors and everything seems so peaceful and quiet. The people from the small town of Plymouth are going to church on this joyous Christmas Eve.

The people are now seated inside the church for the Service. Outdoors you can hear the choir singing Christmas carols inside the church. Their voices sound beautiful. It doesn't seem as though there is a war

SIAMESE STANDPIPE

Number 7.

April, 1943

FIRST PERSON PLURAL

This business stinks. No more fights, no more fun, no more nuthin. Damn Hitler. Damn the Japs. War is hell.

After all, with Miss Editor hyar and Mr. . . . oops, Pvt. Editor thar, certain difficulties arise--especially since she is having pretty much her own way about typography and other formerly juicy bones of contention. (That's what he thinks--the printer's boss these days.--Miss Ed.)

"Springtime," wails the Military Half, "and the Board is 3,000 miles apart!"

"The only season of the year," adds the Militant Half in disgust, "when I can get my own way without a fight."

Miss Editor sums up the situation delicately by demanding: "Wesson, you better win this war pretty damn quick."

Yes, mam. I dood it.

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SIAMSE STANDPIPE

JUN 28 1945

Arkansas Traveler

Chick Riddle is a Seabee ajay. . . a star tarstric-ly on the beam. He is the first time Miss Editor ever played second fiddle to a dancing elephant with gold-on wings.

The **Fort Smith Ajayer's** first visit to New York - we hope he makes another soon - was a flurry of excitement and gab in this leave-less, furlough-less existence. Putting the lie to Momma's "You don't meet gentlemen on street corners," Miss Ed. picked him up at Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street, along with that lank Yank, red-head Bill Haywood.

For Chick is a gentleman. A Southern gentleman, if you please. Miss Ed. dismayed him by hurling printer's lingo from behind a barricade of veils and ruffles.

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COPY _____
GIFT _____

Siamese Standpipe

INC.

We Dood It!

By Mrs. Sheldon C. Wesson

Story on page 2

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SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

COPY

GIFT

Siamese Standpipe

FALL, 1943
NUMBER 11

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THE LIBRARY OF
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SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

SCRIBBLES

"Little But Big" GIFT

Volume 5

April, 1943

Number 1

Elaborating A Dateline---

Now it is spring. To many the change of seasons ment little more than a change of attire and of living habits, but to many more the change ment the return of warmth and of hope.

The next few months may see the objectives realized that may mean victory in battle. And, too, the next few months may see the attitudes taken that may mean victory or defeat in peace.

Great Britain holds the answer to the question and it is hoped that she will put aside outmoded imperialistic ideas and assume a more cosmopolitan outlook. Age old traditions hamper the country and, although it claims

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#278

The SCIOLIST

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Vol. 1 Feb., 1943 No. 2

is a tragedy.

DOPE SHEET

for those who slay the horses.

Diner: "You said this horse-feather ragout was half horse and half chicken; if there's any chicken, in it, I'll eat it."

Headwaiter: "It's that new cook again—I told him to put in a chicken to every horse."

....

My little boy was sobbin'

As he saw me unhitchin'—

He knew we had Old Dobbin

Pre-empted for the kitchen.

"'Tis war," I said, "my laddie

So Dobbin's in there pitchin'."

"Tain't that," he said, "but Daddy

Who's gonna eat the breechin'?"

BIBLE THOUGHT

for the nonce

Let no man therefore judge you
in meat, or in drink. (Col. ii, 16.)

□□□□

APHORISMS

And

ASININITIES

Unless one have the leisure to



The **SPINNING GLOBE**

Without or with offence to friends or foes
I sketch your world, exactly as it goes.

George Gordon, Lord Byron.

WINTER NUMBER	JERSEY CITY, N. J.	1943-44
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CONTENTS

Variations of a theme of Nostalgia. (Part One)
By Arthur Forbes Harrison.

Poems
by Mary Ellen Conroy

The Spinning Globe, after too long an absence, due to the stress of war work again makes its appearance among the ranks of the Amateur papers. Much has happened since its last appearance. Pearl Harbor and all that it implied is a past milestone, and our fortunes and energies are firmly planted on the road that leads to eventual victory.

To us—the amateur writers of America—there should be a lesson in this world wide upheaval that came upon us with such alarming results, that it will take many decades to eliminate the hatreds and prejudices engendered by this war. Today we are united in our efforts to prosecute the conflict to a speedy and successful conclusion. But what of tomorrow? Tomorrow, if we read the lesson correctly we must devote our energy to the task of spreading good will to all men. And with the impartiality that recognizes no man's color or nationality, but only his wants both of the body and the mind.

Let us then engender this spirit in our writings. Let us foster a little more of the spirit of tolerance and unselfishness in our own ranks, so that we may better be fitted for the tasks that lie ahead.

A. F. H.

JUN 28 1944

September, 1944

COPY

GIFT

Number 3.

SNAFU

AMATEURIA

In keeping with the lack of rhyme or reason that seemingly characterizes our army, I was recently informed that I had "volunteered" as company bugler. My protest that I had no musical background was of no avail to the First Sergeant and a bugler boy I am. It has one compensation in that I have found out who wakes the bugler up, but unfortunately cannot divulge this trade secret to the rabble.

Alfred Babcock and others are focussing interest on the various accumulations of amateur journals that are available. The continuation of Edwin Hadley Smith's magnificent collection is perhaps our major problem. Several other collections must also be preserved for posterity. I understand that Vincent Haggerty's journals are already being cared for. Someone who is prepared to accept responsibility for another large accumulation might well investigate the collection of the late Harry Marlowe.

My own files have been built up over the past six years and now compare favorably with any along the East Coast. I have over 7000 journals arranged chronologically, with official organs and foreign publications kept separate. I have almost every paper issued in the AAPA, an equally complete file of National papers from 1933, approxi-

mately half the total number of issues of the **National Amateur**, perhaps one thousand publications of the Fantasy APA, an excellent library of amateur books, and several hundred clippings, photographs, and other bits of amateuria. After the war I propose to make these files available to amateurs in the vicinity of New York. And lest the student of amateur history would disdain this collection because of my comparatively recent entry into amateur journalism, I might add that the periods 1889-1894 and 1902-1908 are also well represented.

On June 18th we visited Russell Paxton at his home in Roanoke, Virginia, and came away with the feeling that he is capable of turning out printing that can rank with the best in amateurdom. He has an 8x12 foot-power press, a linotype, several stands of type, and an accumulation of cuts and ornaments surpassed only by John J. Corell. In his **Americana** Paxton has at times given us a glimpse of the work that he is capable of producing. Now that amateurdom knows what the man can do it should see that he receives appropriate material for his magazine.

We stopped to see Shirley Turner while going home on furlough and found her a bit rushed in the midst of graduation activities, but

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#281

STENCIL SNAG



THE LIBRARY OF
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SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1943

Volume 1, Number 2

Montclair, New Jersey

APR 1943

CONQUERED AJAYISM*

By James Daniels

INVASION IN OUR HISTORY. . . .
By Walter Miller

Beautiful luxuriant forests, broad, rolling, beautifully monotonous plains, and the high, broken Rocky Mountain ranges, interspersed with deep wooded valleys ---these comprised the American continent. Clear, sparkling streams flowed across the country; deep blue lakes dotted the woodlands.

Game abounded-- buffalo, deer, antelope, elk, moose, ducks, geese and many others were found here. Truly a blessed land of plenty.

Over all this vast territory roamed tribes of men with bronze skins, black hair, living with Nature. From across the seas came white-skinned men. Welcomed as friends by the Indians, they settled here. More came and they began to push westward.

They destroyed timber and game wantonly. On numerous occasions, with no more excuse than "the only good Indian is a dead Indian," armies of white men marched upon the Indian villages, putting them to the torch. Ever greedy, the whites stretched, grasping, clutching hands toward the property of the red men.

The Indians fought back and were cursed by the whites for so doing. But can they be blamed for fighting the invaders? They only did what any real patriot would do. True, the Indians fought cruelly and fiercely, but they knew no other way.

The powers of Ajayism conquered? Could it ever take place, here, among the States? A Press no longer free, Ajays limited in words, or perhaps abolished altogether?

Let us use our imagination and picture a concentration camp here, yes, in these United States. In the state of Ohio, we find an American Youth who very much resembles you. He is lying along-side a bale of wet-smelling hay with a pencil stub and a small roll of wallpaper clothed in his hands. The pile of hay is his bed and his new home. The paper, instead of white water-marked bond, is heavy rugged wallpaper with jagged edges. His dirty, bone-y hands grasp both tightly as he pushes pencil and paper back into hay, hidden from the passing guards.

This is an American, a young spirited American, whose hobby is writing. He has lived, if you can call it living, in a concentration camp for almost a month now, and has the urge to write a story of his dreadful experience. He is planning to sneak the finished composition by means of the underground and have it published in The Americana, the newspaper that terrorized Germany's higher-ups. Like the French underground publication, The Libérateur. The Americana has been ordered many times to be put out of commission. "Smash the Presses," came the order from the Gestapo headquarters. Although the Nazis continued to destroy the powerful presses, again and again it appeared to keep the spark of the American



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unperced

secretarial



allies

#282

April 25, 1943

N. A. P. A.

Alma L. Weixelbaum, Secretary

'Tis strange that what we oft chide most, may bring prosperity,
And what we deemed a real Guide-post, a "stumbling" block may be.

Attention, Please!!

The complete membership list will be published in the June National Amateur. If your address has been changed since the December issue or if you know of a change in the address of another member, will you please notify the Secretary in order that the new list may be as accurate as possible.

Also! If you have not paid dues in 1943, the chances are they should be paid by June 1, 1943. Every renewal paid before May 1 means just one less bill for the Secretary to make out. Thank you.

I understand one of the duties of the Secretary (at present) is to keep a record of all journalistic activities of members. Hence am making up a card file of journals and contributors. However I can record only such journals as I see. Naturally if I do not receive your journal I will be unable to enter it. (Hint, or a reasonable facsimile thereof.)

It would seem that there are many Thrifts, Babcocks, Cranes, &c in the making with the influx we are having of young new members; and I mean YOUNG. Earl Bierman of Kentucky writes that he is eleven years old and printing has been his hobby for two years, while he dreamed of the day when he would print a newspaper. Now he has printed THE ECHO NEWS, taking out the type for every page and setting it over again. He says it is a lot of work, but he is happy when he can print. For his first issue he printed 800 copies of 12 pages. The second edition (now in the making) will have 16 pages and a little over 850 copies for circulation. His parents feel he should be outdoors playing, he says, but he'd "rather print than anything." Under the title of "The Story of My Echo" he writes: "It's hard to be convincing when you are only eleven years old and full of ambition to print a Junior Newspaper with only a toy hand "Ace" printing Press. Tears and pleas, determination and hard work made this possible." In response to my suggestion that he try to come to the Convention in July as it is only about two hours ride, he writes me he may come if his father can bring him as "I would love to meet all those editors especially 90 year old Mr. Smith. Daddy speaks so reverently of old people I feel like there is something grand about them and I would love to talk to this old gentleman." Indeed, Earl, I'd love to talk to him myself. And to your father, too.

J. Derek Pugsley, of Mount Royal, Canada, is twelve years old and publishes the Mount Royal Gazette - a 3 page mimeograph journal with a circulation of 100. He writes "when I have extra profits, I give them to various war charities, and thus the M.R.G. is a non-profit newspaper."

Edwin Hadley Smith writes me that Nita has just finished cataloging the 1942 papers. They total 252 different names and 650 different issues, so the average is being kept up despite the war.

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SPICE

Sprinkled sparingly with wisecracks, a fair order of Poetry, a good bit of Commentary and a little dash of anything else to make a Piquant and Pleasing Publication for N.A.P.A. members by:

MATILDA A. SCHABRUCKER, 163 N. 3rd St., Paterson, NJ

Vol. 3 - No. 1

January - 1943

PATERSON, Jan. 16: CAROL MOITORET flew all the way from Seattle to the East to visit with relatives. She was a guest at the Blue Pencil Club meeting held here, and came along with the Haggertys. It was a pleasure to meet the charming and talented daughter of Dora Hepner M.

Carol told us that VIC is now at Camden, N.J., where he is waiting for his ship to be commissioned. In case you haven't yet heard, Vic is now a Lieutenant, Senior Grade, and saw action in the Pacific last year. He was on the U. S. Aircraft Carrier Hornet when it was sunk last October and Carol tells us he had to swim for it!

At this writing the papers carry the story of the christening of the latest addition to the nation's carrier fleet, the "Cowpens" down at Camden. Perhaps this will be Vic's new ship; if so, here is hoping it carries him to more victorious action!!

PAGING THE ROCKY

MOUNTAIN CANARY Sent a Christmas card and

note to PATSON HARRIS at Dalhart, Texas, which was the new address listed for him. But Uncle Sam returned it marked "unclaimed". Where are you Pat? Got a long letter for you.

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND - Pvt. Harold Segal has been pretty busy in his spare time trying to keep the WAAF's happy. He writes he is just about getting acclimated to tea, shillings and pounds and beautiful blondes without make-up. But he adds, he would really appreciate a nice pair of legs in silk stockings. Brother, so would we!!

WE HEAR: John Bradley is supposed to have a new paper out called the CRITERION. Anybody seen a copy, or is the rumor intended to be an incentive?

Sheldon C. Wesson, privateering in Dixie is eligible for a furlough in two months.... from the frying pan into the fire - All he wants is a hot GRIDDLE!

IT AIN'T NECESSARILY SO! Just in case some member (not knowing the facts) should misunderstand the facetious squib on the front page of the latest APC NEWS, perpetrated (need you ask) by Uncle Louie Crane, the editors of SPICE and TOPIX are happy over the fact that they have at last caught OLD MEANIE in an "untruth", something which he boasts has never graced the pages of the APC NEWS heretofore!

As most everyone knows, co-editor Haywood was one of the original small group that formed the AAPA, and it was not until several years later that the woman who is supposed to have smiled at him, joined the AAPA. So now we're both smiling.....

HEARD and SEEN: BILL GROVEMAN was East for the Xmas holidays.

He took in the APC meeting at Crane's this month. Lieut. Meyer PERLUT surprised us with a visit, too. Doesn't know where he'll be sent, but believes it will be back to Camp Shelby, Miss., for a while.

Since the APC NEWS didn't have the space to mention who WAS there, we will. In addition to Groveman and Meyer there was VONDY, the HAGGERTYS, Alf BABCOCK, Michael RYZUK, who reports for service this month; JOHN CALLAHAN, who's got a paper in the making; PAUL JACKSON, (all the way from Long Island!); AL LEE, Helen VIVARTIAS, who held hands with MP (she thought it was Wesson), Vivian CHATFIELD, new AAPA member; Peter W. CALISH, Sylvia CRANE, ye host and yours truly. If anyone else arrived after I left at 5:30 p.m., you'll know why your name isn't here.

Allie and Jackson had themselves a swell time grinning over the mental torture they caused me when Crane sent upstairs to ask my middle name, which I said was "Adele" and they reported it "Amanda". Between trying to run for a bus to get back to work in time and persuading Crane to change the already set in type error, I must have had a good argument - 'cause I see he done right by me.

Vol. 3 - No. 2

May 1943

S P I C E

with TOPIX.

Sprinkled sparingly with wisecracks, a fair order of Poetry, a good bit of Commentary and a dash of anything else to make a Piquant and Pleasing Publication for N.A.P.A. members by: MATILDA A. SCHABRUCKER, 163 N. 3rd St., Paterson, NJ

ELECTION AT SPRINGFIELD Let S P I C E remind you to vote the following ticket at the forthcoming Springfield Convention:

President - Robert Holman
Vice-President - Alfred Babcock
Official Editor - Willametta Turnepseed
Executive Judges - Edward H. Cole
C.A.A. Parker
Jane McCarthy

Vote "YES" on the new constitution and elect Rusty Weixelbaum secretary-treasurer.
Convention City 1944 - Boston, Mass.

Co-editor Haywood and myself would also like to see Eleanor Nelson T., Laureate Recorder and Helen Adam, mailer.

SUGAR and SPICE Terrifically pleased with the contents of the February bundle. The art of mimeographing is something to take notice of when Helen Adam comes out of her OPEN DOOR. More than a "prank" I'd call it!

The FLIRT delights us more with each issue. Hope that moving to another state won't stop the game, Eleanor..... And look what popped in, SIAMESE STANDPIPE, fresh from maneuvers.....Fascinating reading this BELLETTE and a cute MASCOT from the Mathelison gal.

Can't say I regret Batchelder's deletion of a paragraph intended for me in favor of the ANONIAN. The magazine is simply tops and I enjoyed reading every article.

With the revival of REVERIE and the debut of INTERMEZZO, the fear of printing activity in the National falling off is dashed.....As for alf Babcock's KITT, she is the Cats!

Looks like the Army has spared OLD MEANIE to us. Which probably means a lively convention, what with Haggerty and Spink in there pitching. Who's gonna keep track of all the denials and objections????

Our favorite lady poet, Eleanor A. Chaffee is back in her circle of activity again after a serious seige of illness. Here is one of her gems:

AFTERNOON IN THE PARK

I lay on the grass and heard the brown roots stirring
Ever so softly: felt my blood run thin
With the delight of birds' wings lightly whirling
Over the tumult and the city's din.
I thought of a tall New England hill, forever lost,
And a yellow crocus diamonded with frost.

E. A. C.

APRIL BUNDLE COMMENTS Hail to the ANIBORE! You certainly are not, REH, so let's have more. And an equal welcome to the YANKEE KANGAROO. It's wonderful to hear from our ajays over the sea.

Just so ajays won't get the wrong impression from Eleanor's account in THE MILLER of the BPC meeting she attended, of who wields the gavel in this "family-to-be," I might say that Bill and I share it equally. He's the president of BPC, wielding it until he turns it over to me when I preside as Literary Director. Some fun, eh??

SPRING FRESHET drew forth lots of laughs from our editorial staff when I showed it to them recently. What a collection, Mr. Cole! Let's have some more soon.

EXTRA! Burton Crane has acquired that new automatic press he's always been dreaming and talking about. Currently he's getting out an OM just to break it in. The most notable undertaking on the new addition to the family will probably be the printing of Spencer Truman's history with the assistance of the Haggertys and other printers.

JUN 28 1945

COPY

OFF

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Schabrucker
request the honour of your
presence at the marriage of
their daughter
MATILDA ADELE
to

MR. WILLIAM FREDERICK HAYWOOD
on Saturday, the 11th of September
nineteen hundred and forty-three
at four o'clock
First German Methodist Church
Paterson, New Jersey

SPICY TOPIX

SPICY TOPIX

Edited and Published in the interests of amateur journalism by:
Matilda S. and William F. Haywood, 3-09 Cyril Ave., Fair Lawn, NJ
Members of the National and American Amateur Press Associations.

GREAT NEWSPAPER MERGER!

Paterson, N. J., September 11, 1943: Two great amateur journals effected a merger today when Miss Matilda A. Schabrucker, publisher of NAPA's Spice, became Mrs. William F. Haywood, wife of the publisher of AAPA's Topix.

The union brings under one roof the machinery that perpetrated two of amateurdom's most frequently published mimeographed journals, and enables the new firm of Haywood and Haywood to present the NAPA-AAPA public a new series of papers.

Future editions will bear the joint title, Spicy Topix, and numbers will be dated afresh from the new editorial and publication offices at 3-09 Cyril Ave., Fair Lawn, N. J.

The editors and publishers, as before will welcome comment both verse and adverse-- but there'll be two of us to answer critics!

AAPA's Welcome Mat will continue under the sole editorial jurisdiction of husband Haywood, while NAPA's Sugar and Spice will carry on under the baton of wife Haywood-- Tillie to you.

Hello, Ajays:

Nov. 24, 1943

I'm writing this as a "Mrs." now, and it sure is a wonderful feeling. After a month vacation it was hard to get back in harness again. We are still searching for some extra spare moments to do a million and one things that have to be done! Correspondence especially has suffered and we ask the indulgence of our friends for a while.

This first issue is being rushed out in the wee hours of the morning. Our schedules are not yet adjusted so that things can be planned.

After the middle of January I'm leaving the Call in favor of housekeeping. Then spare time should be plentiful and the mimies at 3-09 will be rolling off Spicy Topix, Sugar & Spice and Welcome Mat in regular order.

Our deepest thanks to all the friends who so graciously signed the guest book sent by Vondy from the Cleveland confab. We were pleasantly surprised and immensely pleased.

Tillie



X-PN 4827

#287



THE
SKYLINE

VOL. 3

NO. 1

X-PN 4827

SPIGOT

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

#288

JUN 28 1945

CONF. SER. T

Number 3
May 1944

X-PN 4827

4289



August



FLIGHT
SCHEDULE
MAY 1944

281944 10°



PUBLISHED BY

KARL M. RUPPENTHAL, PRES.

Superior Mailers,
RUSSELL, Kansas.

A. F.

Page 1

X-PN 4827

SPIGOT

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28

COPY
GIFT

Number One
February, 1944

X-PN 4827

#291

SUGAR



S P / C
[L]

SEPTEMBER, 1944

NO. 2

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

SIAMESE
STANDPIPE

JUN 28 1945

August 1944

Number 13

Roar, Lion, Roar

The enraged lion roars before he demolishes his prey. Having roared like an MGM mascot in **Opinions**, Ed Cole has yet to accomplish the demolition. Here I stand, unconvinced that the private mailing practices of some of NAPA members are fair or democratic.

In a page and a quarter of loud noise, Ed maintains in effect that **The Griddle's** complaint against a few NAPA publishers constitutes a vicious attack on NAPA by a member tainted by contact with the American Amateur Press Association. Which is nonsense.

I agree wholeheartedly with Ed that the cost of publishing large deluxe journals does not warrant their mailing, privately or through the bundle, to all 350 members of NAPA. A large proportion of that list consists of dead-heads who do not produce enough ajay output in a year--if any at all--to deserve the papers so painstakingly and expensively produced by others.

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#293

**Siamese
Standpipe**

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SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

~~COPY~~ GIFT

September 4, 1944
Paper Anniversary

X-PN 4827

#294

Siamese Standpipe

September 4, 1944
Paper Anniversary

X-PN 4927 IMPORTANT NEWS: Page 8

THE STAR #295

JOURNAL



THE MORNING EXTRA

by WILBUR WILLIAM CLOSE

It was three a.m. The streets were all but deserted, save for the few people returning from their employment when the air was suddenly the air was broken by the shrill scream of a police car as it tore its way up Main street.

PHIL Mack, who had been dozing in his chair at the News office, awoke suddenly, and dashed outside with only a curt "see you later" to the city editor who was checking copy for tomorrow's paper.

THE SEATTLE NEWS

September issue.

Seattle, Wash.

THE SEATTLE CONVENTION of the United was one of the best attended conventions for many years. Over seventy were registered. The climate was perfect. The picnic and boat trip well attended. The banquet began promptly and complete with good talks. Probable the most harmonious convention ever held.

The 1940 convention will be held in Jersey City under the direction of Anthony De Marco. This Metropolitan area of population is the greatest the world has ever seen. Many will be present from Jersey City and New York Cities and the surrounding territory. President White and others will be present from Kentucky. Irwin Brandt, our genial editor from Ohio. Jaroslar Chmelick and others from Chi-

ago. The three Musketeers from Seattle, Judge Erford, Dr. Noel, and Dave Gourman.

The 1941 convention may be held in Los Angeles or Oakland. Chicago or Louisville. Not numbers but spirit is what makes a convention a success. Conventions now may also be held by mail. The Directors if they find the convention city elect is not making good can direct that the election be held by mail. This will do away with the menace of poor conventions.

Phil Libby our genial ex-president who now has charge of a radio program in Chicago is now father of a fine young man who arrived eight months ago. Phil was very active in the Hawaiian Islands for the United and was presiding officer at the

Sour Notes

THANK GOD my name was not included in the list of 'teen agers'. I think this 'teen age amateur journalism' is just so much rubbish. My writings may be immature, my infinitives may split occasionally, my inspirations may be shallow, BUT I certainly do not want to be called down for my age, put in a 'kindergarten of the NAPA' so I may 'grow up' to be a senior in amateur journalism.

This 'teen age' idea certainly will not increase activity. If I had any reason for joining the NAPA, how could I be resurrected by telling me I must 'train to be mature'? The nature of my adolescence will not let me think I am immature. Why should I not be presidential timber at 19 and be so at 20? What is the difference in the effect of five years in a. j. between the ages of 13 and 19 or 20 and 26? Does it mean I am more fit for amateur journalism because I have started to earn my bread, have married, have acquired a B.A., B.S., M.A., Ph.D., L.L.D., D.D., B.M.E., B.E.E., B.Ch.E., B.C.E. or the like? Crow!

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S k y c a s t l e s

APR 28 1944



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PORTRAIT OF DREARINESS

The late Thomas Wolfe has written what to me are some of the most moving passages of modern literature when he describes with tenderness and yet with awe his view of the heart of America as seen from a railroad train. He recaptures the mood of a chance glance out of the train window and from it creates wonderful pages on the haunting face of a girl or a startled look into the window of a house near the station at night.

I think of Wolfe and his use of the passing train in the night when I recall some of the trips I have made through the South by train, not through my own choice, but as a soldier. Perhaps the poor rail conditions were not bad enough in themselves. It seemed that we must stop at every siding and remain there for hours without reason. The water in the cooler would give out, cinders dropped down my collar, the train windows would be filthy. All of these added to my general weariness, left me feeling very downcast.

We stop at a small town and I look out. There isn't really much to look at. An old shack and near it an ancient colored woman hoeing a patch. Bent in her age, she reminds me of Edwin

Markham's great poem, "The Man With The Hoe". She plods along. I look at the ground and wonder that anyone can bother to try to draw subsistence from this red clay, so worthless in its appearance.

By the shack there sits a group of Negro children—more than I bother to count. None have shoes or socks on—in fact, about all they do have on are old flour sacks bleached white from the sun and wear. Some of the youngest run around naked.

A short distance from here is a dump-heap of nondescript items—tin cans, old paper, rotting garbage, junk of all descriptions, and presumably worthless if the poor Negroes nearby have no use for it.

We are stopped not too far from a small station. There are two doors. One says "White," the other says "Colored." I look again. I have never seen anything like this before. A group of white loafers sit in front of the station. Their sleeves are rolled up; they wear straw hats on their heads. On their faces I see only ignorance.

A billboard looms off in the distance, as do the few stores which presumably compose the business section of the town.

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X-PN 4827

#302

SPICY TOPIX



Number 3

August, 1944

Convention
Report

#303

X-PN 4827

SPICY TOPIX



Number 4

December, 1944

Sharp AND Smooth

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORDS
JAN 2 1944

COPY

SERIES A-1

OCTOBER, 1944

AFTER THE WAR, AFTER THE PEACE, AFTER ALL

And then knowing that we cannot
know
after the war, after the peace, after
all
the danger past and weariness sets
in,
blood no longer screaming as wings
and all the seeking, reaching out
for answers
leave off their search when breasts
come cold,
with that final, final knowledge
never known

there'll be again a day complete
stripped to the bone of simple joys
curling in a meadow watching faery
clouds
and clarity of trees in blue sharp
skies
among tall timothy or snow azure
on hills
or rain coursing down the neck
and arms,
no ache but real pain, no cold but
weather.

Saule Gottlieb
Private, United States Army

IMPENDING CRISIS

"The hands of the clock of history are now pointing to an hour both grave and decisive for all mankind."
—Pope Pius XII

"I wish I could burn this into your minds and memories, for the next fifty years, at least, and that is, the human race this hour, this day, this week, this year is confronted by the gravest crisis in all its experience and that we who are here on this scene of action at this critical time have the responsibility of saying what way the world is going for fifty years to come."

—Cordell Hull

"This war is a fragment of unfinished revolution."

—Fred Kirchway,
Editor of Nation

"It looks like a period of economic and political disturbances is coming the moment hostilities cease in Europe."

—David Lawrence

We reprint the quotes above, gathered more or less haphazardly, merely to illustrate the widespread feeling of impending crisis. Americans! Be alert! Soon we will have vital decisions to make. If we make them correctly, we will enter

Continued on last page

JUN 28 1945

Sharp and Smooth

Series A-2

Nov.-Dec. 1944

FROM "WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME"

By Dixon Wexter

"Leaving many of his friends behind, in two or three years Johnny will come marching home, as after other great wars. With an Iron Cross or Japanese helmet stowed in his kit, the tan of foreign suns on his face and the cheerful glint of survival in his eyes, he will come striding up the street, give and take his measure of handshakes and kisses, sit up talking far into the night.

"He will have bivouacked in strange towns, known loneliness and fear and the mastery of courage, and seen the shape of sudden death. Only in rare confidences, and in dreams, will these memories rise full to the surface; about the humors, peevs, and trivia of army days he will speak more freely. Of his real self and the tensile strength of human nature, and about the gods that live in machines, he will know more than when he marched away.

"Getting back, he will feel with even greater certainty that his United States had been worth fighting for—the land that meant cornfields and deep rivers and elms against the sky, the corner drug store and the swimming hole and the baseball diamond, the schoolhouses and homes and the American girl, and the old habits of freedom—and hope from his heart that this job will never have to be

done over. From his very foreboding, his humility that it might happen again, a spirit of watchfulness may rise to give Peace a better chance than she ever had back in the arrogant unreality of an armistice that ended all wars.

"About Johnny one thing is sure. As he went forth, so he will return; friendly, generous, easy-going, brave, the citizen soldier of America."

WHAT PRICE GLORY THIS TIME?

To reintegrate veterans into civilian life is difficult, said a harrassed front-line soldier in "What Price Glory?" "God damn every son of a bitch in the world who isn't here." He meant civilians. In his new book, "The Veteran Comes Back," Willard Waller, a World War veteran and Columbia sociologist, epitomizes the psychological problem movingly. "We now face the return to civilian society of that one tenth . . . which the other nine-tenths have used to fight a war. These men will return . . . in no easy and comfortable frame of mind; it will be difficult to find the equable, complacent, obedient boys we sent away in the bitter, anger-hard veterans who return . . . We have used them for war, and war has put its curse on them.—Fortune Magazine.

The Seattle Amateur

Volume 34

Seattle, Washington

Number 10

NO BARS ACROSS THE EXIT

I AM NOT OPPOSED TO THE principle of secession, despite the outcome of the war between the States. If a member imagines himself to be too good for the United, the Association can do him no good and he will do the Association harm. Let him take a walk.

For the past few years, we have had some members furtively plotting to form a new organization as the most effective means of destroying The United. However, they insisted that they had no intention of formulating a new association but were merely Crusaders crusading for a vivified United. They fooled a few honest members not bright enough to know better.

Later they came out in the open with their carefully planned new organization, the American Amateur Press Association as a competitor of the United.

Adding insult to injury, they had the monumental nerve to nominate a ticket in the last campaign of the United. Not satisfied with open and fair competition—which the United neither objects to nor fears whether it comes from the American or the National—they attempted to steal the United after they had betrayed it. In this, they got nowhere as the

returns of the election reveal.

ALL DRESSED UP

The roster of officers of the American reads like a United defeated candidates' club. The boys must be happy now that their ambition to to become office-holders has been realized. Perhaps soon they will be sporting bright uniforms with brass buttons and covered with medals conferred upon themselves by themselves.

SECRET ARCHIVES

It is claimed that the A. A. P. A., recently formed by a bunch of disappointed, disgruntled politicians, seeking revenge, has enlisted under its banner one hundred United members. While there is no way of telling exactly, as, like the lamented Ku-Klux-Klan, the membership is secret, still I think the report is exaggerated. A bill of particulars would be interesting and instructive.

It's not creditable that there were so many who would sign up with the enemy merely because they disapproved the United's administration. What would you think of a man that renounced his citizenship because he disapproved of President Roosevelt or any other president? You would say that to begin with he had little or no love of country

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THE UNIVERSITY OF
MICHIGAN
APR 28 1946

The Seattle Amateur

Volume 34

Seattle, Washington

Number 2

The Neon Convention

THE UNITED AMATEUR Press Convention will be held Sunday and Monday, July 4th and 5th at Neon, Ky. The Neon Amateur Press Club under the direction of Maurice E. White, Chairman of the convention, will put on the convention. Ben C. Webb will have charge of the proxy ballots, and be Chairman of the election committee.

Members from surrounding towns in Kentucky, Ohio and Virginia will take a prominent part in the convention. Headquarters will be at The Cumberland Hotel, and the banquet will be held there.

The United has not held a convention in the South for many years and if The Neon Convention is well attended, many more will be held in the hospitable Southland. It is hoped several will journey to the convention from far off places and it is the duty of all amateurs who live within reasonable closeness, to be present for the two day session. Sunday will be mostly sight seeing and Monday the business sessions. Two full days of activity and fun! There has been very little activity in politics this year and this is a good omen for the United is largely interested in litera-

ry activity. Maurice E. White, well-known writer and publisher, and in charge of the Neon Convention, is a candidate for the Presidency.

COMMENT

Much Ado, for June, by Curtis S. Johnson, presents the idea of C.I.O. for amateur journalism. Amateurs are very individualistic and it will be extremely hard to get them to unite on any amalgamation. Each organization must be totally disbanded to make the plan a success. No one association can be allowed to dominate the organization.

Seattle hopes to have the United Convention for 1938. We promise a great time for everyone, and our climate and scenery are really marvelous. So please give Seattle your vote and then be sure and pay us the trip. You will never regret it. San Diego would like the 1939 convention. The climate and scenery there are also marvelous and you can't beat the west along those lines.

Our Vice President, Maurice E. White, tho in a small place, has appointed helpers in all states and he has recruited more members than anyone else. He has built up a fine Press Club in his own town.

Maurice E. White, we salute you.

JUN 28 1945

THE SKIPPER

Volume II.

July, 1944.

Number 1.

Summer Activity In Ajay

During the summer months, ajay activity seems to slow down a great deal. Why? Well, one reason is that people don't care much to sit in the house when it is hot and the temperatures soar up into the ninties'. The swimming pools, beaches, lakes, parks, and other summer resorts seem to be the most popular hang-outs during the hot summer months, when everything is so sticky. Sports and other activities seem to bring everybody outdoors. These are only a few of the reasons why ajay activity during the summer months slow down.

But there are rainy days during the summer season too. What will the ajayers be doing then? These are the days that they should take advantage of when the weather outside keeps people indoors! Use these days for printing that amateur paper or writing some articles for the Manuscript Bureau, if you cannot find time on other days.

It does take more energy and patience to work on a paper or

write during the summer months than it does in winter. Now that summer is here, try to keep up activity in any amateur press association that you are a member of.

If you haven't published a paper yet and need some help to get one started, write to me. I will be glad to help you start on your first issue. As for you regular active publishers, don't slow down your production this summer! Keep the the bundles thick! Donate whenever you can to the Manuscript Bureau.

—Donald Kergel.

~~~~~

Ed Wall and Ray Higdon don't seem to think that the AAPA Board of Directors do very much, judging from their article in the April "Four Freedoms." They should do a little investigating. I think they'll find that we're not a very lazy bunch and we are being kept quite busy.

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# The Seattle Amateur

*Official Organ of the Seattle Amateur Press Club.*

Vol. 32.

No. 1.

## THE WOMAN'S FIGHT

**S**OFT may she slumber on the breast of Mother Earth,  
One who worked nobly for the world's rebirth.  
In the woman's heart, dwells a wish to heal all pain,  
Let her learn to help man to cast off each chain.

*Chorus*

Woman, oh, woman, leave your fetters in the Past;  
Rise and claim your birthright and be free at last.  
Mother, wife, and maiden, in your hands great power lies,  
Give it all to freedom, strength, and sacrifice.  
Far across the hilltop breaks the light of coming day,  
Still the fight is waiting, then up and be away.

—John M. Boan.

## TREES BY A LAKE

**B**ROKEN by staccato notes of crested waves,  
As shooting stars fall back on sleeping farms,  
The shoreline pushes back the quiet lake,  
Unfaltering with lichen-sinewed arms.  
That hold the tints of flowers everywhere,  
And down where pathways meet with tumbling streams,  
I watch the trees fold up their gentle years,  
Murmuring restlessly to far-flung dreams.  
They edge themselves around the same, blue lake,  
That holds their own reflections, green with years,  
And then I heard the weird hush of the wind,  
As if it too, had felt the ghosts of fears.  
Dark skies might dash my world with shafts of mist,  
And I might plunge beneath the bilt of death,  
But images that look eternally,  
From depths of lakes just take away my breath!

—Rosalie Leopold.

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APR 28 1944



APR 28 1944



# The Seattle Amateur

*Official Organ of the Seattle Amateur Press Club.*

Vol. 31

No. 4.

## CURRENT COMMENT.

The thirty-eighth annual convention of the U.A.P.A. of A., held in San Francisco last July, was one of the most successful in the United's history, certainly the best and most enjoyable since 1919. It was the fifteenth convention which the writer has had the privilege and pleasure of attending, and he hopes, Providence permitting, to attend a few more.

The convention was well attended. The attendance from the convention city and other portions of California exceeded expectations. Oregon was well represented, the state of Washington had a half-dozen on hand, in spite of the fact that the journey there and return involved a distance of more than two thousand miles, and the convention belle came from 'Way down East, to wit, Chicago.

The preparations for the entertainment of the visitors were complete, even elaborate. The committee on arrangements not only worked hard, but knew how. Harmony and good-feeling prevailed throughout the gathering, and, when the visitors finally left for home, they did so reluctantly and with a feeling of gratitude to-

wards their hosts and of admiration for the great and wonderful city of San Francisco.

The reports made at the convention showed the United to be in good condition financially and numerically, and also from the standpoint of literary and publishing activity. The proxy (mail) vote was the largest in the Association's history. The vote of confidence given Dr. Noel was of landslide proportions, his majority being the greatest he ever had received during his many years of service in an official capacity and the largest ever received by any candidate for secretary since the founding of the Association thirty-nine years ago. It was a complete vindication for himself and a smashing rebuke to his envious and carping critics who have been yelping at his heels for the past year or more.

An amateur press association usually has a lot of members who like to write, a few who will make the sacrifice of time and money necessary to publish a paper, and fewer still who are willing to devote a considerable portion of their time and energy to the drudgery of upbuilding the association. If the association is to endure, many tasks



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APR 29 1944

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EXTRA! Election News EXTRA!



## The SCRIBBLER

A JOURNAL FOR THE AMATEUR JOURNALIST AND OTHER WRITERS

Vol. I

SEPTEMBER 16, 1944

No. 1

## ACKERMAN, S. WESSON, WIN BY FOUR VOTE MARGIN

DIRECTORS' BALLOTING LIST  
RESEMBLES CONVENTION  
DELEGATE REGISTER

ROANOKE, VA., Sept., 16—When the final ballot was tallied the resultant record of votes cast for members of the American Amateur Press Association for Directors resembled a list of convention delegates or a page from Who's Who. A total of thirty-seven different names was recorded for directors, with from a single vote to eighty-five being cast for one individual.

Willard Smith, West Hempstead, N. Y., a present director was re-elected by the largest number of votes—85. Raymond Higdon, present secretary, of Miami, Fla., was second with 78 votes; Dean Rea, Sparta, Mo., won third place with 77; Helen Wesson, present president, formerly of Hattiesburg, Miss. and now of Columbus, Ga., drew fourth place with 52 votes; while George H. Kay of Upsala, Minn., one of the founders of the association, squeezed into fifth place over Marvin H. Neel of Ceres, Va. with 38 ballots being cast for him.

While we are not listing the number of votes polled by each of the following members receiving votes for the office of director, we are listing them in order of vote count.

(Continued on page 3)

WALL, HAYWOOD, ALBERT  
AND HIGGS WIN EASILY

ROANOKE, VA., Sept. 16—Last half-dozen ballots received here at midnight last night put Floyd Ackerman four votes in lead to win over Roy Lee Barron, close runner-up for Secretary of the American Amateur Press Association.

Sheldon Wesson, present Editor of the official organ, nosed out Karl X. Williams in like manner, and by the same margin of votes for reelection.

Ackerman and Barron had saw-sawed back and forth all through the balloting; Ackerman forging to the lead at the last minute to win, mainly on his campaigning through the bundle.

Wesson, on the other hand, forged ahead at the beginning of the count, but Williams, a former editor, came up slowly to take the lead and hold it until the final few votes were counted to push Wesson ahead with four votes in the majority.

## CANDIDATES WIN EASILY

Some of the candidates won with hardly any opposition at all; among these were: Edward Wall of Miami, Fla., for president; Chas. Riddle of Colorado Springs, Colo., for 1st vice president; Paul Jackson, New York, for 2nd vice president; Linton Clark

(Continued on page 4)



# The SCRIBBLER

A JOURNAL FOR THE AMATEUR JOURNALIST AND OTHER WRITERS

Vol. I

NOVEMBER, 1944

COPY

GFI

No. 2

## THE DESERT'S PRICE

By RUSSELL L. PAXTON

SLOWLY the stars began to fade and grow dim as a faint streak of orange tinted the eastern sky. Sweeping the upper regions from the blackness of night to the grayness of dawn, it descended to the lower reaches of the desert. In the dim, gray shadows of breaking day, spectral yucca and stunted, grotesque cacti stood in the uncertain light; resembling posted sentries of this vast wasteland. The black carpet of night which stretched in the distance began to drop its characteristics and clumps of greasewood and prickly pear appeared here and there in a strange pattern. It seemed, with one mighty sweep of her hand, Mother Nature dispelled the night and brought the day; setting the stage for another desert scene.

The silence seemed to deepen, if that could be possible, hushed and quiet; pregnant with warning, as if in fear of what was to come. The outlying domains broke in greater detail as suddenly, out of the distance flashed a bright orange disc. The sun beamed above the new horizon; a molten, quivering and blinding thing. And before long the cool

air would be replaced by a smothering heat that would be nerve-racking. A smoldering cauldron. The only movement was the shortening shadows and the slowly rising sun.

Across the sand a wayward trail pointed south and for a few paces the footprints ran straight and true, but broken and uncertain. Now and again they swerved to the right and then branched back to the left. The odd and uneven footprints grew more and more frequent as shorter steps seemed to record the man's flight as his trail led on. Circling, zigzagging, crossing and recrossing footprints told a story to Larry Dawson of his fugitive's struggle to outwit the desert—and the law.

Larry could see from the record written in the sand that the man was hopelessly lost; that he was driving himself on guided only by his instinct and imagination of an outlet somewhere if he kept on.

Larry knew that he couldn't be far behind Butch McCabe, but he doubted being able to reach him in time to save him from the desert. Larry ploughed on through the hot, heavy sand, however. He reached

# The Stamp World

THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS  
SERIALS RECORD  
JUN 1945

PUBLISHED FOR PHILATELISTS THE WORLD OVER

OCTOBER 1944

3c A COPY — 20c A YEAR

VOL. 1 NO. 8

## IMPORTANT QUESTION OF WHETHER STAMP COLLECTING IS PATRIOTIC ANSWERED

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Davis, who wrote this article, has been forming for the last few years a collection of United States stamps. He also has established his own personal Philatelic Library for reference purposes. He will be a regular contributor to this magazine.

Greetings, fellow Collectors:

Well, here I am with a question which is probably being asked from coast to coast by stamp collectors. And furthermore it's a question which is very timely since it has a decided bearing on the war and on the boys "over there".

The question. What is it? Well, someone wants to know: "Is Stamp Collecting Patriotic?" In other words, is it patriotic for a collector to spend his money on stamps and I mean postage stamps when he could be spending it on War Stamps and Bonds? Well, what do you think? Is it patriotic or isn't it? Here's what I think: I feel that it is very definitely patriotic. Why? well, here are my reasons:

In these days of long hours and extra work a person is entitled to a little enjoyment to give him a chance to relax both mentally and physically and what hobby or vocation gives a person a better chance to relax than Philately?

And secondly: When a stamp collector buys some mint U. S. stamps they probably go into his album. Chances are that they are never used and so Uncle Sam doesn't have to provide the service for which the purchaser of the stamps paid when he bought them. The money which the government got for the stamps is almost clear profit. Of course it costs something to print them, but this is such a tiny bit that it's still almost all clear profit. It's the same thing as if you hired a man to paint your house, paid him for his services, and then told him not to bother to paint the house but to keep the

## Banner Stamp Season Predicted For the Coming



LISLIE BROOKS

money anyway. In the case of War Bonds the government eventually has to pay you back with interest, but with stamps it's clear cash in Uncle's pockets, and since cash in his pocket almost certainly goes for war purposes, it's very definitely (as I said before) patriotic to collect stamps.

Then someone brings up the

The coming stamp season is predicted by many to be a banner year. Most dealers are reported to be very optimistic about it. However, one caution: If the expected peace in Europe comes before spring, be very careful when you buy from what will flood the market. There will be an extreme amount of "issues" and "errors".

Join one of philately's many interesting stamp clubs this year and learn what fun it is to swap stamps and talk with fellow collectors.

question: "Well, what about foreign stamps? Uncle Sam doesn't get anything from them. Well, if you buy the mint issues of our Allies you are indirectly helping our government.

And incidentally, don't buy any German issues printed after 1941, since in the first place it's against the law and in the second place they are being deliberately smuggled into this country for sale to collectors. The money received from these sales going to Berlin to be used to manufacture weapons to kill our fighting men. These issues are being offered in "black market" transactions.

I will attempt to answer questions of a Philatelic nature and will send you a prompt direct reply if you enclose a stamped, addressed return envelope. Questions of general interest may be answered in this column from time to time.

### PUBLISHER'S NOTICE

Although Harold didn't say so, I imagine the Mr. Davis he referred to is Mr. Thomas C. Davis of Laceyville, Pa. This matter will be corrected in the next issue. Virgil Price.

Please mention that you saw it in THE STAMP WORLD when replying to advertisements.



Rose  
H. coll

#317

# SPICY TOPIX

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